

THE ADVENTURES
OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH



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E. P. ROBERTS

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CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH



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Part of the Trauels of Capt IOHN SMITH, amongst TVRKES, TARTARS and others. extracted out of the HISTORY by IOHN PAYN

How hee releued OLVMPAGH by a Stratagem of Lights Chap. 6



STRATAGEM OF TORCHES.

(See page 58).

His three single Combats Chap. 7.
His Encounter with TVRBASHAW Chap. 7.



ENCOUNTER WITH TURBASHAW. (See page 75).

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THE ADVENTURES
OF
CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

*CAPTAIN OF TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY
HORSE, AND SOMETIME PRESIDENT
OF VIRGINIA*

BY
E. P. ROBERTS

"Truth is stranger than Fiction, for Fiction is obliged to stick to probability, and Truth ain't."—MARK TWAIN.

"'Oh, dear me, child!' said Lady Maria, 'what a pity it is that he should have the horrid name of Smith!'"—*The Virginians*.

WITH SEVENTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS AND THREE MAPS

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To

DERMOT HANLON

AND TO MANY

BOYS OF GREAT AND GREATER BRITAIN

WHOM I HAVE KNOWN

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

“THEN, seeing we are not born for ourselves, but to help each other, and that our abilities are much alike at the hour of our birth and the minute of our death; seeing our good deeds or our bad, by faith in Christ’s merits, are all we have to carry our souls to heaven or hell; seeing honour is our life’s ambition, and our ambition after death to have an honourable memory of our life; and seeing by no means we would be abated of the dignities and glories of our predecessors, let us imitate their virtues to be worthily their successors.”—
JOHN SMITH.

P R E F A C E

THE following pages have been compiled chiefly from the writings of Captain John Smith and his contemporaries.

These works, collected and edited by Professor Edward Arber, form part of a series entitled "The English Scholar's Library."

In this little book I have tried to simplify some of their narratives, avoiding the discussion of all doubtful points so as to present a plain straightforward story. Captain Smith's literary style, though vigorous and sometimes of Shakespearian eloquence, would hardly be intelligible to the youthful modern reader. It is often exceedingly compressed, especially in relating his own personal adventures. Often he gives us only a bare outline of events. I have, therefore, ventured here and there, as in the first four and tenth chapters, to fill in these outlines with slight details and local colour, having in mind Macaulay's dictum as to the advantage possessed by the Particular over the General. Very seldom, however, has any of the

dialogue been set down to the hero which he did not actually utter, in writing if not in speech.

I have taken this liberty with strict accuracy in the hope of arousing the interest of the average school-boy (possessor of the Empire to-morrow, but who is only too apt to turn up his nose at the dry bones of history) in one of the noblest of England's Forgotten Worthies.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTORY NOTE

MY DEAR BOYS,

I hope you will read the words on page vi. with great attention, for they were written by one of the worthiest of your predecessors.

Do you remember that scene in Richard II. where John of Gaunt lies dying? In a fine prophetic outburst he speaks of England as teeming with royal kings. He does not mean any Plantagenet or Tudor, but Elizabeth's great sea-captains and their successors, the long line of adventurers and administrators that have made and are making the British Empire.

On looking at the map of the World and seeing the vast extent of Greater Britain, you must have often felt a thrill of pride at this goodly heritage. But have you ever asked yourselves how it was that our little island became possessed of so wide a dominion? Have you ever wondered whose brains and hands have thought and wrought, whose strong hearts have endured?

History tells you very little about these men, it is so occupied with European wars and affairs.

Ours is the strangest empire the world has ever known. Some have compared it with the old Roman Empire, but there is little resemblance between them,

for, whereas Rome deliberately *conquered* her subject kingdoms, Great Britain has *created* hers. Within the last three hundred years she has called three magnificent young nations into being—the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and the Commonwealth of Australia—an unparalleled achievement for one little island. And this has been accomplished by the people themselves with very little help, often a great deal of hindrance, from their rulers.

It has been the work of those royal kings. Some lie in honoured graves, but others are forgotten. But in this new century, now that England has become conscious of her high destiny, I trust that boys of all classes will be taught to appreciate “the glories of their predecessors.” To this happy breed of men John Smith belongs; he too is of that blood royal, and in this little book I have tried to trace for you the story of his life, in the hope that in after-years you may be induced to read his writings for yourselves and to know more about him.

But in the mean time I trust that this imperfect sketch will enable you to understand how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to this strong, brave man. And perhaps, should dangers and difficulties ever beset you, the remembrance of his high courage and simple faith may help you “to imitate his virtues so as to worthily become his successors.”

E. P. ROBERTS.

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PART I

THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

CHAPTER I

HIS BOYHOOD

"The whining schoolboy with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school."

As You Like It.

MORE than three hundred years ago, in the reign of 1580. our glorious Queen Elizabeth, there lived at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, a prosperous farmer named George Smith and his wife Alice.

Master Smith was of gentle birth, and he owned a comfortable homestead, substantially furnished after the fashion of those times, and broad acres well stocked with cattle. This land he held by grant of the Lord of the Manor, the famous Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby. Though Master Smith called himself a tenant, it was really his own farm; he paid a very small rent for it every year, just as a sign that he owned the Baron Willoughby D'Eresby as his superior lord. This is called a quit rent.

Lord Willoughby had gone to the wars, but from

time to time tidings of his valiant deeds came home from the Low Countries and from France, much to the pride and joy of his tenantry, and especially of Master George Smith, who loved and revered him more than any other man.

Master and Mistress Smith were very upright, honourable people, and they brought up their children, John, Francis, and Alice, carefully, and taught them above all things to fear God and honour the Queen.

John, their eldest child, was a fine, sturdy, intelligent little fellow. He was early sent to the Grammar School at Alford, the neighbouring town. We have no portrait of him as a child, but boys in those days wore jerkins and doublets, and sometimes a stiff ruff round their necks, similar to that which you will see worn by Prince Henry in the picture at page 148. John, with his satchel and shining morning face, crept unwillingly to school, for he was not fond of lessons, like many another English boy before and since his time. Not that he was by any means stupid; on the contrary, he was very quick at his books; but he loved fighting and adventures far better—above all he longed to go to sea. He came of a fighting and sea-faring race, though his father was only a farmer. Many of his ancestors had served their country, and his father's brother had sailed the sea with Francis Drake and fought on his ship at the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

John was eight years old at this heart-stirring time, when the beacon-fires flared the news all over England. It was then that he firmly made up his mind to be a sailor. In the winter evenings, when their uncle came to see them at Willoughby, we can imagine John and little Francis standing at his knee, listening with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes to his stories of that wondrous fight, and to his descriptions of the gorgeous treasure islands across the ocean in the distant West—of the strange birds and beasts, of the luscious fruits and flowers, of the dark-hued savages and their hideous idols.

Then their father would take up the tale and relate the deeds of the great Lord Willoughby, especially that memorable charge of lancers at Zutphen, when he and his friend Sir Philip Sidney rode through and through the Spanish ranks, mowing down the dons like corn, and hardly seeming like mortal men—a most magnificent and senseless feat of arms, though it did not strike the listeners in that light.

Ballads of Lord Willoughby's prowess were sung all over the country side. In those days, when there were no newspapers or magazines, memorable events were always rhymed into ballads, and in this way reached the ears of the people. They were printed on loose sheets, and pedlars hawked them round with their other wares. John often bought these ballads, and as he grew older he dreamed more than ever of brave adventures. He often played with the young

sons of Lord Willoughby and their friends; Master Peregrine Bertie, the second boy, was his especial playmate. There were also three young French noblemen, the Comte de Plouha and his two brothers, who had been sent away from their home in Brittany during the troubled times in France, and were being educated in England under the direction of Lord Willoughby.

These boys all loved to play at soldiers, and they imitated the military exercises of their elders. They would build mimic forts and storm them, or would set up a pole and ring and play at tilting. Jack, who could ride the wildest of his father's colts bare-back, held his own with the best in such pastimes.

Still Jack's chief longing was to go to sea. To be a cabin-boy on one of Sir Francis Drake's ships seemed to him very heaven. Often and often he begged his father to let him go, but Master Smith, whose health had begun to fail, would shake his head sadly and say, "Content thee, Jack; thou art my eldest son. Thou seest I am already grievous sick, and who shall take care of the farm and of thy mother when I am gone?"

But Jack, who was as selfish and thoughtless as most boys of his age, did not pay much heed. He had never noticed that his father was ill, or if he had, thought it was nothing serious, so absorbed was he in his own dreams.

Master Smith, thinking perhaps that it would be good for Jack to go away from home, took him away from the Alford Grammar School, and sent him to live with some relations at Louth, a town about ten miles distant, where he owned some houses and property. Jack attended the Grammar School of this town for some time, but at last, when he was about fifteen, he felt he could bear it no longer, and made up his mind to run away to sea. He had no money and he was so desperately anxious to be off that he determined to sell his school-books. One morning in the early spring, as he was tramping along to school, he met a pedlar of his acquaintance, and asked how much he would give him for his satchel and all the books it contained. Books were valuable in those days, and the pedlar and Jack struck a bargain, and no doubt the former got the best of it.

I am sorry to have to record this about John Smith, for it was a dishonest action; the books were not his own, but his father's, and he had no right to dispose of them. Still, the truth must be told, and heroes in real life are seldom without faults, whatever they may be in fiction. With the small sum of money he thus obtained, John was just about to start off secretly for the nearest seaport, when a messenger arrived from Willoughby to fetch him home. Master George Smith's sickness had rapidly increased, and he was thought to be dying. So John, very awe-stricken and remorseful, went back with the man. He found

his father lying in the great chamber, as the best room was called, propped up with pillows in his four-posted bed of carved oak. Two or three grave-looking neighbours were standing by, and a sheet of parchment was spread out before him. Master Smith had been signing his will. Mistress Smith, Francis, and little Alice stood weeping at the other side of the bed, and John came and stood beside them.

"Jack," said his father, after he had greeted him, "I have bequeathed the farm to thy mother and to thee after, with seven acres of land at Great Carleton. I charge thee ever to love and honour the good Lord Willoughby during his life. I give him here two of the best of my two-year colts in token of my dutiful goodwill. Master Mettham will see to it"—meaning one of the grave-looking friends. The dying man then went on to say that he had left his houses in Louth to Francis, and to little Alice a sum of ten pounds in gold, for her future dowry, his second-best bedstead in the parlour, with the featherbed, linen, and pillows, and half his pewter and brass (for crockery in those days was unknown).

Thus having disposed of all his worldly goods, this honest English yeoman said "Good-bye" to his wife and children, after "bequeathing his soul into the merciful hands of Almighty God." Four days afterwards he was buried in the parish church at Willoughby, where his children had all been christened. So John lost his good father; shortly after his mother

died also, and John and his brother and sister were left orphans.

Note.—The ballad beginning with the following verse is to be found in the “Percy Reliques” :—

“The fifteenth day of July,
With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders,
Was foughten in the field.
The most courageous officers
Were English captains three,
But the bravest man in battel
Was the brave Lord Willoughbie.”

CHAPTER II

HOW JOHN WENT OUT INTO THE WORLD

“God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me.”

TENNYSON.

1596. THESE fatherless children were now left alone in the world, except for the friend appointed by their father to be their guardian—Master George Mettham.

This gentleman did not care for young people, and occupied himself with the management of the farm, which he was delighted to get into his own hands. John, Francis, and Alice were allowed to run about wild, and were very much neglected. John had now plenty of leisure and opportunity to get to sea, but his guardian took good care that he should have no money. The boy was not interested in agriculture, although he had learnt much from his father about land drainage, crops, cattle, and building, and he was one of those capable people who can turn their hand to anything. But though this knowledge

was very useful to him in after-years, a farmer's life at the present time seemed to him far too humdrum an existence. A sailor's life was the only one worth living!

Nor does he appear to have taken any thought of his younger brother. He just idled about and grumbled so loudly, till at last, to stop his complaints, Mr. Mettham sent him to the great seaport of King's Lynn, and apprenticed him to Mr. Thomas Sendall, a shipping merchant of that town, and who owned the largest business on the East Coast.

When John arrived at Lynn, he found to his disgust that his new duties consisted in learning the work of a clerk. He had only consented to be bound apprentice on the understanding that he should be sent to sea in one of Mr. Sendall's ships, for so his guardian had promised him, and when he discovered that his new master had no intention whatever of sending him to foreign lands, he was more enraged with Mr. Mettham than ever, for he considered that he had been deceived by him. He liked his new master well enough, but the life of a town and the time spent between wharf, warehouse, and counting-house were more than he could endure. He did not intend to endure it; he intended to have an explanation with his guardian instead.

So early one morning he packed his clothes into a bundle, and without saying good-bye to any one he calmly walked out of Mr. Sendall's house and out of

the town of Lynn, glad enough to leave it behind him, and made his way to the house of Mr. Mettham. I do not know where that gentleman lived, but probably not far from Willoughby.

On reaching his destination, he found his guardian had gone to London on business, and thither he resolved to follow him. To a lad of his spirit, with a pair of strong legs, a few score miles or so seemed a mere nothing. Making his way, therefore, to the high-road, he struck out, like Dick Whittington before him, for London town.

He tramped along for several days, except for an occasional lift in a waggon. One noonday, feeling very footsore and weary, he turned into a little ale-house by the roadside to rest.

Having ordered a tankard of the host's home-brewed, he sat in the window-seat to enjoy it, when, to his surprise, he saw a travelling party dismounting before the door. It consisted of two gentlemen and the usual retinue of servants. The elder was apparently a tutor, and the younger, a stripling of about sixteen years, seemed from his rich dress and demeanour to be the son of some great nobleman. A horse had evidently cast a shoe; hence their reason for alighting at so humble a hostel.

As the younger gentleman turned his face towards the window, John recognized him at once; it was Peregrine Bertie! Away he flew to the door in joyful surprise.

"Why, Jack!" cried Master Bertie, as his glance fell on the dusty travel-stained figure. "Is it indeed thou? Art not at Lynn?"

"I have run away from my master," answered Jack, "because he will not send me to sea, and I will have an explanation of the same from Mr. Mettham."

"And I," said Peregrine, "I go to Orleans; his lordship hath writ and commanded me to join my brother Robert there, to complete my studies."

"To Orleans! In France?" exclaimed Jack.

Hearing that his old playmate was bound for London, Master Bertie, whose road also lay in that direction, begged for his company on the journey. Jack gladly assented, and when the party again started, he found himself mounted on a good horse—a refreshing change after trudging so long on foot. The two lads had many confidences to exchange. Peregrine talked of his father, Lord Willoughby, and his chance of obtaining the Governorship of Berwick; but John was brimful of his grievances against his guardian, and of his wish to see the world.

Master Bertie proposed that Jack should accompany him to Orleans as an attendant in his train; he would thus be able to travel without any expense, and to see something of foreign lands at the same time. There was nothing at all menial or derogatory to John's position in this proposal. It was still sometimes the custom for noblemen to be attended by gentlemen of lower rank. John gladly accepted, and on reaching

London went to find out his guardian at his lodging, to acquaint him of his new plans. Master Bertie no doubt would repair to the Barbican, for it was there his father had his town house.

Master Mettham, on hearing what his ward had to say, made no objection; though angry with him for running away, he could not help feeling rather pleased at the prospect of getting rid of this troublesome charge, especially as he was going in the company of so fine a young gentleman as the son of Lord Willoughby. No one could now accuse him of shipping the boy off anywhere.

So when Jack, who had only threepence left, asked him for a supply of money, he opened his cash-box without demur. With an air of great generosity, he counted out the magnificent sum of ten shillings! These he handed to the astonished youth, who gazed at the coins in blank dismay.

"Ungracious boy! Where are thy thanks?" asked the thrifty guardian.

"Why should I thank you? It is my own money. Besides, I need a much larger sum."

"A larger sum! For thee to squander? Nay, not so. In my youth such a sum would have been esteemed a fortune. I am not only the warden of thy person, but of thy purse—nor can I see thee recklessly fling away the small means left thee by thy father;" and he closed the coffer with a snap and turned the key.



ROBERT BERTIE, LORD WILLOUGHBY, AFTERWARDS FIRST
EARL OF LINDSEY.

From an Engraving after a Portrait by VAN DYCK.

"You regard my estate far more than you do me!" cried Jack, bitterly. "Such is the fate of fatherless children!" and, finding all further entreaty useless, he turned on his heel and walked away.

When the travellers reached Orleans, they found the Hon. Robert Bertie¹ already there with his establishment. He was two or three years older than his brother Peregrine, and a young noble of that delightful type so special to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and of which Philip Sidney had been the most shining example. He was skilled in all accomplishments, fond of display and rich attire, an unrivalled swordsman, like his father, yet thoughtful and scholarly. He had not yet finished his education, and the two brothers were kept hard at work all day with their tutors.

Jack, who had no duties whatever to perform, amused himself with wandering about the city and studying the novel scenes around him, especially the fortifications. Though the war in France was not yet ended, Orleans was quite safe, for the scene of active operations was in the north-west. He also picked up a good deal of French, a language which he afterwards learnt to speak very well, though not to write it; he generally spelt the words as they sounded, and very funny it looked.

After he had been at Orleans a month, however, he

¹ Afterwards Earl of Lindsey and Lord Great Chamberlain of England.

began to grow weary of doing nothing, and longed to travel further. His two young patrons also, about this time, seem to have thought it necessary to reduce their household. They were not rich owing to their father's lavish expenditure, and Lord Willoughby appears to have been in very embarrassed circumstances for a man in his great position.

It was for this reason, no doubt, that Robert Bertie decided to send Jack back to his friends. Calling him one day, he presented the boy with a purse of money.

"Here, Jack," said he, "you will find sufficient to take thee to England, for I and my brother Peregrine have no further need of thy services."

It was a very generous allowance, all the more so because they could ill afford it. Jack never forgot this generosity, and throughout his life always spoke of these two brothers with admiration and respect.

So they parted, but Jack had not the least intention of returning to England. He took his journey to Paris instead, where he met with a young Scotchman of good family, named David Home.

This scion of nobility, like Quentin Durward and Nigel, was in a predicament not uncommon to his countrymen at the outset of their career—he was in great want of cash. Jack, who, as his guardian feared, was thoughtlessly lavish, opened his purse and bade this new acquaintance help himself. The latter did so, and in return gave him letters of introduction to

his kinsmen in Scotland—people of influence and in favour with King James, the rising sun to whom, as their future sovereign, the eyes of Englishmen were directed.

Jack took his place in a boat that was sailing down the Seine, with the idea of going on to Scotland, but when he got as far as Rouen he changed his mind, as he found his money was nearly spent.

But though alone in a strange country, he was not easily downcast. A lad so likely and well favoured as himself had no need to fear in those stirring times.

“I have, it seems, no means to make me a courtier,” he remarked cheerfully. “I will learn the life of a soldier instead.”

CHAPTER III

HOW JOHN WENT TO THE WARS AND CAME HOME AGAIN

“And thou hast talked
Of sallies and retires ; of trenches, tents ;
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets ;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin ;
Of prisoners’ ransoms, and of soldiers slain,
And all the ’currents of a heady fight.”

Henry IV.

1597. It would be well here, before proceeding any further, to give a glance at the state of Europe. The Continent had for many years been distracted by fierce religious wars. In the East, Turks were fighting against Christians, and in the West, Christians (Roman Catholics and Protestants) were fighting each other.

The great power in the West was Philip II. of Spain, who also ruled over the Low Countries (now called Holland and Belgium), South America, and the West Indies. Every year he received great shiploads of treasure from the gold and silver mines of the New World. He was a bigoted Catholic, persecuted his own Protestant subjects with revolting cruelty, and

instigated Catholic plots and rebellions in the Protestant kingdoms. The King of Spain with his immense power for evil overshadowed Europe like a baleful cloud. Nowhere was he more hated than in England. It was he who caused the martyrs to be burnt at Smithfield, who plotted the death of Elizabeth, who sent the Armada and stirred up the rebellion in Ireland. Yet the English had long ceased to fear him, for they found that their own sea-captains, with their smart little ships, were a far greater power than Philip with his lumbering galleons. The Queen gave commissions to Francis Drake and his bold sea-rovers to attack the Spanish coasts and waylay the treasure-ships, and she has been blamed for this as encouraging mere piracy. It was in reality self-defence, for the only way to ensure the safety of her dominions and to prevent the coming of another Armada was to try and destroy the dreaded wealth and prestige of Spain.

In France the war of the League was still dragging on. Though Henry of Navarre, after the decisive battle of Ivry, was the acknowledged King of France, the Catholics or Leaguers, backed up by the King of Spain, were still making some resistance.

In the Low Countries a brave and stubborn people, led by the House of Orange, had for the last thirty years been in revolt against Philip II.

Further east, Hungary, Transylvania, and Roumania were being ravaged by the Ottoman Turks. These ferocious yet magnificent soldiers were the scourge of

Eastern Europe. They were an Asiatic people who had swarmed down from the tablelands of Turkestan. In the reign of our Henry VI. they had besieged Constantinople and taken possession of the old Greek empire. But not content with this most lovely corner of Europe, they were always invading the adjacent countries under the pretence of spreading Islam, the religion of their prophet Mahomet, to which they were fanatically devoted.

The Emperor of Germany, now King of Hungary, and the other princes were often sore distressed in their struggles to keep them at bay. The Christian people, whether Catholics or Protestants, made common cause against the Ottomans, and volunteered from all the countries in Europe for the service of the Emperor. It was considered a holy cause, since the Turks were the enemies of Christ.

Personally, the great Queen hated war against whatever foe, and though it was raging all around her she managed to preserve peace within her own borders, and England prospered amazingly, though adventurous spirits found it somewhat dull.

A great deal of sympathy was felt for the unhappy Protestants, but the Queen and her ministers sent them very niggardly help; they were so afraid of their own little kingdom being dragged into the whirlpool; nevertheless, they encouraged young noblemen and gentlemen thirsting for excitement to join the continental armies at their own risk and expense, and thus

find an outlet for their energies in fighting under the banner of Henry of Navarre or the Prince of Orange.

Jack fell in with many such adventurers, who advised him to enlist in King Henry's service. The Spaniards were now besieging Amiens, and men were wanted, so Jack had no difficulty in getting himself enrolled in a company of horse.

But he saw very little active service in France, and shortly after peace was made. The French troops were disbanded, but many of the English soldiery, who had no mind to return to the peaceful life at home, prepared to go into Holland. Among these was a certain Joseph Duxbury, captain of a company of horse, who invited John to join him. For more than two years John served under Captain Duxbury's colours, and during this time he saw a good deal of fighting in the Low Countries, though he was not present at any celebrated battle. He learned, as he tells us, "to ride a horse and use his arms and the rudiments of war." I think he was just such a soldier as General Baden-Powell would have approved, for he could both "sit tight and shoot straight" and more. He was a fine horseman, and few could wield a battle-axe with more skill than he.

But he had gradually lost interest in the cause of the Dutch. We know that it was a righteous cause, and Holland, under her undaunted leader Maurice of Orange, was making a resistance of unexampled magnificence against the tyranny of Spain. But

John, though admiring these people in a general way, did not personally like them; he had not much patience with their Puritan ideas and wrangling theology. He was himself a sincere Christian, he had been brought up in the faith of the Church of England, but he was not bigoted, and could never understand the hatred that Catholics and Protestants bore towards each other. It was shocking to him that worshippers of the same Christ should slaughter one another in the name of religion. He grew weary of the scenes of bloodshed around him, so he obtained his discharge from the Dutch army, and, having received his pay, repaired to the seaport of Enkhuisen.

He had not forgotten his letters to David Home's noble kinsman, which he had kept safely all this time; so he embarked in a ship that was sailing for Scotland. This was his first experience of the sea (unless we count his crossing from Dover to Calais), and a very unfortunate one. A violent storm arose, and he was desperately sea-sick. After much tossing in the North Sea, the ship was driven upon the island of Lindisfarne, off the coast of Northumberland. Jack's sufferings were very great, but after he had somewhat recovered he went over the Border to deliver his letters. He was most hospitably received by the Home family for the sake of his kindness to the young David, but they did not encourage his hopes of obtaining a place at the Court of Holyrood, probably because he was not of noble family, and not

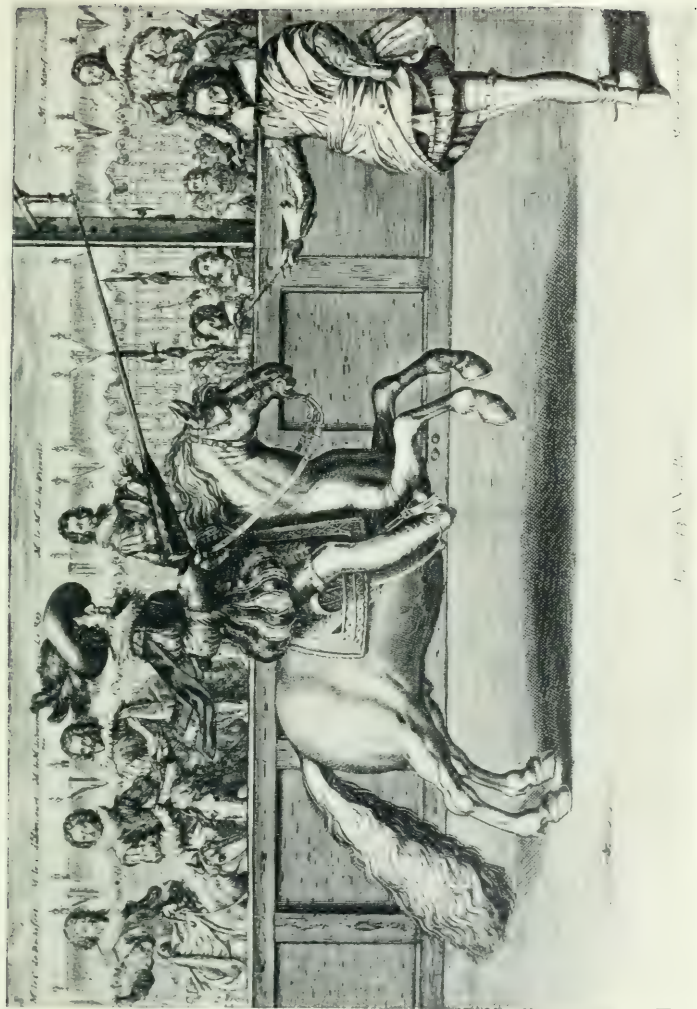
rich enough to afford the expense. So for a second time he gave up the idea of being a courtier, and took his journey home to Willoughby.

It was summer-time when he reached home, and his brother and sister, his cousins, and all his friends were delighted to welcome him; all except his guardian, who rather hoped he had seen the last of him. His estate, however, was flourishing, and John found he had ample means to fit himself out like a gentleman, a very important consideration in those days. He was now in his twentieth year, of an upright, soldierly bearing, with blunt features, but a very pleasant, open countenance. When arrayed in a brave new suit, with cloak and sword and ruff, he appeared a very fine young gallant indeed, and fit to shine at any court. All his friends were proud of his acquaintance, for they looked upon him as quite a hero. All kinds of festivities and junketings were got up to celebrate his return from the wars. People were very merry in the days of Queen Elizabeth; they kept open house, and had many kinds of rural sports which we have now forgotten. Yet after the first joy had worn off, John grew weary of so much company. He longed for a quiet time to study, for he was old enough and had seen enough of the world to regret his neglected education. He wished to improve his mind, and above all to learn the scientific side of a soldier's profession, for he had no intention of leaving it and setting up as a country gentleman.

One day when he was wandering through the woods he came upon a pretty secluded glade, watered by a running stream, and far removed from any dwelling.

"How much I should love to live here," he sighed, "like a hermit or a savage man!"

The overhanging boughs formed a natural roof. It would be easy, he thought, to rig up a little arbour or summer-house, sufficient to afford protection from the weather. The next day he and his servant set to work and made a little "pavilion of boughs." Here he had his books conveyed, also his fowling-pieces, a good horse, his lance and his ring. He bade his man come every day or two to bring fodder for the horse, and any food he might himself require, and then settled down in his new retreat. He had chosen two books for his special study; Machiavelli's "Art of War," translated from the Italian, and the works of Marcus Aurelius in Latin. He could read Latin very well, but that was not much of a distinction, for every educated gentleman read and wrote Latin as a matter of course, since there were, comparatively, few modern books. For exercise he set up a pole and practised himself at tilting at the ring. He drank the clear water of the brook, and shot the deer and game in the surrounding wood which, presumably, was his own land. His friends were much annoyed at this sudden freak, and thought it very rude of him to shun their society. Finding their remon-



TILTING AT THE RING.

From an Engraving by CRISPIN DE PASSE.

strances of no avail, they set about contriving a little plot to woo him from his retirement.

One day as John was lying along the ground, deep in some problem of strategy, he heard a rustling of leaves and the sound of footsteps. On looking up he saw a stranger approaching, who, from his dark complexion and general air, appeared to be a foreigner. His dress was that of a fine gentleman, and he led a beautiful Barbary horse by the bridle. John's first impulse was to be angry at this intrusion; but he loved a good horse, so, instead of burying his nose deeper in his book, he rose and greeted the new-comer quite politely. The latter, who spoke English fluently, introduced himself as Signor Theodore Palaloga, rider to the Earl of Lincoln.¹

"Oh!" cried John, delighted; "I have heard of your feats of horsemanship at Tattershall!" (the earl's castle).

The stranger bowed acknowledgment and, after many compliments in the elaborate affected manner of the court, went on to say—

"And I, on my part, have heard of your feats of arms in the Low Countries. It hath been debated whether your skill exceeds my own. I would fain try a joust to prove the matter, if you will consent."

¹ Henry Fynes-Clinton, second Earl of Lincoln. A rider was one who trained horses in military exercises, and his profession was highly paid and esteemed.

"With all my heart," cried Jack, delighted at the challenge.

He caught his horse and saddled it, and the match began. An impartial observer would have found it difficult to decide between the two combatants. The Italian had fully expected to find Jack inferior to himself, but he was fairly surprised at the Englishman's firm seat, grace, and unerring aim.

It was a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon, and on the signor's taking leave, John begged him to come again. On his second visit John was almost more delighted with his conversation than with his horsemanship, for he appeared to have seen all the famous men then living, to have read all the books worth reading, and to have been present at many battles and sieges. They discussed military matters for a long time, and when at last Palaloga rose to go, he said—

"His Lordship desires very greatly to see you. I told him of our jousting, and he commands me to entreat that you will come and stay at Tattershall."

John felt much flattered, and after some persuasion agreed to leave his "pavilion of boughs." It may also have been that the weather was getting cold and damp for such an outdoor dwelling.

John's friends all chuckled with glee when they heard he had gone to stay at Tattershall, for it was they who had sent Signor Palaloga in the first instance. They had felt sure that he was just the sort of man

to draw their young hermit from his seclusion, and they fully hoped that Jack, on leaving Tattershall, would return to his own home. But they were disappointed, for he soon grew even more weary of the pastimes of great lords and ladies than of the rustic sports of Willoughby. A great longing had seized him to go and fight the Turks, who were again invading Hungary. Hearing that many volunteers were going from Holland to the Emperor, he abruptly took his leave of his noble host, and, after a hasty farewell to his friends, he returned to the Low Countries.

CHAPTER IV

THE FOUR FRENCH GALLANTS

“Costly thy habit, as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.”

Hamlet.

1599. ONE winter evening in Holland a group of volunteers, French and English, were gathered round the blazing fire of a Dutch tavern, talking over their various plans. Their regiment had been disbanded, and many were going home, while others were still anxious to follow the wars. John Smith was among their number.

“I wish,” said he, “I could hear of some troop of horse going into Hungary.”

“Hungary !” echoed another Englishman. “I warrant there is still plenty of fighting to be seen here in the Low Countries.”

“Nay, I am weary of the Low Countries, and I repent to have seen so many Christians slaughter one another. I would fain try my fortunes against them barbarous Turks ;” here John’s hand strayed to the hilt of his falchion, and his blue eyes assumed a

fierce, far-away look as though he already saw himself slashing off a dozen turbaned heads. It would surely be no crime to slay the enemies of Christ!

"Then why not repair to the Duke de Mercœur?"¹ said one of the party.

"The Duke de Mercœur!" answered John. "He hath already departed into Low Hungary with an army of Frenchmen. I hear he is lieutenant² under the Archduke Mathias."

"But the Duchess, his wife," said another trooper in French, "still stays at her country seat in Picardy, and is ever ready to furnish with means and letters of favour any young gentleman who desires to serve under her lord."

The speaker was a young man of distinguished presence. John and his friends always spoke of him as the French lord, not knowing his exact title, for the French address their nobles of whatever rank as "Monsieur."

The gentleman in question was Monsieur de Preau, and he was attended by three other gentlemen, apparently younger sons of noble houses.

"Nay," said John, in answer to his suggestion. "The Duchess de Mercœur is a very great lady. I would not present myself to her unknown as I am."

"That is true," answered De Preau, "but I am myself well known to the Duchess, for my poor patrimony in Picardy adjoins the Duke's domains. I

¹ Generally called Duke Mercury by the English.

² Second in command.

am about to return thither almost immediately, for I too am weary of this useless warfare, and these gentlemen"—with a wave towards his companions, Messieurs Cursell, Nélie, and Montferrat, who were sitting near—"are all of my opinion. We go home to arrange our affairs, and, that done, it is our intention likewise to repair to Hungary. My poor means will not allow me to equip a company, but if you will come with me, I can present you to the Duchess, who, as I said before, will furnish us with all things necessary."

"Content," cried Jack—meaning "all right"—and after some further talk, it was arranged that they should repair to Enkhuisen, and take the next ship sailing for France. So Monsieur de Preau and his three friends set to work to get their baggage ready, and John also repacked his trunks. They were strong, iron-bound chests, for, intending to be away a long time, he had brought with him a large supply of necessaries, such as weapons, armour, books, and an ample sum of money. They also contained several rich suits of clothes, fine linen, and lace ruffs. John was not vain, but he did not underrate the value of a good appearance. In those days a man was often judged by it, and gentlemen of any pretensions to good breeding indulged in costly silks and velvets, following in this the example of the court.

It was stormy winter weather on reaching Enkhuisen, but the five friends had not long to wait for



KING HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

From an Engraving after a Picture by POURBUS.

(Showing Costume of the Period.)

a ship. They took their passages, saw their baggage carefully stowed away, and went on board together with a crowd of other passengers, mostly soldiers returning home to France. They set sail, and late one night arrived at Valéry sur Somme, the port of Picardy at which they were to disembark. It was pitch dark, and the sea very rough, but Monsieur de Preau and his party, who were anxious to lose no time, persuaded the master¹ to row them ashore. So all their trunks were lowered into a little boat, and the French gentlemen took their places; but when John was about to descend the ladder, the master called up to him—

“I fear there is no room for you, sir; I will first take this boat to land, and then will come back and fetch you.”

So John was obliged to step back on deck. Though not of a suspicious nature, he felt rather uneasy on seeing the little boat disappear into the darkness, especially as the trunks contained not only his worldly goods, but all his stock of money. He paced the deck till a late hour, expecting the master to return, but the morning dawned, and the day wore on, and still no master made his appearance. The passengers grew very angry at this delay, particularly as the weather was now much calmer. John, seriously alarmed, could not help confiding his fears to a

¹ *I.e.* the sailing-master, or, as we should now say, “captain.” A captain in the Elizabethan sense corresponded to “commander.”

French gentleman who was standing near. This was a Monsieur Curzianvere, a soldier returning from the war. He had been banished from France, and was now on his way to pay a secret visit to his home in Brittany. He laid his hand kindly on the lad's shoulder, and said—

“I wish I had known of this before; I might perhaps have warned you.”

“Why,” exclaimed Jack, “are you acquainted with this Monsieur de Preau and his friends?”

“I know him but by name and by sight. He is the son of a lawyer of Mortagne.”

“What!” cried the dismayed Jack. “He gave himself out to be some great French lord.”

“This is the first time that ever I heard that he was a lord,” remarked the other, dryly.

“And who are his companions, Cursell, Montferrat, and La Nélie?”

“They are citizens of the same town; three very idle fellows who, as I have heard, would never follow any trade or employment.”

Poor John looked very rueful.

“And yet,” said he, after a pause, “De Preau spoke of his lands in Picardy, and of being known to the Duchess de Mercœur. If that were not so, why hath he disembarked at this port?”

“It was, I fear, that he might gain the speed of you.”

At this juncture the master appeared rowing

from the land, and was greeted with howls from the passengers.

"Nay, good gentlemen," said he, as he climbed on deck, "it was impossible for me to come earlier, the sea ran so high. Your trunks, sir," turning to John, "are in safe keeping. Your noble friends bade me tell you that they had gone to Amiens, and there await your coming."

"Noble friends!" cried the young man, ready to burst with rage, and the passengers joined in his fury, partly on their own account at having lost a day, and partly at the cool way at which the master, by this delay, had abetted the robbery. Some of the soldiers drew their swords and flashed them in the master's face, others proposed to keep him a prisoner and run off with his ship. John did not wait to see what became of him, for his one aim was to pursue the robbers and recover his lost trunks. He scrambled down into the boat, Curzianvere also came with him, and they rowed ashore. It was not till they were on land that John recollected that he had no money to take him further.

"Alas!" said he, turning out his pockets, "I have but one caralue left;" and he held up in dismay a small coin worth about a few pence.

But the generous Curzianvere, who seems to have taken a great fancy to the English boy, and to have felt extremely sorry for him in this awkward plight, answered—

"I have enough for both of us, and can supply your wants at least for the present."

But Jack insisted on selling his cloak, and on reviewing his plans his kind acquaintance said, "De Preau is certainly not at Amiens; he but sent that message to put you on a false track. It is my belief they are on the road to Mortagne. That town lies on the road to my home in Base Brittany. I will continue my journey on foot, and if you will come with me, I can not only take you to Mortagne, but bring you to some of my friends."

So they set out on foot together, and passed through Dieppe, Honfleur, and Pontaudemer, avoiding notice as much as possible, for, as Curzianvere was a banished man, he did not wish to be recognized. They made their way to Caen, in Normandy, to the great abbey of St. Stephen. The prior, who was a friend of Curzianvere's, received them very kindly, and John was much interested to see the tomb of William the Conqueror, then in ruins. After resting for a day or two, they went on their journey till they came to Mortagne.

Curzianvere was afraid to go through the town, so he remained behind with some friends, leaving Jack to make inquiries about De Preau. Jack took his way down the street, and to his delight came upon that fine young gentleman walking along, accompanied by Cursell and the other two. They started in confusion on seeing Jack so unexpectedly, and

tried to turn away, but he stepped up to them boldly.

"Sir," addressing De Preau, "I have followed you here to demand my trunks containing all my apparel and a large sum of money which you and these gentlemen carried away with you on landing."

The artful De Preau, who had quickly recovered his presence of mind, now assumed a look of blank amazement.

"Who are you, sir?" he asked, with calm effrontery. "I do not remember to have made acquaintance with you before. Do you know him, sirs?" turning to the others, who quickly took their cue from their leader, and shook their heads with looks of blank innocence.

"Sir," cried Jack, aghast at this brazen impudence, "did you not pretend to be some great lord and offer to present me to the Duchess de Mercœur?"

But the Frenchman replied coolly, "Why should I desire to present you to the duchess when I am not known to her myself? It is true we are lately returned from the Low Countries, as our friends here can testify"—looking round upon the crowd that had collected—"but I confess I have never feigned any other estate than that of a poor inhabitant of this town."

"It is very likely this stranger is some rogue who wishes to fasten a quarrel upon us," said Cursell, slyly.

Jack was dumbfounded at their coolness. He saw

plainly that he had no means of proving their robbery without further witnesses, so he went away to find Curzianvere, who had taken refuge in the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood.

“They will outface their villainy, then!” exclaimed Curzianvere, when he heard Jack’s indignant story. “I would gladly help you to bring them to justice, but I dare not be seen except by my friends; nor can I stay here long, for I must go on my journey. Still, I am known to many honourable persons in this place. I will bring you to them, and it may be that they can help you.”

They were influential gentlefolk, and one lady, Madame Colombier, invited Jack to stay at her house, for this light-hearted young soldier, with his pleasant straightforward manners, had the gift of winning hearts wherever he went. These kind people were very indignant at the way Jack had been robbed of his property, but although De Preau bore a very shady character in the town, there seemed no means of bringing him to justice, since no trace of the trunks was to be found, and Jack had no witnesses to support him.

Madame Colombier and the others tried to console him for his loss by offering to furnish him with money and with clothes, and begged him to stay with them as long as he liked. It was about the time of the Christmas and Twelfth Night festivities, and a great deal of fun was going on. But John had too proud

a spirit to accept hospitality which he could never hope to repay, and he was too restless to remain idly enjoying himself. To use his own words, "he could never feel content to receive such noble favours as he could neither deserve nor requite."

So he prepared to continue his journey. His plan was to go back to the sea-coast and find some ship of war that was sailing into Italy. His friends insisted upon his accepting a sum of money, and with many expressions of gratitude for their kindness he took his leave.

I do not know if Jack ever saw Madame Colombier and the generous French gentlemen or Monsieur Curzianvere again, but he remembered their goodness and spoke of it with gratitude all his life long.

CHAPTER V

THE PILGRIM SHIP

“Of most disastrous chances
And moving incidents by flood and field.”

Othello.

1600. JOHN spent many weeks in going from port to port of Brittany, trying to find some man-of-war or some transport that was taking troops for Hungary, but in vain. The weather was still bitterly cold, and his money was nearly all gone. Perhaps you will wonder why he did not write home for more, since he was now master of his own property; but in those troubled times there was often no means of getting a letter conveyed.

So John wandered aimlessly about till at last he bethought himself of the young Count de Plouha and his brothers, his former friends at Willoughby. He remembered that their castle of Tonquedec was in this part of the country between Dinan and St. Malo, which, you will see by the map, are on the north-west coast, in Brittany. He felt sure of a welcome from these young noblemen, so he turned his steps in that

FRANCE and the LOW COUNTRIES
(showing Smith's wanderings
in the West & South of France.)



direction. By this time he was ready to drop from exhaustion, as he had tasted hardly any food for several days. His way ran through a forest, and as he was toiling painfully along he spied a little fountain under one of the trees. He paused to rest awhile and drink, but on stooping to do so, he suddenly lost consciousness and fell forward on the ground. How long he lay there he knew not, but when he recovered his senses he perceived a kindly, weather-beaten face bending over him. It was that of a man dressed in the Breton costume, who had the appearance of being a peasant farmer. Speaking in the dialect of the country, he raised the poor wayfarer in his arms and supported his steps to the door of a farmhouse that was not far distant. Here John was taken in and soon revived with warmth and food. He remained several days with this good farmer and his wife, until he felt quite strong again. Then, with grateful thanks, he resumed his journey. He took the road to Pontorson, and from thence to Dinan, through a little village that lay beside a ruined tower, all that remained of its ancient castle. Going onward, he was about to turn into a grove of trees, when he perceived the figure of a man approaching. At first he took him to be a beggar, for his clothes were so tattered and his whole appearance so dirty and miserable; but as the fellow came nearer and his features grew more distinct, John stood stock-still with surprise; for in this forlorn-looking tramp he had recognized the once spruce Monsieur Cursell.

The latter seemed equally surprised, and tried to turn back; but John rushed upon him, for the mere sight of the fellow filled him with fury. His sufferings of the past weeks had made him all the keener for revenge, and, drawing his sword, he flung himself upon his foe. Cursell said never a word, but whipped out his weapon in a trice and stood on his defence. Both were accomplished swordsmen, and for awhile their steel clashed without either gaining an advantage. The villagers, who had rushed up on hearing the scuffle, made no attempt to separate the combatants. They climbed up into the tower instead, so as to get a better view of the fray. Luckily for them, there was no policeman in those days to come up and put a stop to it. But Cursell, already worn out with wandering, was in very poor fighting condition. After a fine display, he grew faint and forgot his guard. Quick as lightning John got in his thrust, and Cursell fell to the ground. Seeing him down, the villagers now ran to the spot to ask the cause of the quarrel. John calmly wiped his sword without troubling to give any explanation. They could take him before the magistrate, he had had his revenge, and did not care. To his surprise, it was Cursell who presently sat up and spoke.

“The young gentleman,” he confessed, “hath just cause for anger. It is true he hath been robbed by my three companions, and he drew upon me, thinking me as arrant a cheat as they, though I protest I have had no share in this cozenage.” And he went on to

say that De Preau, La Nélie, and Montferrat had divided the contents of the trunks between them, but that they had afterwards quarrelled among themselves about the money, as each wanted a larger share than the other; but as for himself, he had never received anything and was entirely innocent, which was partly the cause of his present miserable estate. John laughed derisively, especially on perceiving the shabby garments that had once been his own tawny velvet doublet and jerkin. However, he had long given up his property for lost, and having now had a taste of revenge, he wished to say nothing further on the matter. The villagers seemed satisfied with Cursell's explanation; so leaving that unlucky rogue in their care, our hero pursued his journey to St. Malo.

Never during all his life did Jack forget the kindness he received on reaching the castle of Tonquedec. Many years after, exploring the Bay of Chesapeake in an open boat, he named one of its headlands Point Ployer (for so he pronounced the name), in honour of the young French noblemen who welcomed him with such warm hospitality for the sake of their boyhood days at Willoughby.

Their old playmate arrived worn out, destitute, and tattered, yet he was received as an honoured guest and supplied with clothes befitting his position. The count and his brothers took pains to make his stay with them as pleasant as possible, and, knowing his inquiring mind, they showed him all the castles and

places of interest in St. Malo and the towns round about.

“Brittany,” said they, “is our British Cornwaile; here is the same Mount St. Michael, the speech and the people are much the same as in your Cornwaile, and differ from the rest of France.”

John was anxious to know if any ship would shortly be sailing from St. Malo, but they knew of none. Their friend, Captain la Roche, who had a small trading vessel freighted for Alexandria, had already set sail, or he might have gone with him some part of the way. They advised John, however, to travel by land through France, seeing he was so interested in fortifications and engineering works; he would see many strong places, especially Bayonne, and could take ship at Marseilles. So, well furnished with a good horse and money, Master Smith took leave of his noble hosts. I have marked on the map at page 38 all the places that he visited in the pleasant land of France.

On arriving at Marseilles, he found a ship of Provence just about to set sail. It was full of pilgrims who were going to Rome to creep up the holy stairs. They looked a motley rabble, but John was in too much haste to be particular. So he took his passage and went on board. The weather was rough and stormy, and they had not been long at sea when the master had to put back into the harbour of Toulon. Here the English youth became aware of dark suspicious glances that were cast in his direction, and

he heard the pilgrims muttering under their breath as they passed him by. However, the weather cleared up a little, and the master put out to sea again. But they had got no further than Nice when a violent wind arose and the sky again darkened. To avoid running into the gathering storm the master once more cast anchor, this time under the little island of St. Mary. John stood on the deck watching the sailors; to his astonishment he found himself gradually surrounded by a dirty, ill-kempt crowd who gnashed their teeth at him and cursed him in a variety of languages—Spanish, Italian, French, and Provençal.

“Huguenot!” they cried, “Huguenot! We shall never have fair weather while he is on board.”

Smith tried to explain that he was not a Huguenot, but an Englishman. This only made matters worse.

“Englishman! All Englishmen are Huguenots and heretics!” shrieked some. “They are pirates!” cried others. “All the English are pirates! And as for their Queen, the false Hag! She is the Scarlet Woman!”

And here they began to use the most abominable language and to call the great Elizabeth by the vilest names. We who have revered our beloved Victoria can realize John’s rage on hearing these foul insults. He, like all sixteenth-century Englishmen, regarded his Queen with an intense devotion, almost adoration. She was a symbol, sacred and unsullied, of the glory of England itself. Drawing

himself up proudly and laying his hand upon his sword, he cried in defiant tones—

“Rail on me, if you will, but dare not to say a word of slander against my dread Sovereign Lady, that miracle of the world!”

His voice was drowned by a chorus of howls and jeers.

“Throw him overboard! Throw him overboard!” resounded on all sides, for the fanatical mob were firmly convinced that the coming tempest was a sign of the displeasure of Heaven at the presence of a heretic. Neither the master nor the crew made any attempt to stop their fury or to interfere in any way; they were as ignorant and as superstitious as the pilgrims, and forgot all humane feeling in their wish to appease the passengers and to avert a storm.

John found himself seized and overpowered, his sword was knocked out of his hand, and, in spite of his struggles, he was dragged to one side of the ship and flung into the sea.

Fortunately he was a strong swimmer, and land was not far distant. Striking out boldly, in spite of the high waves and his heavy cloak, he soon reached the island and got safe to shore. St. Mary is only a tiny islet, and was used as a grazing-ground for goats and cattle. It was now growing dark, for it was the month of March, when the evenings still close in early. A long and dismal night lay before him. There was no cottage or shelter of any kind, so he spent the tedious

hours in walking up and down the shore, trying in vain to keep warm. As the time wore on the storm died away, but he could not sleep in his wet clothes. We can imagine with what longing eyes he gazed towards the east and "wished for the day."

CHAPTER VI

THE VENETIAN ARGOSY

“ Your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers
That curt’sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.”

Merchant of Venice.

1600. THE morning dawned calm and clear, and John, to his delight, espied two more ships riding at anchor that had put in for shelter during the previous evening. As soon as the sun was fairly up, he waved his cloak and shouted with all his might. These frantic signals at last attracted the attention of the smaller craft, a vessel of two hundred tons that was flying a French flag. The castaway perceived, with breathless interest, that a boat was being lowered. The sailors rowed towards him, and then he remembered no more. They lifted him into their boat and brought him on board. Here he was taken below and very kindly treated. Later in the day, when he was rested, refreshed, and furnished with dry clothes, the



ITALY—THE MEDITERRANEAN AND EASTERN EUROPE.

SMITH'S CRUISE
WITH CAPT. MERHAM.

Walker & Cockerell sc.

captain sent for him. This gentleman was the owner of the ship, a private trader, and John noticed that in dress and bearing he was much superior to men of similar position.

“Who are you? And how comes it that you are in this distress?” he asked compassionately, in French, but with a slight touch of the Breton accent.

“I am an Englishman,” said John, also speaking in French, “on my way to Vienna, in hope of being preferred to some general in Hungary.” And he went on to relate how he had travelled through France by land, not being able to find a ship at St. Malo, and all that had befallen him among the pilgrims. His preserver scrutinized his face thoughtfully.

“You come from St. Malo, then?” he inquired at length.

“I stayed there for a short time at Tonquedec with the noble Count de Plouha.”

“The Count de Plouha!” said the captain, surprised. “He is a most honourable gentleman and my near neighbour, for I also live at St. Malo. My name is La Roche.”

“Captain La Roche!” cried John, astonished in his turn.

This was indeed a fortunate meeting! The captain took John by the hand and made him relate all his history. At the end of it he said—

“Any friend of the Count de Plouha must always

be well regarded by me; in respect of yourself, I like you well, and feel pity for the misfortune you have suffered through the inhumanity of these Provençals. I am bound for Barbary and the African ports, and thence to Egypt. If you desire to come with me I will gladly entertain you, and on my return voyage, I can set you on land on the coast of Italy, to follow your intent of repairing to Vienna."

Smith gladly accepted this kind offer. Though he loved soldiering, he loved the prospect of a sea-voyage far better, even though under a foreign flag.

The storm having blown over, they set sail past Corsica and Sardinia to the south. La Roche soon found that he had no useless guest on board, but an eager young apprentice, ready to lend a helping hand wherever required. Under the instruction of Captain La Roche, John learnt all about the sailing of a ship, and soon became a skilful mariner; he was already proficient as a gunner. Perhaps the mention of gunnery here may cause some surprise, but in those days it was almost as necessary as a knowledge of navigation. The little Breton vessel, though only a trader, was armed with rows of guns, and with "chasing-pieces" in the prow and stern. Nowadays, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling tells us, the liner is a lady with the man-of-war to protect and fight for her. But in the sixteenth century the trading vessels had to be their own men-of-war, and often carried as much ordnance (demi-cannon, culverin, minions, and

falconets) as any of the royal navy. The reason of this was that the Mediterranean and Atlantic were so infested with pirates, that there would have been no safety for passengers or cargo had not the ships been armed and the crews trained to defend them. It was the part of every captain's duty to be able to conduct a sea-fight. But I am sorry to say that, besides pirates, merchantmen were only too ready to attack each other on the slightest pretext; there seems to have been a regular code of etiquette in these encounters, and what we now consider downright robbery was then looked upon as lawful prize. The rich Spanish galleons, for instance, returning from South America, were constantly waylaid by ships of other countries, glad of any occasion to pick a quarrel.

But to return to Captain la Roche and our hero. They had a prosperous voyage, going along the north coast of Africa till they came to Alexandria, where they discharged their cargo. "We will now sail to Scanderoon," said La Roche, "to see what craft are lying in the roadstead." And from thence they took their course along the coast of Asia, and through the Archipelago to Greece, stopping to exchange commodities at the various ports and islands. Smith was allowed to do some trading on his own account, and by this he made a nice little sum. At last they came to the entrance of the Adriatic, where the *Britaine* (for so we will call her) cast anchor, near the Cape of Otranto.

As she lay there, they saw a stately argosy from Venice, of about five hundred tons, sailing down the Adriatic with all her canvas spread to the breeze. Many boys will remember how the merchants of Venice used to fit out these great argosies, full of silken stuffs, spices, and other precious merchandise, and send them to all quarters of the world, and how one, Signior Antonio, had a ship of rich lading wrecked on the Goodwins and another at Tripoli.

Such an argosy it was that La Roche beheld flying by with woven wings. He wished to speak with her, and signalled. But the Venetian captain misunderstood; besides, he had no wish to stay, for his cargo was of very great value, and he was afraid the *Britaine* was some pirate lying in wait. So, instead of answering politely, he sent a cannon-shot, which, unluckily, killed a sailor standing on the deck of the *Britaine*. That was enough for La Roche; he promptly ordered all hands to the guns, and revenged this insult by sending the Venetian one broadside after another. The Argosy made no attempt to reply, but hastened to sail away instead.

"Give him a chase-piece!" cried La Roche. "Give him a broadside, and run ahead." Away flew the little *Britaine*, the "petty trafficker," after the "rich burgher!" So many balls were sent crashing among the masts of the Argosy that her sails and rigging were all torn and broken. She could sail no longer,

and was obliged to make a stand. For an hour and a half they returned shot for shot ; twice the *Britaine's* men got on board the *Argosy*, and twice they were driven back. A third time they had nearly grappled her, when the Venetian captain managed to set fire to the mainsail of the *Britaine*. This was a foolish stratagem on his part, for a fresh breeze was blowing, and not only the *Britaine*, but the *Argosy* herself, might have perished, as she was held fast by the grappling-irons. The flames flared in the wind, but quick as thought John, who had been working one of the guns, flew to the rigging.

"Cut anything to clear her!" he cried, and in a few minutes they had torn down the burning canvas and flung it into the sea.

"We are clear! God be thanked!" cried La Roche in tones of relief. But in the midst of this distraction, the *Argosy* had managed to get free and was just sheering off. La Roche, enraged at the damage the fire had caused, ordered the attack to be renewed. Thereupon John and the other gunners poured volley after volley of shot with such rapidity that the *Argosy* was riddled almost before she had time to reply. She was nearly sinking. The captain had lost twenty of his crew, and fifteen were wounded, so in despair he surrendered.

The Bretons came on board and took them all prisoners. A party was told off to guard them, men were slung overboard to stop the leaks, and then La

Roche set the rest of his crew to work to unload the cargo.

We can imagine the anguish of the Venetian captain, who, clapped in irons, had to look on powerless while his enemies rifled his hold of all its precious contents. It was a wonderful prize. Silks, cloth of gold, velvets, silver tissues, and boxes upon boxes of gold and silver money, such as sequins and piasters. For twenty-four hours the crew of the *Britaine* toiled in transferring all these fine things to their own ship. At last they were quite worn out. Half the cargo was still untouched, but La Roche was satisfied; as well he might be! Besides, the *Britaine* could hold no more. So he gave orders to release the prisoners, and the *Argosy*, with her captain and remaining hands, was cast off, a mere wreck of her former self. It must be owned she had suffered a terrible penalty for that first unlucky shot.

Nor had the little *Britaine* herself come out unscathed. She had lost fifteen men, and was in sad need of repairs owing to the fire. In this defenceless state La Roche avoided the ports of Italy and Sicily, as he feared being attacked by the Italian galleys, and drifted with the wind to Malta. Here he put in, and, having refitted his little craft, he sailed northward to the Gulf of Genoa. On reaching the road of Antibes, he set his young friend on shore as he had promised, after a cruise of nine months.

“Farewell, Master Smith,” he said, “since you must need fight the Turk. God prosper you!”

“Farewell, noble friend,” said John, as he wrung the Breton’s hand.

“Here is your share of the prize,” said the latter, placing in his hand a small bag containing five hundred sequins in gold. John accepted it gladly. He did not think it wrong, as he would have done if he had lived now. According to the code of honour of those times, it had been a prize taken in fair fight, and as such it was not derogatory to a gentleman to share it.

He was now in Italy, the land of which he had^{1601.} heard and read so much, for Italy in the sixteenth century was the model of learning, letters, art, and polite society, to whom all the rest of Europe looked. Being well supplied with money, he determined to spend some time in visiting its many beautiful and historic cities. Besides the sequins, he had gained nearly £250 in trading; so altogether he possessed about £500.

He went to Rome, where he saw Pope Clement and the cardinals climbing up the holy stairs upon their knees, and kissing the steel nails that mark the places where our Saviour’s blood is supposed to have fallen.

At Siena, he had the delight of meeting again his dear friends, Robert and Peregrine Bertie. The former was now the Lord Willoughby, owing to the death of

his renowned father. After a long tour in Italy, John travelled north-eastward into Austria. He repaired in the first instance to Gratz, the capital of Styria, where the Archduke Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor, held his court, having heard that this prince was assembling his troops and was about to set out for the seat of war.

At Gratz Smith fell in with two of his countrymen, who introduced him to many people of distinction, among others to the Baron Ebersbacht, one of the Archduke's generals. This great soldier, an enthusiast in his profession, was much attracted by the young English adventurer who had already done such good service in the Low Countries. The press of business was very great on the eve of a campaign; nevertheless the General Ebersbacht often found time to send for Master Smith to talk over the subject in which both were interested—scientific improvements in the methods of warfare. At that time the use of bombshells was hardly known, and heliography not at all. The need of some means of communication at a distance was very greatly felt, and John had several useful suggestions to make. He had been reading one of his favourite Latin authors, Polybius, who describes a system of signalling by torches. He pointed this out to the general, who thought the idea might be adopted with advantage.

They arranged an alphabet between them by means of flashes to the right and left, and on dark nights

they practised sending messages to each other. They found they were able to make themselves distinctly understood.

Smith had also some improvements to suggest with regard to gunnery, so Ebersbacht sent him on to Vienna, to the Baron Kisell, the general of artillery, while he himself departed with the Archduke into Upper Hungary.

CHAPTER VII

THE RELIEF OF OBER-LIMBACH AND SIEGE OF STUHLWEISSENBURG

“Of hairbreadth ’scapes in th’ imminent deadly breach.”

Othello.

1601. THE Turks, as has been already said, had possession of a great part of Transylvania and of many towns in Hungary. And now, in this new invasion, they were laying siege to more.

Rudolph, Emperor of Austria, who was also King of Hungary, had sent three armies to repel these fierce invaders. The first, under the Archduke Mathias and the Duke de Mercœur, was to defend Lower Hungary; the second, under the Archduke Ferdinand, was to try and regain the town of Kanizsa; and the third to re-conquer Transylvania.

Baron Ebersbacht had been despatched to defend Ober-Limbach, a town situated on the plains of Hysnaburg and dominated by a range of hills. This town was in great straits, for the Turks, twenty thousand strong, were besieging it, and had surrounded it so closely that it was impossible for any of the garrison to get through the lines.

Baron Ebersbacht could get no news of the outer world, provisions were running very low, and the inhabitants were in despair.

At this juncture Baron Kisell, with a force of ten thousand men, was sent to their relief, and with him was an English artilleryman of the name of John Smith.

Kisell found himself in a very difficult position. He dared not with his ten thousand attack double the number of Turks, unless Ebersbacht could aid him by making a sortie from the town at the same time. But he had no means of sending a message to Ebersbacht. It seemed certain death for any messenger, however disguised, to attempt to get past the Turkish camp. At this juncture he was told that "this English gentleman," Master Smith, wished to speak with him.

"I can," said Smith, "undertake to convey any message you wish to the governor of the town, and to have an answer from him in return."

"How so?" asked Kisell, in surprise.

"When I was acquainted with Lord Ebersbacht at Gratz," replied John, "we devised many plans and stratagems together; among others, we agreed upon an alphabet which could be shown by means of signalling with torches."

"An excellent stratagem!" cried the general, in admiration.

"If now, when the night is dark, you will furnish me with three torches and guides to show me the

way to yonder hill, I will make known to the Lord Ebersbacht anything you desire."

The general was delighted. Fortunately, he had scouts with him who knew the country well, so he told off two or three to go with the young Englishman.

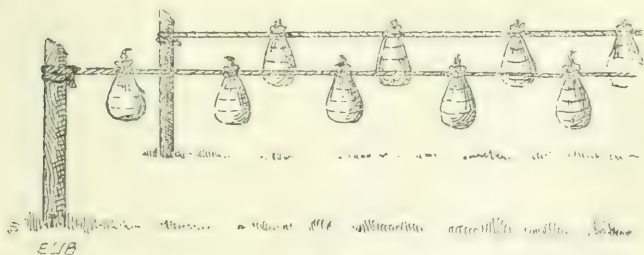
That night was dark, and they led John to the hill, about seven miles from the town. It was rather a long distance, but so situated that the flame of the torches could be distinctly seen in the town. John placed them at equal distances from each other. The flames streamed in the wind, and very shortly, to his delight, he saw three other torches appear on the walls of the town. This was a sign to him that Ebersbacht had seen and understood.

John, who had composed his message as briefly as possible, probably in German or Latin, then commenced to work his torches, flashing and hiding them to right and left, according to the code agreed upon between them. At the end of each word, he waited anxiously for a signal from the town to see if it had been understood. This Ebersbacht indicated by flashing one torch only. The message sent was this: "On Thursday, at night, Kisell will charge upon the east. At the alarum, sally you from the Neussbruck Gate."

Soon to his joy John perceived the town lights working to and fro in answer, which he read off easily, to the effect that Ebersbacht would make the sortie required.

They stayed on the hill till daybreak, and then returned to headquarters, having observed that the Turkish camp was divided into two parts which lay on each side the river, and could thus be cut off from one another.

On hearing this report, and now assured of being seconded by Ebersbacht, Kisell resolved to make the attack. Yet even with the garrison the Christians would be inferior in numbers to the enemy, so Smith devised a plan for remedying this deficiency. He spent all that day and the next in preparing what he called his stratagem. He procured thirty lines of cord, each two hundred yards in length, and along these, at regular intervals, he tied three thousand packets of gunpowder, every one furnished with a piece of tow or match, by which to set it alight. The end of each line was fastened to a pole about the height of a man. Thus—



When Thursday night came and darkness fell, these poles were set up on the plain of Hysnaburg,

and the lines stretched between them in orderly rows. A man stood ready at each end with a hidden torch in his hand.

In the mean time, Kisell and his ten thousand men had taken up their position on the east, in an opposite direction, but on the same side of the river.

The alarm was given. In an instant Smith and his men flew down the lines, setting light to the packets of gunpowder. They went off with a blaze and a report, like so many musket-shots. In fact, in the dark, they had the effect of a detachment of musketeers. The unsuspecting Turks started up at the sound of these false fires, and rushed towards them, thinking they were being attacked in that direction. Then Kisell came round by their rear and fell upon their camp. The Turks, seeing themselves deceived, rushed back, only to find the Christians in possession of their ground. They ran up and down in distracted confusion, while on the Neussbruck side of the river, Baron Ebersbacht and his men sallied out and attacked the other and smaller Turkish division. They fought hand to hand in the trenches, and the carnage was horrible, about a third of the Turks being slain. Their two divisions were unable to join each other because of the river and the darkness. Panic seized them. Many fell into the river and were drowned; the rest fled away, leaving all their stores and ammunition behind them.

The Christians had lost very few men com-

paratively, and when morning dawned, Kisell marched into the town with two thousand of his troops in very good condition. The poor starving inhabitants had now plenty of food, for ample supplies were found in the Turkish camp.

After this the Turks were so disheartened that they made no attempt to continue the siege, and went back to their base at Kanizsa.

Great were the rejoicings over the relief of Ober-Limbach. Baron Kisell was much praised, and received everywhere with great honour. But he did not forget to attribute some of the credit to the young English volunteer, and offered to obtain him a commission. Shortly after this, John was made a captain of two hundred and fifty horse in a regiment commanded by Henry Voldo Count Meldrich. For a man to be transferred in this way from artillery to cavalry sounds more like Boer warfare than Austrian. But in the seventeenth century this was not at all unusual; it was not until after-years that the various branches of the service were distinctly defined.

Jack, or Captain Smith, as we will now call him, found that his regiment was ordered to Lower Hungary to join the Duke de Mercœur.

This Duke had led with him from France an army of ten thousand Frenchmen. He had also twenty thousand Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians of the Emperor's troops; but, for convenience' sake, we will speak of them all under the name of Christians. This

time John was to take part in the siege of a town, not in a relief.

For the last sixty years the Turks had had possession of the town of Stuhlweissenburg, but the Duke was bent on trying to regain it for the Emperor. Stuhlweissenburg, thirty-four miles from Buda, was an exceedingly well-fortified city; in fact, said to be impregnable. It consisted of an inner city or fortress surrounded by suburbs, which were defended by thick outer walls, except on one side, where there was a very muddy lake. The Turkish commander, or Pacha, was a man of renowned valour, and the garrison consisted of splendid fighting men. They would dart out of the town, slay several hundred Christians, and dart back again almost before they were discovered. However, they tried this once too often. One night they fell upon the French encampment, but found themselves caught in a trap. The French were all prepared for them, and, instead of being slain, cut their Turkish assailants all to pieces.

After this success the Duke de Merceur resolved to try a few surprises in his turn, and prepared for a night assault. The Count Meldrich called Captain Smith to him and said—

“Those fiery dragons, Captain Smith, of which you spoke to me; can you put them into practice?”

John thought that he could. These “fiery dragons” were another sort of fireworks in which he had been making experiments. He got forty or fifty large

round earthen pots, and filled them with all kinds of things that would burn and explode, such as pitch, brimstone, and turpentine. In each jar of this mixture, like plumstones in jam, was a handful of bullets, and over the top he tied a thick cloth to keep it in and a good-sized lump of tow which had been dipped in brimstone and soaked in linseed oil. He then set to work and made a number of slings, and arranged the jars in them. Three or four Christian prisoners who had escaped out of the town informed Count Meldrich which part of the suburbs was the most thickly populated. Having chosen some expert slingers, John carefully noted that this quarter was near the Buda Gate. When darkness fell, he posted these slingers there with their slings and jars all ready.

The Duke de Mercœur had planted his cannon so as to command the opposite side of the town, while a third party, led by that renowned soldier, the Count Rosworme, prepared to attack the suburb defended by the muddy lake. Many people thought the count was very foolish to attempt this, for the lake was said to be impassable. It was such a thick sludge that men could neither swim nor wade in it. Nevertheless, he determined to try it, knowing that if his men once got over, the suburb would be won. So he caused each of them to be provided with a large bundle of sedge or twigs.

Midnight came, and when the signal was given, John and his slingers set light to the earthen pots

and flung them over the outer wall. It was a fearful sight to see them flaming through the air; with their streamers of blazing tow they really had some resemblance to dragons—Count Meldrich's name for them. When they fell to the ground and exploded, it was terrible to hear the cries and groans; Turks though they were, John felt his heart touched with pity. The wretched people were so occupied in trying to quench the flames that had set light to some of the buildings near the Buda Gate, that John could easily have taken the suburb if he had had enough men and guns.

The Duke de Mercœur on his side was battering away with his ordnance, while Count Rosworme and his contingent made for the lake. First of all, each man flung in his bundle of sedge; so many thousand bundles filled up the lake considerably, enough to make the slush sufficiently solid for the men to scramble across. They did so, and entered this suburb quite quietly; the Turks there were so totally surprised that they rushed to take refuge in the fortress, whither the inhabitants of the Buda Gate suburb had also fled, leaving in their confusion the cannon on the outer wall. The Duke de Mercœur, who had by this time made several breaches in this wall, now rushed in with all his men and took possession without much resistance.

It remained now to take the fortress, which was not nearly so strong as the outer wall. The Duke merely

turned the Turkish guns round, and with them he set to work and bombarded the place with such fury that it soon fell.

Then the Christian troops, burning for revenge, rushed in, slaying all before them. John's heart sickened at the scene, and he could not help admiring the calmness of the Pacha,¹ who, seeing all was lost, retired into his palace with five hundred of his followers, determined to make a last stand, and then to die by his own hand. He had no chance of doing this, however; the Austrians battered down the palace walls, dragged him out, and were about to tear him in pieces. Fortunately John and his colonel, Count Meldrich, happened to be near. They rushed up and rescued the Pacha, whom the Count took prisoner and conducted at the end of the day, with all honour, into the presence of the Duke. De Mercœur, when he saw the Pacha, was much pleased to have so distinguished a captive, and received him with all the courtesy due to a brave man.

"Let him be used like a prince," said he, "for my victory is much honoured by such a prisoner."

And so the famous city of Stuhlweissenburg was regained for the Emperor.

¹ Often written "Bashaw."

CHAPTER VIII

THE THREE TURKS' HEADS

"I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus."

Othello.

1601. As this is not the history of Hungary, nor of the Duke de Mercœur, I will quickly pass over the next events of the war; how he repaired the walls and rebuilt the ruins of Stuhlweissenburg, and set out to fight another Turkish army of 60,000 men under Assan Pacha, on the plains of Girke. It was a desperate battle; both Christians and Turks fought like lions, and, as the historian ¹ afterwards said, "It was a terror to see how horse and man lay sprawling and tumbling on the ground, some one way and some another."

The formation of the Turkish forces was that of a crescent, and, being three times as numerous as the Christians, they tried to surround them by closing in and joining the two horns. Count Meldrich's regiment was nearly trapped in this way, but they would not surrender. Half their numbers were slain, and the rest fought their way out. Count Meldrich's

¹ Francisco Farnese, secretary of Prince Sigismund Batori.

armour "was painted red with Turkish blood, but his valour shone more bright than did his armour." Captain John Smith was badly wounded, and his horse slain under him, but he caught another, there were so many rushing riderless over the plain. Night fell, leaving neither side victorious.

Three days after the Turks arrayed themselves for another battle. Count Meldrich led the attack, and he and his men "charged with such resolute and valiant courage," that the foremost ranks of the enemy fled in disorder; the panic spread, and the whole Turkish army gave way, having lost six thousand in slain and prisoners, and nine guns.

But the winter was coming on, and De Mercœur's soldiers began to grumble at the hardships and bad pay. The Turks had retired for the present, so he resolved to break up the camp, or lager, as it is called in German; he divided his army into three parts, and sent Count Rosworme with seven thousand men to Kanizsa, as the besiegers were in sore distress, and six thousand men under Count Meldrich into Transylvania, while the rest of the army went into winter quarters.

Count Meldrich was a native of Transylvania, and was very wishful to return to his own country. Many years before, the Turks and Tartars had driven his father out of his estates, and had taken possession of all the surrounding district—a high mountainous land called Zarkam, which they had kept ever since.

Meldrich well remembered his father's cruel death after bravely helping in the defence of the city of Regall, and how the heads of all the Christian garrison had been cut off and placed on stakes round the walls. For twenty years he had served in the Emperor's armies; but now, hearing that Prince Sigismund of Transylvania was in sad difficulties for men and money after his long struggles to keep the Turks at bay, he was only too glad to go to his assistance.

But first of all Meldrich resolved to leave the Emperor's service, for he had discovered that Rudolph was sending troops, not only to drive out the Turks, but to drive out Prince Sigismund also, and that then he intended to annex Transylvania to his own dominions, which were already large enough. But Meldrich, like all the Transylvanians, loved Sigismund Batori, and had no intention of helping the Emperor in his greedy scheme. Though he was burning to revenge himself further on the Turks, who had wrought such desolation in his native country, he was determined to fight them in the cause of Sigismund alone, and to offer his services to that prince. It was no use going unless accompanied by a large body of troops. His men were of all nations, mostly soldiers of fortune, who owed no allegiance to the Emperor, and were feeling very angry about their long arrears of pay. It was not difficult to persuade such men to follow him. "Soldiers," he said, "you are ill-fed and ill-rewarded! Come with me, and fight for my noble

prince, Sigismund. We will plunder the Turk, and he will give you leave to divide the booty among you, which will amply repay you. I will lead you to the rich city of Regall, the Turk's great stronghold, where he hath stored his treasure this last twenty years."

Attracted by this alluring prospect, the six thousand troops readily volunteered; they would have followed their dashing leader half over the world, and they considered it no sin to pillage the Turks, who were themselves such shameless robbers. Among their numbers were many Englishmen, anxious for further adventures; but Captain Smith, though his wound was healed, hesitated to volunteer. To fight for the sake of plunder seemed to him a most unworthy motive. The horrible scenes of carnage he had witnessed in the past year had sickened him. Yet the cause of Prince Sigismund was a righteous and just one; he was defending his country against fierce invaders, whose rule would mean ruin and oppression for his people.

"Will you come with me also, Captain Smith," asked Meldrich, "and try some more of your conclusions? We have fought many a good fight together."

"I will come," answered John; "but not for the sake of booty. I hold the true condition of war is to suppress the proud and defend the innocent and humble. To fight for any other cause is clean contrary to all honour and virtue." He spoke simply and

sincerely, without any idea of showing off. Two English gentlemen in his company, named Ensign Thomas Carlton and Sergeant Edward Robinson, have given us their impressions of their young captain at this time. Soldiers did not bear a very good reputation; they were often mere swashbucklers who delighted in looting, gambling, swearing, and drinking. But Captain Smith was never known to use an oath or to throw a dice; he drank very little wine, and paid for everything he took. Yet he was so brave and daring a leader, that all his men loved him and were proud of being his soldiers. Besides, he made no parade of goodness; he did not share their rough pleasures simply because he did not care for them. He was far too keen in his profession, and in making observations and experiments.

It was the beginning of December, and the weather exceptionally severe, yet the gallant Meldrich and his men set out on their march into Transylvania. The hardships and miseries they endured were terrible; often their path was blocked by snowstorms, often they were nearly frozen to death in the bitter cold. At last they arrived safely at Eisenburg,¹ the headquarters of Prince Sigismund. The Prince welcomed Count Meldrich warmly, being delighted to have so

¹ The exact site of this stronghold and of Regall, though marked on the map, facing page 47, is only a matter of conjecture. Towns in Transylvania had often several names, thus causing much difficulty in identifying them.

experienced a general and so many well-seasoned veterans. Meldrich, on his side, vowed to spend the rest of his life in defence of his prince and country. He was appointed second in command, and his men were supplied with food. They were established in comfortable quarters, and there they remained for the rest of the winter, to recover from the hardships of their march.

But the restless Meldrich could not keep still for long, so with a small party of scouts he made a reconnoitre into Zarkam, the home of his boyhood. It was now the resort of Turkish and Tartar brigands, who retreated thither, safe among the mountains, with their plunder. Their city of Regall was a perfect den of thieves and storehouse of riches, looted from the provinces of Moldavia and Transylvania.

Regall was situated on a plateau, which was surrounded by still higher mountains; so difficult was it of access, that Prince Sigismund's troops, under General Zackel Moyses, had never yet been able to penetrate into this fastness, though they had made many attempts. But Meldrich remembered the country well, and discovered a pass—a narrow valley between two high mountains—through which he thought it would be possible to drag the guns. He returned to Eisenburg, and found his men quite refreshed and in very fit condition. It was spring-time, and even the unhappy land of Transylvania began to look less desolate in its bright green garment.

Meldrich proposed to begin the campaign by making an attack on the city of Regall. Prince Sigismund agreed. He could not take the field himself, but gave General Moyses the command. His troops numbered nine thousand men, and Meldrich had now eight thousand. Prince Sigismund's treasury was so exhausted that he had no money to pay all these men. He gave them leave, therefore, as Meldrich advised, to keep all the plunder they could get from the Turks, so they started off in excellent spirits.

As they passed through the land, it was sad to observe the ravages wrought by the long and cruel wars. Transylvania is naturally one of the fairest and most fruitful countries in the world, but now it was reduced to a deserted wilderness; the fields were overgrown with weeds, the churches and houses battered down and covered with moss and ivy, the peasantry starving and wretched.

Meldrich and his men went on ahead, and it took them six days to drag their guns through the narrow pass. The Turks, by this time, had got wind of their coming, and sallied down to meet them. A terrific battle ensued, and about fifteen hundred Turks and as many Christians lay dead and wounded in the mountain glens. Meldrich found himself obliged to turn back; fortunately, they met General Moyses coming up with his contingent and twenty-six guns, so again they all marched forward.

This time they reached the plateau without any further opposition, for the Turks had all fled into their strong city of Regall, and were preparing to withstand a siege. The city rose high over the plain, and was surrounded by stone walls of immense thickness. Though this plain (or plateau) was half encircled by a ridge of hills, the nearest was half a mile distant, too far off to be of any use in bombarding, for the cannon of those days could not shoot very far. The Christian army encamped on the plain, and immediately set to work to throw up earthworks, and to mount their ordnance for the assault—a tedious task, for the Turkish guns poured down their fire upon them, and did a great deal of damage. A month passed away, and very little progress had been made. The Turks watched them eagerly from their ramparts, and at last began to send chaffing messages. “When is the assault going to begin?” said they. “We are getting quite fat for want of exercise.” Or, again, it would be, “Have you got all your guns in pawn? Make haste and take them out. This is not the way to besiege a fortress.”

General Moyses did not trouble himself to answer. Perhaps he thought, “He who laughs last, laughs best.”

One day a messenger was observed riding down the steep descent from the city. He held an embroidered wallet or purse in his hand, which he presented to the Christian general. It contained a letter from the Pacha or governor of the town. I do not know what

his name was, but the historian speaks of him as the Lord Turbashaw. He wrote to this effect: "The ladies of Regall were tired of watching the Christian soldiers do nothing but dig, and longed to see some courtly pastime or feat of arms, after the Christian manner. The Lord Turbashaw, therefore, would challenge any Christian, not lower in rank than a captain in command of a company, to fight with him in single combat for his head."

Upon reading this strange letter, General Moyses called a meeting of the officers and laid it before them. They were all so eager to take up the challenge that it was decided to draw lots.

The lot fell upon Captain John Smith.

General Moyses wrote back, accepting the challenge on his behalf, and appointing the following day for the combat.

The next morning a truce was proclaimed, and a place marked out under the walls of the city. The garrison and the inhabitants crowded on to the ramparts, the Turkish ladies in the seats of honour, after the European fashion, but wrapped in their long pelisses, and veiled up to their eyes.

On the plain below, General Moyses sat in state in his pavilion, his troops drawn up in battle array, with their arms glittering in the sun.

Deep silence fell. Then at the appointed hour there was a sound of hautboys, and the Lord Turbashaw rode down into the field, mounted on a prancing



TURKISH WOMEN IN OUTDOOR DRESS.

From a scarce Woodcut by PIETER KOCK, in the British Museum.

Arab horse, and dressed in shining armour. To make the occasion as grand as possible, he had arrayed himself in a sort of fancy costume, for on his shoulders he wore a huge pair of wings, made of eagles' feathers spangled with gold and precious stones, and mounted in silver fastenings. He was attended by two Janizaries,¹ leading his horse on either side, while a third went before, carrying his lance. It was a most imposing spectacle, and the Turbashaw looked around him very proudly as he took up his position.

Then came a flourish of trumpets, and Captain Smith rode in, attended by a page who bore his lance. He bowed courteously to his opponent, and also took up his ground. The charge sounded, and they rode at each other. Alas! it was a very short entertainment for the ladies, for at the very first encounter, the Englishman sent his lance at the Turbashaw's visor, through the open space for the eyes. The point went in with so true an aim that it hit the Turk right between the eyes, and the force and fury of the blow was such that it pierced right through his face and head. He fell backward off his horse and lay on the ground quite still, while the spectators gasped with wonder and dismay. John instantly alighted, and, on unlacing the helmet, found

¹ Literally, "new soldiers." The Janizaries were generally of European birth, and stolen in childhood by the Turks, who trained them to serve in their armies.

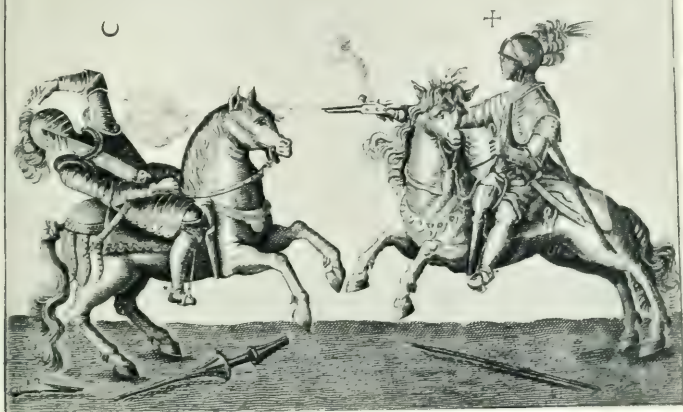
the proud Pacha already dead, while he himself had hardly received a scratch. So he drew out his falchion and cut off the head of his fallen foe. Then, advancing to the pavilion, he knelt on one knee before General Moyses and presented him with the trophy amid the shouts of triumph of the delighted soldiery.

The Turbashaw's body lay upon the plain, the shining armour all dimmed with his blood, and the great wings bedraggled and broken. The victor refused to despoil it of the jewels, so the Turks were allowed to carry it away. Very mournfully the Janizaries raised it in their arms, with their hearts full of rage and vowing vengeance for their vanquished captain. John, however, kept the Arab steed and the head, according to the terms of the challenge.

The next day a messenger brought another challenge, but this time it was specially addressed to Captain Smith as the conqueror. It was from a Turkish officer named Grualgo, who had been the Turbashaw's greatest friend. He sent to say that he would fight Captain Smith for the head of his dear chief the Turbashaw, as he could not allow it to remain in the hands of infidels. Moreover, the vanquished one should lose his own head, together with his horse and armour. John readily accepted this second challenge, and agreed that the weapons should be pistols and lances.

So a space was again cleared, as on the day before, the ladies again came out on the ramparts, the armies

His Combat with GRVALGO. Cap^t of threehundred horsmen
Chap 7.



COMBAT WITH GRUALGO.

How he slew BONNY:MLVGRO. Chap . 7 .



HOW HE SLEW BONNI MULGRO.

(See page 80.)

assembled, and the trumpets blew. Out rode the two combatants, and the signal was given.

At the first passage of arms their lances flew in pieces, and Gualgo was nearly unhorsed. Recovering himself, he snatched his pistol and hit John on the lower part of the breastplate; but in return, he himself was shot in the left arm. His horse was restive, and, now having only one hand available, he could not control it and fight at the same time. The reins slipped, the frightened animal gave a sudden plunge, and the Turk was thrown headlong on the ground. The blow stunned him for a moment, and though he resumed the combat, he was so shaken by the fall that he could not defend himself with skill, and rolled off his horse again, mortally wounded.

Smith dismounted and cut off the head of this second adversary. Though bleeding from his wound, he managed to bear it away in triumph amid the rapturous cheers of his comrades.

Gualgo's body, in its rich apparel, was given back to his mourning countrymen, but his horse and beautiful inlaid armour remained as a prize of the conqueror.

These two feats of arms, though of little importance in themselves, revived the flagging spirits of the Christian troops, and they went on with the earth-works with redoubled vigour. The garrison of Regall no longer sent down gibing messages, but their fire was still very harassing. The works were, as yet, not

nearly complete; owing to the position of the city, it was necessary for them to be quite sixty feet high before mounting the guns. General Moyses and Count Meldrich, fearing lest the men might grow disheartened, sent one day for Captain Smith and suggested that he, in his turn, should send a challenge to the people of Regall, as the excitement of another single combat would help to pass away the weary time.

Smith did not need much persuading; he sat down and wrote the following letter, which he got translated into the Turkish language:—

“Captain Smith to the Ladies of Regall.”

“I am not so enamoured of your servants’ heads that I wish to keep them. If you, the ladies of Regall, will send a champion to the place of combat to redeem them, I will meet him there, when he shall also have my own head, if he can win it.”

This letter was despatched, and the challenge was accepted by a Moslem officer of high rank, named Bonni Mulgro.

The day and hour were fixed, and it was agreed that, besides falchions, the weapons should be pistols and battle-axes.

A triumphal procession was arranged by the Christian army, to do honour to their champion in case he proved victorious.

Amid the breathless interest of thousands of spectators, the two combatants came riding into the field with the same ceremonies as on previous occasions. They started with their pistols, and fired away at each other for some time; but as these did very little damage, they flung them down and took to their battle-axes instead. And now the real fighting began; this was by far the best contested of all three combats, and was watched by even more anxious eyes.

Both showed great science and skill, and with the sharp pikes of their battle-axes they dealt each other such tremendous thrusts that each in turn reeled back senseless in his saddle. Neither seemed to gain the advantage, and the encounter might have gone on for much longer if John had not had the misfortune to let his weapon slip. Making a dive to catch it, he half fell from his horse. In a flash Bonni Mulgro had rushed forward and tried to drag him off completely.

A great shout rose from the ramparts.

"Victory! Victory!" cried the people of Regall, cheering on their champion; but it was a moment of terrible anxiety to the Christian generals and their soldiers. Was it all over with their valiant Englishman?

But this young man kept quite cool, and never for a moment lost his nerve. He had a perfect understanding with his horse, that now reared up suddenly, so that Bonni Mulgro was obliged to leave go.

In that moment of time John recovered his seat and

got his hand upon the hilt of his falchion. The Turk, blind with fury, made another dash at his opponent. John let him come to quite close quarters; his hand was underneath; he drew his blade, stretched round, and drove it into the side of the Moslem, just below the corselet.¹ It pierced between the steel plates of his armour, right through the thick padded stuff underneath, and struck him under the lowest rib. The wounded man sprang from his horse with a howl of anguish, swayed backwards and forwards, and fell heavily in the dust.

John lost no time in dismounting after him, and pulled out the falchion, which had almost penetrated right through the body of the unfortunate Bonni Mulgro. Then with the same weapon he, for the third time, cut off the head of his adversary.

This was hailed with frantic shouts of joy from the Christian army, and the procession of triumph was formed. First came three soldiers, each carrying a lance; on the first two were to be seen the awful faces of the Turbshaw and Gualgo, and on the third the freshly bleeding head of Bonni Mulgro. Then came three more soldiers leading three horses with empty saddles. Then rode the young champion, smiling and flushed with victory, escorted by a guard of honour of six thousand men.

They marched round the plain, and then advanced to the pavilion. The general and his staff rose as

¹ Purchas translates this "under the cutlets."

they approached, and received the young English captain with the deepest respect.

Smith presented his ghastly prize ; General Moyses would not allow him to kneel, however, but raised him in his arms and embraced him with enthusiasm. He then bestowed on him a thoroughbred Arab charger adorned with rich trappings, and a scimitar, or Turkish sword, with a sword-belt worth three hundred ducats.

Count Meldrich also embraced him, and promoted him to be a major.

We can imagine the consternation with which the garrison and the people of Regall had witnessed this scene. Their pride and contempt of the Christian army had received a severe shock—and with good reason.

In a short time the earthworks were high enough to dominate the city. General Moyses therefore mounted his twenty-six cannon, and ordered the bombardment. For fifteen days they pounded away at the walls, till at last they made two breaches in them.

Then the assault began. Two regiments, commanded by two Transylvanian nobles, led the way by dashing up the steep slope. The wily Turks, however, rolled down logs of wood and bags of gunpowder that either exploded or came tumbling down the hill with such rapidity that half their numbers were slain. Then rushed up Count Meldrich with his pikemen. They

charged with such terrific fury that the Turks in a panic forsook the walls and fled into their castle.

After awhile, seeing all was lost, the Turks ran up a flag of truce ; but Meldrich was thirsting for revenge, and would give no quarter. After gaining possession of the outer walls, he turned the Turkish cannon round, like the Duke de Mercœur had done at Stuhlweissenburg, and proceeded to batter down the castle. He bombarded it all that day and part of the next, when he took it, and rushed in at the head of his victorious troops. He butchered without mercy all the men who could bear arms, and had their heads cut off and stuck on poles round the city. We cannot defend the savage cruelty of Count Meldrich. In those unhappy wars the Christians often showed themselves quite as ferocious as the Turks. There is just this slight excuse—that Meldrich, in this instance, made no pretence to be fighting for the cause of Christianity. He had come to avenge the massacre of his father and kinsmen, who had been slain in the same manner twenty years before. But there is no excuse for General Moyses. The soldiers sacked the town, and took many women and children prisoners.

After this successful siege, General Moyses destroyed several smaller Turkish towns and villages, and in fact completely subdued all the district of Zarkam. Leaving some of his troops behind to keep order, he and the rest of his army and Count Meldrich and his

regiments returned to Eisenburg, loaded with rich spoil, and with two thousand prisoners.

They encamped on a plain not far from the palace of Prince Sigismund, and a general thanksgiving was celebrated. The prince shortly after came in state to hold a review, and General Moyses presented him with thirty-six ensigns and with all the prisoners.

After this ceremony was over, General Moyses led up Captain Smith to receive the public thanks of the prince. Sigismund, who had been informed, not only of the combats at Regall, but of his feats at Ober Limbach and Stuhlweissenburg, looked at the young man with admiration. He thanked him before all the crowd for the distinguished services he had rendered to himself and Transylvania. As a proof of his gratitude, he begged him to accept a pension of three hundred ducats. He then drew out a miniature of himself set in a golden frame. This he placed in the hands of the English captain, together with a silken banner on which three turbaned heads had been embroidered.

“I have caused this to be prepared,” said the prince, “because I desire to keep in perpetual remembrance the deeds that you have wrought for God and our country by overcoming His enemies. I ordain that you wear always on your shield of arms this same figure of three ‘Turks’ heads, and for this I will give you a patent according to the laws of heraldry, under my own hand and seal.”

Smith joyfully accepted this banner, and no reward could have pleased him better. He was not above the weakness of delighting in these heraldic emblems, which meant far more in those days than they do now. To bear a shield of arms which he had gained by his own prowess was to him ever afterwards a source of pride.

On the cover of this book is a representation of the coat of arms, a shield charged with three Turks' heads, granted to John Smith. He afterwards adopted the following motto, "*Vincere est vivere*"—"To conquer is to live."

CHAPTER IX

THE BATTLE OF ROTHENTHURM

“Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery.”

Othello.

PEACE seemed as far off as ever, for, though the Turks 1602. might be conquered in one place, they reappeared in another. The history of these dismal times would be too wearisome to record in detail—how the Emperor sent an army of his Austrian and German troops into Transylvania to force Prince Sigismund to yield up that unfortunate country to him; and how the General Moyses and his proud Transylvanians fought even more desperately against the Austrians than they had done against the Turks.

All this is sad reading. But good Prince Sigismund was one of those few rulers who think more of the good of their people than of their own glory. He saw the awful misery that this new war would bring upon the land, already almost ruined, and how hopeless it was for a little state to try and resist a powerful monarch like the Emperor.

So he quietly resigned his throne and went away

into Germany, and the Emperor appointed his own governor over the land.

Now that their prince had left them, the nobles sullenly submitted, Count Meldrich being among the number. Hardly had they done so than another enemy appeared on the scene. This was the Crim Tartars, a savage people who inhabited what is now South-Eastern Russia. These Tartars had joined the Turks, and were ravaging the province of Wallachia, which, you will see, is part of Roumania and borders upon Transylvania.

The Vaivode or ruler of Wallachia, whose name was Rudoll, came over into Transylvania and appealed to the new Austrian governor for help. The latter readily consented, for he was glad of this chance of sending the discontented generals and their soldiers out of the country; he knew they still loved and regretted Sigismund Batori, and was afraid they might rise up against the Emperor. He was especially suspicious of Count Meldrich, whom he knew to be devoted to his Prince.

Count Meldrich, therefore, was despatched to the help of Rudoll, and took with him thirteen thousand men, hardy and experienced troops that had been at Regall. Other distinguished officers and nobles also brought their regiments, but General Moyses did not go with them; he had fled the country when Sigismund resigned, for he could not endure the idea of being subject to the Emperor.

Captain Smith still led his company of horse, including his devoted friends Carlton and Robinson and the other Englishmen, and they all agreed to follow Meldrich on this new expedition.

I will omit the first part of the campaign in Wallachia, which was on the whole victorious. In the autumn of the year, Meldrich determined to fall back and to go to the relief of Rothenthurm, a fortress that was holding out for the Vaivode Rudoll. This fortress stands in the high valley of Veristhorne, to defend the mountain pass of Rothenthurm (see map, facing page 47).

The troops had a most difficult country to traverse—rocky glens, narrow gorges, and dense forests. Always they were harassed by the Tartars, who delighted to hide in ambush, and to cut off straggling parties from their main column. Sometimes, on coming to a defile, they would find the road blocked up with great trunks of trees laid across the way.

One day, in a thick fog, they encountered two thousand of the enemy, and forced them to stand and fight. Most of them were slain or taken prisoners. Some of these prisoners informed Meldrich that the Turkish Pacha was posted at the entrance of the glen with all his cavalry, and that a body of Crim Tartars, led by the khan Begolgi, were coming up from behind, to join hands with him. The grim fact dawned upon the Christians that they were cut off. The officers gazed blankly at each other.

"We must fight our way through," said Count Meldrich, with a set face.

"Nay, if I may offer my counsel," said Captain Smith. "Stay here till dark, and in the meanwhile let us cut down trunks of trees. These we will set alight with wildfire, and so charge into their horses."

Meldrich thought the idea a good one, and they all fell to work and hewed down several hundred trees, and spiked the branches firmly on their lances. They poured on oil, turpentine, or pitch—anything they happened to have that would burn easily. Then when night came on they set fire to the logs and hoisted them high in the air. A slight breeze had sprung up during the day, so away they went blazing through the narrow pass.

The Turks lay encamped outside the glen, and when this terrific spectacle came in view, their horses plunged and reared so furiously that there was a regular stampede. In the midst of this confusion Meldrich and his men fell upon the Turkish forces and put them to utter rout.

Rejoicing in this victory, the Christians continued their march till they came within nine miles of the fortress of Rothenthurm.

It was on the morning of November 18 that they entered the valley of Veristhorpe. The mountains lay on one side, and the river Aluta on the other. All the forenoon a mist hung over the landscape, but at midday a sudden burst of sunlight cleared it away,

and the Christian troops, to their dismay, beheld the Tartar army advancing in the distance to meet them, and apparently about forty thousand strong.

The Tartar general had outwitted them. Aware of the defeat of his Turkish allies, he had quickly marched round another way, and was now able to intercept the Christians just within sight of their goal.

“It was a brave sight,” says the historian, “to see the banners and ensigns streaming in the air, the glittering of the armour, the variety of the colours, the motion of the plumes, and the forest of lances.” It was a sight, however, that filled the beholders with anything but admiration. “We must either fight,” said Meldrich, “or be cut to pieces flying.” His force was now reduced to eleven thousand men, and with their inferior numbers, death seemed inevitable; yet all resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Their valiant leader hastily tried to order them into some kind of battle array. He planted his six cannon on the slope of the mountain, and at the foot, on his right flank, he caused rows of sharp stakes to be driven in, and behind these he had ranged his infantry. He also had some pits dug, but there was time to do no more, for the Tartars, who had been advancing rapidly, now charged down upon them with loud shouts, beating of drums, and blowing of trumpets. The Christians stood firm under this first onset, and forced the Tartar cavalry to retire.

Then their archers came on, and for more than an hour the air was darkened by the flight of their arrows. Here the Transylvanian firearms had by far the most deadly effect, but unfortunately the gaps they made among the Tartar ranks were continually filled up by the fresh swarms that kept arriving. This so disheartened the Christians that they began to waver, and seeing this the Tartar general, Begolgi, ordered another charge of cavalry. A horrible sight ensued; horses and men went floundering into the pits or were spiked upon the stakes, while from above the Transylvanian artillery poured down a murderous fire. The enemy fell back in such confusion that the Christians raised a loud shout of "Victory!"

It seemed to Meldrich that he might even yet prevail, so, drawing all his troops together in a compact mass, he dashed upon the main body of the Tartars, and made one last desperate effort to cut his way through.

But at this juncture two regiments of Turkish Janizaries appeared upon the scene; the short November day had begun to darken, and Meldrich saw, with despair, that all was lost.

"The river!" he cried. "Sink or swim!" and he plunged with his horse into the Aluta. His cavalry followed, and some thirteen or fourteen hundred of their number swam safely to the other side; but the rest of his army was either drowned, slain, or taken prisoner.

Night fell upon a scene of awful carnage. Some

thirty thousand Mohammedans and Christians lay dead upon the field in confused, mangled heaps. Among the Transylvanian slain a large proportion were nobles and officers. John Smith was severely wounded, and, though Carlton and Robinson had escaped, nine of the Englishmen had fallen.

All through that cold damp night the wounded lay gasping and groaning, and the next day, as soon as it was light, parties of Tartar soldiers and camp followers came prowling over the field to plunder the bodies of the slain. Smith, who had been lying in a kind of stupor from loss of blood, was roused by feeling rough hands unfastening his helmet and trying to draw off his armour. He thought that now his last hour was surely come. Strangely enough, his love of finery now stood him in good stead. The pillagers greedily examined the polished jewelled armour and the rich velvet dress he wore underneath.

“This is no doubt some great nobleman,” said one.

“He is not dead,” said another; “his ransom will be worth a large sum; let us take him prisoner.”

So, instead of being stabbed or left to perish, naked, in the cold, John felt some one raise his head and pour a little *aqua vitæ* down his throat. He was carried away into the Tartar camp, where his wounds were dressed, along with those of the other prisoners.

And so ended the fateful battle of Rothenthurm, in which the flower of the Transylvanian nobility perished. John afterwards carefully recorded the

names of the Englishmen who fell on that disastrous day. "in defence of Christ and His gospel, who did all that men could do, and when they could do no more, left their bodies in testimony of their minds."

The Tartars, like the Turks, treated their prisoners kindly, for they drove a good trade in selling them for slaves. So John was well used, and, as he had a young and strong constitution, his wounds were not long in healing. Shortly after, he and many others were sent to the town of Tchernavda, or Axopolis, as it was then called. Here they stood in the market-place, exposed for sale like beasts. The merchants, who came to view this new batch of prisoners, brought their own slaves with them, and made them wrestle together. This was to see if their wounds were healed, and to try their strength. Among other customers, a very grand-looking Turkish gentleman came up. This was the Pacha Bogall, and he critically and leisurely surveyed the rows of Christians before him. You can imagine the rage and humiliation of the proud Europeans, many of them of high rank. At last the Pacha's glance was attracted by the stalwart form and proud bearing of John Smith. He inquired who he was, and was told by one of the Tartars in charge that he was a great lord, whose ransom would be worth a great deal of money. On this account his captors demanded a very high price. This, after some demur, the Pacha paid. He thought to himself, "I will send him as a present to the Lady Charatza

Tragabigzanda." This was a young Turkish lady to whom the Pacha was betrothed. She dwelt in Constantinople with her mother, but her brother was the powerful Timor of Nalbrits, in Tartary.

After closing his bargain, the Pacha went home and wrote a letter to this young lady. In it he said that he had sent to her a Bohemian nobleman whom he had taken prisoner in battle with his own hand, together with many others, whose ransoms would be worth vast sums, and that when he had collected them he intended to lay all this wealth at her feet, but in the mean time he begged her acceptance of the aforesaid prisoner as her humble slave. "Surely," thought the Pacha, as he gazed at the Englishman's powerful frame, "she will think me very brave to have taken such a captive, and I shall find the greater favour in her eyes."

A great many of the other prisoners had been bought for owners in Constantinople, so the next day they were chained together in gangs of twenty, and, under the escort of a strong guard, they set off.

They had a weary march, first to Adrianople and 1603. then to Constantinople, where they were unchained and delivered like so many parcels to their respective masters. John was led along a narrow street of mean-looking wooden houses and blank walls. The guard stopped and knocked at a low door, which was opened by a grave and stately doorkeeper, who admitted them, and received the new slave, whom he conducted down

a passage. Here John gazed around him with surprise, the contrast was so great between the interior of the buildings and the outer walls. He found himself in a spacious courtyard, surrounded by wide galleries or verandahs on to which the rooms opened. The curtained doorways revealed lofty apartments, furnished with rich carpets and divans covered with silk and gold embroideries, and lighted with painted windows. It was the luxurious home of a wealthy Turkish family, and John sighed as he realized his own painful position.

Note.—The names of the Englishmen who fell at Rothenthurm were: Thomas Bishop, Baskerfield, Hardwick, Thomas Milemer, Robert Molyneux, Francis Compton, George Davison, Nicholas Williams, and John, a Scotchman.



TURKISH SULTANAS AND WOMEN OF THE UPPER CLASSES.

From Woodcuts in the British Museum.

CHAPTER X

THE LADY CHARATZA TRAGABIGZANDA

- “ Young maidens all, I pray draw near!
A pretty story you shall hear.
'Tis of a Turkish lady brave
Who fell in love with an English slave.
- “ Among the rest were taken there
An Englishman both fresh and fair,
Comely in feature, fresh and tall,
Who was carried to Turkey with them all.
- “ Come sit you down and rest awhile,
And see how Fortune did on him smile.
It was his fortune for to be
A slave unto a rich ladie.
- “ ‘What countryman, young man, are you?’
‘I am an Englishman, that’s true.’
‘I would you was a Turk,’ said she;
‘I’d ease you of your misery.
- “ ‘I’ll ease you of your slavish work
If you’ll consent to be a Turk;
I’ll own myself to be your wife,
For I do love you as my life.’”

Ballad.

“ My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore—In faith, ’twas strange, ’twas passing strange.
’Twas pitiful, ’twas wondrous pitiful.”

Othello.

THE ladies’ apartments, or harem, overlooked the 1603. garden, which was surrounded by high walls so that no stranger’s eye should intrude upon its seclusion.

A Turkish garden differed somewhat from an English one, for, though full of all sorts of flowers, especially roses and jessamine, they grew anyhow in wild profusion, instead of being cultivated in parterres. There were no ornamental beds, no trim-clipped borders and gravel walks. It was planted instead with tall cypresses, fruit trees, and a variety of herbs.

A laughing, chattering group of ladies were walking about to enjoy the fragrance of the spring afternoon. They were the Lady Charatza Tragabigzanda and some of her friends, who had come to pay her a visit. The latter had laid aside the long cloaks and hoods that enveloped them so completely when in the street, and, in their bright-hued costumes of silk and gauze, they looked like a gay flight of butterflies.

The accompanying picture will give some idea of Turkish ladies in those days. When young, they are generally handsome, and the Lady Charatza Tragabigzanda was no exception to this rule. But, though we are told she was very beautiful, no description of her appearance has been handed down to us; from what I have read of others, however, we may imagine her with straight features, clear, sallow complexion, large dark eyes, made larger and darker by being blackened with kohl, slender hands tinged pink at the finger tips, and long, luxuriant hair, braided into plaits interwoven with pink ribbon and strings of pearls.

The ladies made their way to a little summer-house,

or kiosk, that stood in the midst of the grounds, a charming little retreat in which to spend a sunny afternoon, with walls of gilded lattice-work, and a fountain in the centre that threw up a cool splash of water that fell into the marble basin below.

Here an elderly lady and several others were sitting, occupied with their embroidery, while pretty little girls played about on the grass, and others, who were older, sang to the music of a sort of guitar. These were Circassian slave-girls, of whom a number were kept in wealthy households, and carefully trained in all accomplishments in order to amuse the ladies of the harem.

The visitors greeted the elderly lady, who was the mistress of the house and the mother of Charatza Tragabigzanda. This young lady and her friends seated themselves on the cushions strewn about the kiosk, while the slave-girls handed round sweetmeats.

"Mother," said Charatza after awhile, "can we send for the Christian slave who, I hear, arrived yesterday?"

The visitors all looked up with interest.

"He is," she continued, turning to them, "a prisoner of war, recently taken in the battle of Rothenthurm by the Pacha, my betrothed, who informs me he is a great noble of Bohemia."

"Where is Bohemia?" asked a chorus of voices.

"Oh, one of the Frankish countries, I suppose!" said their young hostess, vaguely. "I wonder what

language he speaks! We will try to converse with him."

The lady of the house having given the required permission, a slave was despatched, and presently two tall black Ethiopians appeared, leading Captain Smith between them. The captive walked with a proud step, and at his approach the ladies hastily drew their light veils over their faces, up to their eyes.

John was led into the midst of this bright group, sparkling with gems and glowing with all the colours of the rainbow. No doubt he felt very confused at seeing this unexpected array of graceful shapes, and at finding himself the target of so many flashing glances; but being entirely free from self-consciousness, he soon recovered his composure. His mind was always too busy observing new surroundings to pay attention to his own feelings. Though, like a true soldier, he admired beauty, I do not think he ever troubled himself much as to what impression he made upon fair beholders, for John Smith was a "man's man." Yet he was always respectful and courteous in his demeanour towards all women.

So he bowed low, after the stately manner of an Elizabethan gentleman, and the curiosity of that gay company soon merged into admiration.

The Ottoman Turks affected to despise Europeans as inferior to themselves in faith and race. Yet, like all dark-skinned races, they could not help admiring the fair hair and bright complexion sometimes

possessed by these infidels. John Smith, like David, was ruddy, and of a fair countenance, and his usually sunburnt skin had become delicate and transparent through recent suffering and loss of blood. His short curly beard and moustaches were of a golden brown, and his keen, long-sighted eyes were blue; in short, he was a typical specimen of young English manhood. No wonder the Turkish ladies smiled at him very kindly, especially his youthful owner, who addressed him softly in her Turkish language; but he only shook his head, for he did not understand a word. The other ladies then began to speak; one tried Greek, another Servian, a third Roumanian, or some such dialect, but, though he understood a little here and there, he could only smile in reply.

At last Charatza, after some consideration, carefully uttered a few words of Italian.

"You have been wounded?" she asked, in tones of gentle pity.

The young soldier's face lighted up, and he answered her in that language.

But here the mistress of the house frowned. She did not approve of her daughter conversing with a stranger and an infidel in a language she did not herself understand, so in a peremptory voice she ordered the Ethiopians to lead the Christian slave away. The girl's black eyes shot forth a look of angry rebellion; then she sighed, and a thoughtful expression stole into their depths.

All the other ladies were loud in their praises of the Bohemian nobleman, and agreed it was a pity so handsome a man should be an unbeliever.

"His ransom will be worth a great sum of money," said their hostess, complacently; and, glancing in her daughter's direction, she privately wished it might be quickly sent.

Some days passed away, and the season arrived when it was customary for the Moslem women to repair to the cemeteries and weep over the graves of their dead. Charatza's mother made ready to set out, together with the other ladies of her household, all except that young woman herself, who lay languidly among her pillows.

"My daughter," asked the mother in some surprise, "are you not coming with us?"

"I cannot come," answered the girl, faintly. "I am sick, and not equal to so much exertion."

"Dost thou speak the truth?"—gazing at her doubtfully; but, judging from Charatza's altered looks that she really was ill, she gave her permission to stay at home and rest.

No sooner was the party out of the house than Charatza rose up uncommonly briskly for an invalid, and ordered her faithful slave to get out her richest dress and jewels. Her illness, I regret to say, had been nothing but shamming, and very skilful shamming, since it had deceived even her own mother. With all her beauty and amiable qualities, this Eastern

girl had the fault so common to her kind—she was untruthful and scheming. No doubt this was owing to the Mohammedan system of education rather than to her natural disposition; but be that as it may, she had not scrupled both to tell and act a lie in order to gain her own way.

Being arrayed in all her finery, she sent for the Christian slave.

John, on entering the spacious reception room, found his young mistress seated on the divan, or raised floor at the upper end, and attended by her favourite Circassian girls. On seeing him she drew the length of white gauze that served as a veil over her face, but so carelessly that her lovely features were only half concealed. John, unused to Oriental customs, had no idea that this interview was a stolen one. After a dignified obeisance, he stood waiting in silent reverence, to know the import of this summons. In his matter-of-fact way, he made no attempt to interpret the “fair speechless messages” flashed by those lustrous eyes. They were not Ebersbacht’s torches.

At last she spoke in her pretty, hesitating Italian. “The Pacha Bogall tells me you are a Bohemian lord.”

John looked surprised, and answered, “A lord! Indeed, no; I have never been in Bohemia. I am a plain English gentleman, and I came to Hungary and Transylvania to fight in the Christian cause. Only by my adventures have I been made a captain in those countries.”

His fair hearer, in her turn astonished, asked him further—

“But did not the Pacha, as he tells me, take you prisoner in battle?”

“I know of no such matter,” said John, “and would have surrendered to no Turk on earth. It is true I lay for dead on the bloody field of Rothenthurm, and so was taken prisoner. But as for the Pacha, I never saw him till he bought me in the slave-market at Axopolis.”

Charatza smiled an ironical smile; her betrothed had thought to deceive her, then, by his vain boasting! After a pause she resumed—

“So you are an Englishman! I have heard of England. Is it not a far distant country? Nay, it is but a small island.”

“That may be. But it is ruled by a great queen, whose might and majesty are renowned all over the world.”

“But is not Spain the mightiest country?”

“The Queen of England is in no way inferior to the King of Spain—nay, even greater, for her sea-captains have beaten his navies and spoiled his coasts.”

And John drew himself up so defiantly that the young Turkish girl felt her cheeks glow in sympathy. She realized that they both came of a very proud people. So she remarked—

“Yours must be one of the most valiant of the

Christian nations. I have never believed all that the Faithful say of them, calling them heathen dogs. Yet I would you were a follower of the Prophet!"

The young man smiled and shook his head, and she went on—

"I have heard, too, that the Christian armies have sometimes overcome the hosts of the True Believers. There is a report here of a mighty Christian captain who slew three of our warriors in three single combats."

"It was I who cut their heads off," said John, with modest satisfaction.

"You!" she exclaimed in wonder. "Nay, tell me the truth, and how it came to pass."

So John related the story of the Turbashaw, Grualgo, and Bonni Mulgro, and, encouraged by her eager questions, of many other fights and dangers that he had encountered during the wars in Hungary. She listened entranced, leaning forward among her silken cushions, and supporting her little chin on her slender hand. Suddenly, fearing her mother's return, she roused herself, and hastily dismissed him.

Charatza was now plunged in some perplexity. On thinking over the Englishman's story, she began to wonder whether he had really been telling her the truth or not. This, being a girl of great intelligence, she reflected would not be difficult to find out. She knew very little of public affairs, but she knew there were many Christians in Constantinople, including English, brought hither by trade or the fortune of

war. If this Captain John Smith were the same as the hero of Regall, surely some of these strangers would have heard of him, and be able to identify him in some way.

Now, the chief traders in Constantinople were Jews. They not only kept most of the shops, but were much employed by wealthy Moslem families to manage their financial affairs, and to act as agents in transactions with the Christians, especially as regards the ransoming of prisoners taken in battle. The Turks were always most anxious to find out all particulars concerning the family and estate of the latter, so as to fix as large a sum as possible; and the higher the rank of the unfortunate captive, the worse they generally treated him, thinking by this means to induce his relations to hurry up with the money.

Under pretence of making such inquiries, the Lady Charatza begged her mother to send for their Jewish agent.

"Discover for me," said she, "who this prisoner really is. He can speak, he says, the English, Dutch, Italian, and French tongues. Send as many people of those nations hither as you can, to converse with him, and to report to me faithfully their opinion."

The Jew set to work, and soon found means of sending several foreigners to interview Captain Smith. This was not difficult, for, besides the traders of the English Turkey Company, there were many merchants, prisoners, and adventurers of all nationalities in

Constantinople. Many of these had served in the Low Countries and in the recent campaigns. The fame of an English captain of cavalry named John Smith had reached their ears, and they gladly went to talk with him. John willingly answered their questions, and related as much of his history as they wished to know. No doubt he was rejoiced to speak to some Europeans once more, and they, on their side, to listen to so renowned a hero, for they were soon convinced that he was the same man.

So they had many long conversations together, which were carefully reported by the Jew to the Lady Charatza Tragabigzanda.

"It seems," said he, "that this Christian is no such great noble, but only an Englishman of very moderate estate, though highly esteemed as a soldier. His ransom will be worth no great sum."

"But is he, think you, the same who fought the single combats at Regall?"

"It appears he is the same; but what of that? Prince Sigismund, under whom he served, hath resigned his kingdom and lives in exile. The favour of an exiled prince is worth little, and will not help to redeem him."

But this noble gentlewoman (for so our hero terms her) was not thinking of ransom. Her heart was filled with pity that so brave a soldier should have met with such a hard fate. She would gladly have released him, but dared not do so, for fear of offending the

Pacha Bogall. She had to content herself with giving orders that the Christian slave was to be treated with every kindness, and set to no menial or degrading work. In this way she was able to alleviate his sad lot a little, for, as the bride of a wealthy Pacha, she possessed much influence in her mother's household.

The favourite resort of women of the upper classes in Constantinople was the Public Baths. They went there not only to bathe, but to meet their friends, gossip, and drink coffee; it was, in fact, their substitute for the modern club. But Charatza, whenever she could find some excuse, would remain at home and let the others go without her. Then when they were all safely out of the way, she would send for the captive Englishman.

She loved to question him about his far-off home in Lincolnshire, and to hear his descriptions of English customs and English ladies. Sometimes she tried to teach him a few words of the Turkish language.

One day, when she was thus occupied, her mother returned unexpectedly from the baths.

"My daughter!" exclaimed she. "How can you so demean yourself as to converse with a Christian dog—a slave—fit for nothing but to be spurned and beaten? I have long suspected your excuses."

The girl hung her head in silence, so the elder lady went on angrily.

"His ransom is long in coming. I suspect the Pacha Bogall cannot get it, since your grand noble

turns out to be a common soldier. Yet, forsooth, he is too fine a gentleman to be set to any useful task. What need have we of such a one? I will wait no longer, but send the unprofitable slave to the market and sell him outright."

The young lady wept while her mother scolded, not out of penitence, but because she knew this threat would be carried into effect. It was a shameful fate for a gallant gentleman. For some days she was very unhappy, but at last she bethought herself of her brother, who, as already mentioned, was a powerful Timor, or Pacha, at Nalbrits, in Tartary. Seeing that her mother showed no sign of relenting, she proposed to the latter that the Christian should be sent away to the care of the Timor, until such time as his ransom should arrive. To this the careful parent consented, not minding what became of the young man so long as he were safely out of the house, and she did not lose the money.

So Charatza Tragabigzanda wrote a letter¹ to her brother, relating the story of the English prisoner, and begging him (the Timor) to receive him and treat him kindly for her sake.

Arrangements were quickly made for the voyage, and for the last time John was summoned into the presence of his fair owner.

"I must send you away, sir," said she, sorrowfully,

¹ Or more probably she employed a professional letter-writer, for it is not likely that she could write.

“or my mother will sell you, and I shall never see you again. There is a ship in the harbour which is sailing to-morrow, and it will take you to the country of Cambia, and from thence you will journey to Nalbrits, the castle of my brother the Timor. He will use you well, I know, for he loves me; I was ever his favourite sister.”

The Englishman's face lighted up at this sudden news. He was overjoyed at the prospect of being once more on the open sea, even though bound in chains. The lady looked at him half reproachfully, half wistfully.

“I send you to the Timor,” she went on, “that you may learn our language and customs and what it is to be a Turk; also the faith of a True Believer. In a short time I shall be master of myself, and then I will send for you again.”

John was deeply touched that so fair and noble a lady should take such an interest in his welfare. He was so free from all conceit that it never struck him that she was actuated by any other feeling besides compassion.

“Beauteous lady,” he answered, in tones of heartfelt gratitude, “I shall ever be mindful of your kind usage of me, and of all you have done to secure me.”

He bent his head and reverently kissed her hand; but Charatza Tragabigzanda turned away, her eyes filled with tears.

CHAPTER XI

THE FLIGHT INTO RUSSIA

“ Away!—away!—my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind!
All human dwellings left behind,
We sped like meteors through the sky,
Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black;
And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some stronghold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man.”

Mazeppa.

THE towns of Nalbrits and Cambia were in the province of Cambia, which lay between the rivers Don and Volga. Cambia exists no longer under that name, and is now part of South-Eastern Russia, but in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Russia did not extend nearly as far south as it does now. All Southern Russia, as far as Poland, was then roughly called Tartary, for it had been conquered by various tribes of Tartars who had swarmed over from Asia. But though the Tartars had managed to settle

themselves in these lands, they had, in their turn, been conquered by the Turks, and were more or less subject to them. Some tribes, like the Crim Tartars, had their own chief or Khan¹ and only paid tribute, but others were under direct subjection. The Tartars who inhabited Cambia were such a tribe, and here the Turks had built strong fortresses, garrisoned with Turkish soldiers, and governed by a Pacha, or, as the Tartars called him, a Timor.

It was to the fortress of Nalbrits that John was destined. He embarked with a light heart. Though his limbs were fettered, his eyes were free, and he loved to gaze on new scenes. The ship sailed for some time along the coast, and he gazed with delight on the pleasant fields of Roumania, "a most delicate and fertile country," and its cities with their short towers.

On leaving Varna the ship steered her course for the open sea, and for many days they saw nothing but the wide expanse of Black Sea waters.

Thence they passed through the Straits of Yenikale into the Sea of Azov. They sailed by many low islands, and great black rocks, formed, so the Greek sailors told John, of weeds, trees, and mud brought down by the rivers. Then into the river Don, as far as Tcherkask, when they turned into the Manytch, and

¹ Sometimes written "Cham." The English, however, generally spoke of him as "the Crim Tartar." Compare "the Dane" for the King of Denmark, "the Grand Turk" for the Sultan, "the Great Mogul" for the chief of the Mogul Tartars.

sailed up that broad current on whose banks John could descry the strong stone castles with their battlements and flat tops.

At last they arrived at the fortress of Cambia, where John and his guard disembarked. The river was here half a mile broad, and commanded by a castle of immense thickness, flanked by a town of low, flat houses. Here the prisoner was allowed to rest for three days, and was supplied with food and treated kindly enough. At the end of that time, when the guards considered he had sufficiently rested, they resumed their journey eastward to Nalbrits. For two days they journeyed on, and John was able to notice the country through which they passed. It was fairly well cultivated, but the people looked wretched and oppressed, for they were forced to labour for their tyrants—the Turks. They seemed unable to buy clothes or to make them, and were clad in black sheepskins instead. A Tartar peasant presented a comic appearance. His costume consisted of four skins; two roughly sewn together formed a pair of breeches; two others tied by the legs round his neck, covered his back and chest, and were fastened round his waist with a thong. On his head he wore a little black felt cap. Their houses were low log-cabins, dirty and miserable. “Worse than your Irish,” as John afterwards said.

As they approached Nalbrits the battlements of the Timor’s white stone castle rose in sharp contrast to

all this squalor. It was surrounded by high stone walls and great iron gates, on which the Turkish arms were quartered. John was led through several vast courtyards, past stacks of lances, piles of arms, and fierce-looking soldiers, both Turks and Tartars. After waiting for at least an hour amid these desolate, dreary surroundings, John was led into the presence of his new master.

The Timor was a man of fine, stately presence and handsome features, dressed in a full suit of armour, accompanied by several equally tall armed figures, probably his officers, and surrounded by a guard. He held a letter in his hand, which he had just been reading, and when his glance fell upon the lately arrived prisoner he frowned horribly.

"What!" he cried. "So this is the base infidel so favoured by our sister, the Lady Charatza Tragabigzanda! He must receive kind usage, and learn to be a Turk, forsooth! I warrant he shall learn!" Then, turning to his guards, he shouted, "Call the drubman!"

A rough, powerful-looking man came forward.

"Strip off his Christian habit! Seize him, guards!" cried the infuriated Timor, on whom his sister's letter seemed to have had quite an opposite effect from that intended.

John was seized and held fast while his clothes were dragged off, amid the jeers of the bystanders.

"Ah, ah!" laughed the Timor, in derision. "Where

are thy shears, drubman? Cut off his curly hair, and shave his beard till his head and face are as bare as this hand!"

This was intended as an even more insulting cruelty, for the beard, among Mohammedans, is an object of special veneration.

"Thus shall he learn to be a Mussulman," said the Timor.

When John's brown locks, beard, and moustaches had fallen under the scissors and razor, the Timor ordered a filthy tunic made of goats' hair to be placed upon the victim, and tied round the middle with a strip of raw hide. Then the blacksmith was sent for, and was ordered to rivet an iron ring round the prisoner's neck. This was a thick and heavy band made still heavier by the great iron spike that was attached to it. On this band was embossed the Timor's badge, so that all should know the wearer's master.

Bowed down beneath this painful weight, the sharp edges of the collar fraying his flesh, and with his hands tied behind him, John was led away to the slaves' quarters amid the scornful amusement of the Timor and his friends.

A sad life indeed awaited him. He was put to the vilest and hardest tasks by the Timor's servants, and not only was he a slave, but, as the latest comer, he was forced to serve all the others—a slave of slaves. A dog—that most despised of Turkish animals—could not have received more blows and harsh words. There

were about a hundred *forsadoes*, that is, Turks, Tartars, and Moorish prisoners, and about as many more Christians, who, like himself, had been taken in battle, and, like himself, these latter were treated with peculiar severity on account of their religion. Adversity made them friends, and they managed sometimes to make signs, or talk to one another. John proposed a plan of escape, but they only shook their heads in despair. Many of them had been for long years in captivity, and all their attempts had failed. It was true that agents were sometimes sent from Europe (Jewish merchants generally) to redeem the Christian prisoners, and there seemed no other chance but this. For his own part, John was not inclined to rely on so slender a hope. "Surely," he thought, "the Lady Tragabigzanda must be ignorant of my bad usage, or she would instantly send and set me free. Surely the report of my miserable estate and the cruelty of her unkind brother will reach her ears, and I shall ere long be delivered from this thralldom."

In the mean time, though buoyed up with hope, the painful toil and bad food were very hard to bear.

The Timor and his friends lived in the midst of rude plenty. There was always an abundance of horses, oxen, sheep, and goats, whose flesh they ate roasted, or made into pies and pillaw. Horseflesh was their favourite food, and mares' milk, called *koumiss*, their favourite drink; they also drank coffee (then unknown to Europeans) and sherbert. But

their servants had no such dainties. Their food was the entrails of horses and goats chopped up into small pieces and boiled in a great chaldron with a small white grain, called *cuskus*. This stew was poured into large bowls and placed on the ground; the men sat round and helped themselves with their dirty hands. After they had eaten as much as they wanted, and "raked it through with their foul fists," the remains were given to the Christian slaves! At first John felt his stomach quite turned at this disgusting diet, but starvation soon gives an appetite.

John was set to labour in the fields along with the other Christian slaves, for the Timor had much land under cultivation. After the harvest was gathered in the corn had to be threshed, and the Timor used to ride round every morning to his various granges or barns to see how the work was getting on.

One day John was threshing corn in a barn about three miles from the Timor's castle. It was slow work, for, instead of a flail, he had to use a sort of bat to beat out the grain, and he had not yet got used to this implement. He was all by himself, and I dare say you will wonder why he did not seize the opportunity of running away. His dress and heavy iron collar prevented this. The Timor's runaway slaves were always recognized before they had got very far, and brought back by the Tartars, and then their last state was worse than their first.

John was thinking all this out, when he raised his

eyes and saw the Timor approaching. He was dressed in the ordinary costume of a Turkish gentleman, and was mounted on a spirited, well-fed horse, for Tartary is famous for its fine horses.

The Timor dismounted, and, leaving his horse outside, entered the barn with his riding-whip in his hand. John knew what to expect, for his cruel master never lost an opportunity of beating and swearing at him in the most insulting manner. He hated all the Christians, but against John, who was by far the best worker, he had a special spite. This day he appeared to be in a worse temper than usual.

"Vile hound!" he exclaimed, giving the Englishman a contemptuous kick. "Is that the way to handle a threshing-bat, idle, good-for-nothing son of a dog?"

John made no retort; he hardly even raised his eyes, but went on with his work.

Enraged at this silence, the Timor broke into a scornful laugh, and resumed, in a taunting tone—

"Ha, ha! behold the mighty Christian champion! He that cut off the heads of the Faithful is now a drudge and a servant of servants. Kneel down, slave, that I belabour thee for thy presumption."

Still John hardly seemed to hear, for he was rapidly taking stock of the situation—the Timor's dress, the swift horse outside, the heaps of corn. Stinging blows rained upon his back and shoulders, but he was thinking, "The Timor is alone; he is a strong man, but I trust I am as strong; my estate cannot possibly be

worse than it is now." He looked out of the open door. The grange stood in the midst of a vast lonely field, and, by extraordinary good fortune, not a human being was in sight. The Timor paused for a moment, out of breath, when John sprang upon him and seized him round the waist. Surprised by the sudden attack, the Turk let fall his whip. Weak though John was from hardship and want of food, desperation lent him the strength of a giant. With a mighty effort he flung the tyrant on the floor. The Timor fell with a heavy thud, and John planted his knee on the chest of his foe, at the same time seizing his threshing-bat. With this he dealt the Timor such a tremendous crack on the head that he lay stunned. But it was no time for half measures. Goaded to fury by past wrongs, he banged away with the heavy bat till he had quite beaten out his enemy's brains.

The Timor lay dead upon threshing-floor, and a shocking sight it was. But John had no time to think of this; besides, he had already killed too many Turks to feel squeamish. He quickly dragged off the Timor's upper garments, and hid the half-naked body under a heap of straw. He then dressed himself in the Turkish clothes, filled a sack with corn, and went out, shutting the door of the grange behind him. He caught the horse that was grazing close by, flung himself into the saddle, tied on the sack in front, and away he fled across the field, never daring to cast a glance behind.

The fleet horse went like the wind. On, on they sped, over the wide, silent plains; he knew not in what direction they were fleeing—anything to be clear of the Timor's country. He dared not stop to ask the way of the few people he met. Though, being clothed in the Timor's habit, he looked like a Turk in the distance, he was afraid that, on coming nearer, they might recognize the badge on his spiked collar, and so give information. So he never slackened rein till the good horse was quite exhausted. Then he slipped off his saddle, and, kneeling down, gave thanks to God for his deliverance. After this he lay down to rest. It seemed strange, on waking up the next morning, to find himself in a vast, unknown wild. All traces of civilization had been left behind. Underfoot the ground was covered with a short wood-like heath, full of berries, which his horse liked far better than any grass. There were no landmarks to guide him, and he passed no villages or even houses, except wretched huts.

The Tartars, being wandering tribes, built no towns, but travelled about in hordes, carrying their houses with them on carts.

Sometimes he came across an encampment drawn up in a semicircle. These travelling houses were made of wickerwork covered with white felt, and plastered with a white loam and bone-dust that glittered in the sun, or else with black felt ornamented with painted designs of birds and flowers. Though these people

seemed to possess many of the luxuries of civilization, John never dared to ask them for shelter or succour; he knew their slave-dealing ways too well, and that all their rich furs, silks, carpets, silver bowls, and furniture were spoils taken in their savage wars. He loathed the Tartars, and speaks of them as "a vile generation."

Often it seemed to him that he had saved his life only to perish with hunger on the lonely steppes; yet still he struggled on, knowing that a highway ran somewhere through that part of the country. At last, to his great joy, he found himself upon a beaten road with a tall sign-post in the distance.

"This must be it!" he exclaimed joyfully. "The Castragan, as they call it."

As he came up to the sign-post he found a figure painted on each of the cross-beams. The one to the south was a half-moon; the two towards the east were a black man with white spots and a picture of the sun; and the one pointing north-west was a cross. Now he knew where he was. The cross must indicate a Christian country; he was on the right road to the Russian or Muscovite frontier. The half-moon must, of course, mean the Mohammedan countries he had left; and the black man and the sun pointed out Persia and the Asiatic countries. His dying spirits were revived, and he thanked God again for this great comfort.

At every cross-road he found a sign-post, and so

for sixteen days he journeyed on, ever turning in the direction pointed out by the cross. On the sixteenth day the walls and palisades of a fortified city came in sight. It was only a very primitive little town, very different from the huge fortresses of Hungary. The ramparts, as John could see, were made of an outer and inner wall, built of the trunks of trees strongly braced across like latticework; the space in between was filled up with earth and stones, which made it fairly strong, and on the top were mounted a few pieces of cannon. This must be, he felt sure, one of the Muscovite garrisons (for a row of forts protected the frontiers of what was then called Russia). Rude as it was, he felt his heart beat for joy, for here was the sign of the cross. All his fears and torments were at an end, for Christians dwelt therein.

In those days, when the Turks and Tartars were the common enemies of Europe, it was the duty of every Christian governor to succour a fellow-Christian escaping from their cruel bondage.

John was not disappointed in his hopes; he found that the name of the town was *Æcopolis*, and, after some demur because of his Turkish habit, he was admitted and brought before the governor. He was much surprised, judging from the rude soldiery and the poor houses he had seen, to find himself in such a handsome dwelling; the walls were hung with tapestry, and the furniture was carved and ornamented. The governor himself was dressed in a rich velvet suit,

with a cloak of costly sable, and large jewels glittered on his fingers. He spoke to John very kindly, however, though I don't know in what language, and after making a few searching inquiries, ordered his iron collar to be struck off. This was done, and after he had eaten and drunk the governor gave him into the charge of his wife, the Lady Callamata (at least, so John speaks of her, for he did not know her Russian title), to give him a change of garments, and all things necessary.

"Indeed," John gratefully remarked, when he was refreshed and rested, "I feel as one new risen from the dead."

The governor invited him to stay in his house till the next convoy should be going to Caragnaw, for in those troubled times it was not safe to travel except in large companies.

When at last John took his departure, his host gave him a certificate vouching for the truth of his story, and a friendly letter to the Governor of Caragnaw; and his kind hostess furnished him with an outfit. She was not beautiful like the Lady Tragabigzanda, still John remembered her with almost as much gratitude.

From Caragnaw, Smith travelled from city to city of Russia and Poland, always received with the greatest hospitality by the governors, who passed him on from convoy to convoy, and who always gave him money to defray the expenses of his journey, knowing

that they themselves, such were the fortunes of war, were always liable to find themselves in similar misfortunes, and equally in need of help.

"Seldom," said John, "have I met with more respect, mirth, and entertainment."

Yet he could not help comparing regretfully the luxury and splendour of the Russian and Polish nobles with the poverty and wretched condition of the people.

"They are all lords or slaves in these countries, which makes them so subject to every invasion."

At last he found himself back in Transylvania. He made his way to the town of Hermanstadt, where he heard Robinson and Carleton and other old comrades in arms were quartered. These good friends were overcome with delight at seeing him again; they had quite given him up for dead, so now they could hardly do enough to welcome him. He, to use his own expression, was "near drowned with joy," and would have stayed much longer among them had he not wished to return to England once more. His only regret was not to find Prince Sigismund Batori and his old Colonel, Count Meldrich. The Count had left Transylvania in disgust when it was ceded to the Emperor, determined to share the fortunes of his master. He was now at Leipsic, where Sigismund was holding his court, and thither Captain John Smith took his journey.

He still regarded the Prince as his liege lord, and



SIGISMUND BATHORI.

From an original Engraving by VAN DER PASSE, in the British Museum.

he wanted to obtain his formal discharge from the Transylvanian army. He arrived early in December, and once again the veteran colonel and the young English captain clasped each other by the hand. It was now more than a year since that awful day at Rothenthurm, and both had gone through many sorrows and perils since then.

Prince Sigismund had not forgotten the gratitude he owed to the stranger who had fought so valiantly for his unhappy country.

"It is natural that you should desire to return to your own sweet land," he sighed; "and you have had many losses and various fortunes in my service."

So he insisted upon John's accepting the sum of fifteen hundred ducats in gold, and wrote him a pass that would take him all over Europe, with the patent¹ of his coat-of-arms, for John had lost the one granted to him on that triumphant day at Eisenburg.

"Farewell, brave captain," said the Prince; "and forget not to wear the Three Turks' Heads for ever on your colours, and bequeath them to your heirs in perpetual memory of the service you have rendered to God by overcoming His enemies."

¹ A copy of this patent still exists in the *Heralds' College*, dated 1625, recorded in the register of Sir William Segar, Garter King of Arms.

CHAPTER XII

THE TWO SPANISH MEN-OF-WAR

“Let us bang these dogs of Seville,
The children of the devil!”

TENNYSON.

1604. CAPTAIN SMITH did not, after all, go back immediately to England. What news he received that induced him to change his mind is not known, but for some reason he was now in no hurry to return home, and determined to complete his travels in Europe by visiting Germany and Spain.

From Spain he went over to North Africa. He had been there before with Captain La Roche, but had only just touched at Tunis and one or two other ports. He wished now to see something of the cities and civilization of the Moors, and something also of their methods of warfare, for a war was going on at that time in the state of Morocco, where the sons of the late Muley Hamet were disputing their right to the throne. So he crossed over from Gibraltar to Ceuta, and from thence made his way to the seaport of Saffee. Here an English and a French ship of war were lying

in the harbour. John soon made the acquaintance of the French captain, and afterwards of the Englishmen, Captain Merham and his officers. The French captain, hearing that John was anxious to go inland, proposed that they should make an expedition to Morocco, to see the wonders and monuments of that renowned city. So they set out, a party of twelve, and John afterwards wrote an account of this trip. He describes the city as being even then half in ruins. He speaks of the Christian church there with its three hollow balls of pure gold, piled one on the top of each other, forming a dome, and built by an Ethiopian princess in memory of her betrothed. He saw also the Emperor's palace, and the great pleasure garden, once so full of rare flowers, fountains, aviaries, and groves of trees, but now only a wilderness; and the famous university that had become a stable for fowls and beasts. He remarks upon the dirt and desolation everywhere, caused by the wars and the wicked intrigues of the Empress, "more cruel than any beast in Africa." He observes that the Moors are not black, as the English suppose, but tawny, and resembling Turks in their religion and customs, and he tells some curious stories about lions. Here is one, for example. Master Archer, the Emperor's English goldsmith, brought up a lion cub like a puppy-dog; his servant fed it and let it lie on his bed till it grew as big as a mastiff. When the goldsmith was about to return to England, he gave the lion away to a

French merchant at Marseilles, who in his turn made it a present to Henry IV., then King of France. Henry, perhaps not caring for this embarrassing present, sent it over to England, where it was kept in the Tower with the other royal lions. Seven years later the goldsmith's servant went to the Tower one holiday to see the wild beasts. He noticed a splendid African lion, which no sooner caught sight of him than it began whining and groaning and pawing the ground. The man begged the keeper to open the gate, and went in ; upon this the lion licked his hands and feet, fawned on him like a dog, and skipped to and fro—the wonder of all beholders. When at last the man was obliged to leave, the poor beast howled dismally, and for four days would touch no food.

Smith was not at all favourably impressed with the Moors, whom he calls a perfidious and barbarous people. He had no wish to see anything further of their methods of fighting, which he considered bloody, treacherous murder rather than war. So when the party was ready to return, he went back with them to Saffee.

It was a lovely evening, and Captain Merham invited Smith and one or two others to come and sup with him on board his ship, which we will call the *Diana*. They found a sumptuous meal awaiting them ; fresh provisions from the native market, while the ship's stores furnished them with all kinds of sweetmeats, "marmelet, suckets, almonds, comfits, and such-like."

After supper they sat on deck, drinking their wine and enjoying the balmy air. Captain Merham had so many tales to tell of his encounters with Moorish pirates, with whom the coast was infested, that they never noticed how time went by. As it was quite dark, their host pressed them to remain all night, and to this they consented. At midnight, most unexpectedly, a storm arose, and Merham was forced to let slip his cable and anchor and to put out to sea. Spooning before the wind, they were driven out to the Canary Islands. Here the weather was calm, and the *Diana* put into the harbour for repairs.

"Gentlemen," said the hospitable captain to his guests, "though it delights me still to have your company aboard with me, it grieves me to have brought you thus far unwillingly out of your course."

What the other guests replied I know not, but Smith was in high spirits; an unexpected cruise of this kind was after his own heart.

"Nay, Captain Merham," said he, "who knows but this strange accident may yet produce some good event."

With a fair wind they steered their course back to the African coast. It was the early morning, and Smith stood with his friend Merham on the deck, straining their eyes towards Cape Bojador, which now loomed in the distance. Suddenly Merham gripped his companion's arm.

"What do you descry there, Master Smith, between

Bojador and Ghir?" asked he, pointing in that direction.

"I see two sail," answered Smith. Then in a reassuring tone, "Very likely two of the Dutch men-of-war we heard of yesterday at Teneriffe."

"It is a Spanish Admiral,"¹ said Merham, "and yonder is the Vice-Admiral." By which he meant two Spanish men-of-war.

Now, the very sight of a Spaniard to an English sea-captain even then, sixteen years after the Armada, was like the proverbial red rag before a bull. Spaniards were the natural enemies of England, and Sir Francis Drake had taught the Spaniards only too well to hate and fear the English.

Wishing first to make quite sure what they were, Merham determined to hail them.

"Every man to his charge," he cried, "dowse your topsails and salute them for the sea."

Very civilly the Spaniards dowsed their topsails in reply.

"Whence is your ship?" asked the *Diana*.

"Of Spain," was the answer. "Whence is yours?"

"Of England. Are you merchantmen or men-of-war?"

"We are two poor distressed merchantmen from

¹ Originally the word "Admiral" denoted a flagship, but its meaning gradually became extended until it was used indifferently to signify either the ship itself or the commander of the same. In this chapter it always means "flagship," of which the gender, contrary to modern usage, is masculine.

Biscay. If you wish to rifle us, come aboard us and take what you will. We cannot defend ourselves from a man-of-war."

Merham burst out laughing. "Ha, ha! I am not going to run in between the lion's paws," said he, and sprang his luff.

Upon this the Admiral tacked after him, and was soon close upon the stern of the *Diana*, discharged a whole broadside, and then came up alongside to windward. The Vice-Admiral came up to leeward, and the poor little *Diana* found herself enclosed between the two great galleons. They stood so high out of the water as to overshadow her, and after blowing a flourish of trumpets they poured in such volleys of cannon and musket shot that it was quite dark with the smoke. Starboard and larboard they tried to board her, but met with such a terrific reception from the Englishmen that they soon sheered off, leaving five Spaniards sprawling on the deck of the *Diana*. When they were at a safe distance they commenced to batter the *Diana* once more, and after an hour made another attempt to board her. This time the Admiral succeeded in throwing four kedgers or grappling-irons, and then tried to sheer off suddenly with the intention of tearing down the grating of the forecastle. But just then the yards of the Admiral got entangled in the shrouds of the *Diana*, which thus held him fast. Quick as thought Merham's gunners sent two cross-bar shot, and also great bolts

of iron made for such a purpose, into the Admiral's bow. This made such a tremendous hole in the latter that for a moment it seemed as though both Spaniard and English must sink together. For a moment only, for very nimbly they got free of each other, Merham by cutting the tackling, and the Admiral by slipping his grappling-chains. The Admiral was obliged to stop to repair his leak, and the *Diana* would have got away but for the Vice-Admiral, who came up and engaged her till the Admiral was in fighting trim again.

And so from twelve at noon till six in the evening they went on interchanging broadsides, the little *Diana* bravely holding her own. One would have thought she must be a mere hulk by this time, with all her mast and rigging shot away. But as in the time of the Armada so it was now—the build of the English ship was greatly in her favour, and she was manned by much more skilful sailors; this enabled her to tack about and veer round in such a way that half the enemy's shot fell wide into the sea. On the other hand, the Spanish hulls afforded an excellent target. The *Diana's* ordnance, too, though inferior in size to the enemy—her biggest pieces being demicannon of 6000 pounds weight—was worked by gunners who were second to none, including Captain Smith. On the whole, therefore, the *Diana* was able to inflict more damage than she received. As evening came on the firing ceased, and one after the other the enemy drew off.

"The day is spent," said Merham; "let us consult. But first, who says 'Amen' to a dram of the bottle?"

When the men were refreshed they set to work again. The wounded were carefully taken below, the slain, wound up in canvas, were lowered overboard with all honour, and the purser recorded their names. Meanwhile the carpenters had been stopping the leaks. The decks, all red and slippery, were in a filthy condition, but the swabbers soon cleaned them down. The gunners sponged their ordnance, the soldiers scoured their muskets, and the boatswain and the rest repaired the sail and shroud.

There was not much time for rest, for at early dawn Captain Merham descried the enemy still looming in the distance.

"The Dons mean to chase us again to-day," said he to Smith; "they shall have some good sport for their pains."

"Ah, thou old fox!" cried Smith, hitting him hard on the shoulder with delight.

Smiling at the enthusiasm of his guest, Merham ordered the boatswain to call up the men to prayers and breakfast. The fight shortly began again, for the two Spanish men-of-war were enraged at the resistance they had found, which seemed to them absurd bravado on the part of Merham. So they plied their ordnance with redoubled fury, and after an hour of this deadly work they commanded the *Diana* again to surrender in the name of the King of Spain.

Merham laughed one of his great laughs, and turning to the cabin boy—

“Boy,” said he, “fetch me my cellar of bottles.”

He filled his silver cup and waved it towards the Admiral.

“Here’s to you Spanish Dons,” he cried; “I pledge you in your generous wine of Spain.”

Then, ordering a dram all round, he turned to his men—

“A health to you all, fore and aft! Courage, my hearts, for a fresh charge. Sound drums and trumpets, and St. George for England!”

The men raised a cheer, and the trumpets blared defiantly. A murderous fire assailed the Admiral, while the “midships-men” from the yards flung stone and brass balls into his shrouds.

The rage of the Spaniards knew no bounds; it was not so much because of damage done, as this swagger on the part of the proud English. Making a desperate effort, they boarded the *Diana* once more. As they swarmed over, some began to climb aloft and unsling the sails, others rushed to the roundhouse, and others to the forecastle. But the sailing-master and the “midships-men” soon sent the first tumbling down on deck, while Merham and Smith had prepared for the rest. Near the roundhouse were several bags of gunpowder, and a match was now set to them. A tremendous explosion followed, in which thirty or forty Spaniards were sent flying up in the air, and a

part of the fore-castle with them. When the oncoming Spaniards saw this, they turned back very quickly, cut their grappling-irons, and got clear. At first the remedy seemed almost worse than the disease, for the *Diana* was in flames. But all the crew rushed to the rescue, water was handy, and the fire was smothered with wet cloths. During all this time the Spaniards were playing upon them with their shot. Captain Merham now appealed to his men.

"My brave hearts," he cried, "let us die to the last man! Let us not fall into their hands alive to be made galley slaves, and chained for life to the oar."

He was answered by a ringing cheer.

When the Spanish commander saw the fire was out, and the English as game to fight as ever, he felt quite baffled with surprise and anger. At last he hung out a flag of truce and desired a parley, but Captain Merham was desperate.

"No," he cried; "there is but one way with me! He shall have no speech with me but the roar of my ordnance."

And so in this way they answered each other, till afternoon wore into evening and evening into night. So skilfully did Smith manage the *Diana's* guns that the Spaniards never got another advantage. Both galleons were so riddled with shot that they dared keep it up no longer, the firing died away, and in the early morning they had disappeared.

In all, twenty-seven of Merham's men had been

slain and sixteen wounded, and the *Diana* herself had received about a hundred and forty great shot. The enemy's loss was far greater. A wounded Spaniard whom they had taken prisoner confessed that the Admiral alone had lost more than a hundred men, and was so full of holes that they were afraid he could hardly reach any port. That seemed likely, though all the English could see was that the scuppers ran with blood.

So the *Diana* repaired her sails and steered again for the Port of Saffee. Here Smith took leave of his host, the valiant Captain Merham, feeling that the last few days of glorious life had been worth all the rest of his travels in Spain and Africa put together.

PART II

*COLONIST AND PRESIDENT OF
VIRGINIA*

CHAPTER I

THE LONDON VIRGINIA COMPANY

“However some of bad conditions will extol the actions of every country but their own.”—JOHN SMITH.

WHEN John returned to England, after having been 1605.
away nearly five years, he found everything much changed. The great Queen was dead, and James I. reigned in her stead. At Willoughby there was a new lord of the Manor, the young Robert Bertie, who had settled down after his travels to improve his estate and to drain the fens. In John's own family, too, there were changes. His brother Francis had married, and it is probable that his little sister Alice had died. He went to see his old master, Mr. Thomas Sendall of Lynn, the merchant from whom he had run away eight years before.

“Ah, Master Smith!” exclaimed this gentleman, good naturedly; “so you have been following the wars! Had you stayed with me you might have become a great merchant in these parts, but young gallants must always be breaking each other's heads.

Have you come home now to take a wife and to settle down on your farm?"

John laughed and shook his head. "Nay," said he; "it seems to me there is nothing comparable to seeing new countries, people, fashions, and stratagems."

Besides, he had not done so badly. He had still a thousand ducats left, out of the fifteen hundred given him by Prince Sigismund; and his land had not run away in his absence. It is probable that his brother Francis and his wife were living in the old homestead and rented the farm from him, for he appears to have been in very good circumstances as regards money, and to have never once entertained the thought of settling at Willoughby. He went instead on a walking tour through Ireland; and after that we find him in London.

1605. During the long peace of Queen Elizabeth's reign great changes had taken place in society. Trade with foreign countries had increased enormously, and with it the power and influence of the middle classes. Merchants had become prosperous gentlemen, built themselves fine houses, and often vied with the nobles in the grandeur of their establishments. One remarkable feature of this development of trade was the formation of companies. There was the Muscovy Company for trading with Russia, the Turkey Company, the East India Company, and many others.

King James also pursued the policy of peace, but it was a different sort of peace from that of Elizabeth.

It may be called, to use a modern phrase, "peace at any price," and the ruling principle of his foreign policy was to truckle to Spain in every possible way, for fear of offending that powerful country. This policy was most abhorrent to the mass of the people, and to those gentlemen who were not of the court party, for racial enmity was still strong, though it is true that the chief cause of hatred—the arch-enemy Philip II.—had disappeared, for he had died some years before the Queen. The spirit that had animated the bold sea-captains was still alive, but it was repressed by King James and his ministers. The day of Francis Drake and his men had passed away. They had shown the way to distant lands in the East and West, but England had not followed up her advantage by occupying these new territories in rivalry of Spain. The idea of colonization, *i.e.* the clearing and planting of new lands for English people to dwell in, does not appear to have been encouraged. Besides, Sir Walter Raleigh's settlement in Virginia had ended in disaster, all his men having been either starved or killed by the savages. The merchants were chiefly anxious to get rich as speedily as possible by means of trading, and the nobles and court party were eager for the discovery of gold and silver mines.

Such, roughly speaking, was the state of public opinion when John Smith returned to London.

Until now he had been a soldier fighting for the cause of Christianity rather than for any particular

country, but he had never forgotten his love for his native land. To be an Englishman was for him always a source of pride. He would have gladly fought and died for England's sake, but she had had no need of him. He was now eager to find some other capacity in which to serve her.

He offered to join an expedition to Guiana, that had been undertaken by Captain Ley, but owing to the death of the leader the whole thing came to nothing.

He eagerly sought the acquaintance of the navigators and sea-captains who resorted to London from various parts of the world, and questioned them about their voyages. Among these was Henry Hudson, the Arctic explorer, and afterwards so famous as the discoverer of Hudson's Bay. Another was Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, who had sailed along the coast of Virginia and explored inland. He considered that South Virginia would be a most suitable part of the world in which to form a settlement of people of English race, and ever since his return in 1602, he had tried to interest noblemen and gentlemen in this project, but had failed. He now found a kindred spirit in John Smith.

The young soldier begged him to unfold his scheme. Gosnold related his travels and described the climate, rivers, plants, and animals of Virginia, and how it was only very sparsely inhabited by copper-coloured savages.

"A goodly land!" exclaimed his eager listener,

“and pity it is that Christian princes and nobles should strive with each other, murdering so many Christians, burning and spoiling so many cities and villages, when so much of the world is unpossessed, and good land lieth waste! I have followed the wars, and, I tell you, it is a wonder to me to see how greedily they will dispossess each other in the name of Christ Jesus, and yet say that they are Christians.”

Smith was now nearly twenty-six years of age, and skilled in all the practical arts necessary for a successful colonist. This knowledge, together with his youth, health, strength, and worldly goods, he was ready to offer in the service of his country.

In spite of the increase of prosperity, there was then, as now, much poverty in England, and many sturdy labourers could not find employment. Smith beheld this state of things with sadness, and he longed more than ever to transport some hundreds of his poorer countrymen over the ocean where there was land enough and to spare lying unoccupied. There they and their families could live a happy, healthy, industrious life, “without prejudice to any,” and advance the glory of England at the same time. Gosnold had in the mean time also prevailed upon a Mr. Edward Maria Wingfield, who had been one of Drake’s captains, to join them, and a clergyman, the Reverend Robert Hunt, and some others. This little band of enthusiasts set to work to carry out their scheme.

Their idea was to form a company, and for this

reason—a great deal of money would be required to plant a settlement, far more than their united wealth could supply. They would have to charter ships to convey the colonists over the Atlantic ; then they would want great cargoes of stores, such as corn and other food stuffs, sufficient to last till they could grow their own, also clothing, tools, weapons, and household goods.

On the other hand, they considered it would be an excellent investment for capital, since the undertaking could not fail, in time, to yield very handsome profits.

The vast forests of Virginia would afford very valuable timber, and trading with the natives for their produce would bring in large returns ; the industry of the colonists would be directed towards agriculture and mining (who knew but what some gold might be discovered ?) and these minerals, tobacco, and the strange new products of the Virginian soil would all be exported to Europe, and should prove a source of immense wealth to the shareholders.

For a year they travelled about the country, laying their plans before all the wealthy and influential persons who they thought would be likely to invest their money.

At first it was uphill work, and in some quarters they met with much opposition. The court party were afraid that Spain might disapprove and show her displeasure. Besides, said they, what need had

England of colonies? She was far too small a nation, and would never be able to hold them (for there were little Englanders even in those days). John had no patience with these "Spaniolized Englishmen," as he called them. Why should they always be applauding the achievements of Spain and running down their native land? No one had dared to speak in that way in the days of good Queen Elizabeth. Spain, though so powerful by the discovery of South America, had not the monopoly of the world. It was the Portuguese who had sailed round the coast of Africa, and now France and even Holland, despite her ruinous war, were making ready to claim their share of the new lands. It enraged him that England, who had once borne such a brilliant part, should now be kept in the rear of progress by a craven policy.

"Having as much power and means as others," said he, "why should Englishmen despair, and not do as much as any?"

At last, after much hard work and obstacles overcome, a sufficient number of nobles, merchants, and gentlemen were persuaded to "venture" their money. For this reason they are always spoken of as "adventurers," which is the seventeenth-century term for shareholders, and must not be confused with the colonists themselves, who ventured their lives.

They obtained a charter from King James, who 1606. gave them permission to establish a Council or Board of Directors in London, and another in Virginia when

the colony should arrive there. So the London Virginia Company was floated. Many distinguished and historic names are to be found on its list of shareholders; this was perhaps partly owing to the enthusiastic interest shown by the young Prince Henry in the scheme.

Nearly another year was passed in fitting out ships and storing them with necessary supplies. There were three ships in all. The *Susan Constant*, of one hundred tons, commanded by Captain Newport, a very experienced navigator; the *Godspeed*, forty tons, under Bartholomew Gosnold; and a pinnace of twenty tons, under a Captain Ratcliffe. The supreme command was given to Newport, who was to be in the regular employment of the company as "admiral." The colonists themselves numbered about a hundred. They consisted of some labourers, carpenters and blacksmiths, and other workmen; but, to John's idea, there were too many gentlemen and tavern loafers. He would have preferred the sturdy sons of farmers, but, instead, many of them were the younger sons of good families, who had squandered their money, and bankrupt tradesmen who were in no way fitted for the rough life awaiting them. There were no women among this first batch of colonists; it was not considered advisable to take them till the first year of hardship should be over; many regretted this, but others were glad, observing that "there would be far less pride."

John Smith was an adventurer in both senses of the word. His name is to be found among the list of colonists under the head of "Planter." He had sold his farm at Willoughby, and invested the proceeds and his available cash in this momentous venture.

At last everything was ready, and on December 18, the eve of setting sail, the whole of the little company took the Holy Sacrament together. A sealed box was handed to Captain Newport from the Council, with orders that it should not be opened until they arrived at Virginia, as it contained directions for the government. The next day, December 19, the little fleet set sail from Blackwall, though, owing to unprosperous winds, it was not until six weeks later that they emerged out of the Channel into the broad Atlantic.

CHAPTER II

THE PLANTING OF JAMES TOWN

"Like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field: which indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs."—ST. MATT. xiii. 31, 32.

"It is true it is a happy thing to be born to strength, wealth, and honour. but that which is got by prowess and magnanimity is the truest lustre."—JOHN SMITH.

1607. THEY had a weary voyage of nearly three months more, on account of the bad weather. Their good minister, Mr. Hunt, was very ill the greater part of the time, yet he did his utmost to cheer and comfort his fellow-passengers. It was an unhappy time for John Smith also, owing to the jealous accusations of Mr. Wingfield, a Mr. Archer, and some others. Perhaps it was partly John's own fault; he was naturally of a "bossing" disposition, and his practical common sense and experience in managing men caused him to assume a good deal of authority to which he was not strictly entitled. The older gentlemen, some, like Captain Newport, double his age, were very angry about this. "This young man," they thought, "takes too much upon himself; he wants to get too much

power, and no doubt intends to make himself president when we arrive. Let us lay him by the heels." So John was put in irons on leaving the Canary Islands, and in this durance he continued all the voyage. His enemies even pretended that he was instigating a mutiny among the sailors, and on reaching the island of Nevis they proceeded to try him on this charge, but first of all they erected a gallows, so as to lose no time in case he was condemned. But John only laughed.

"Oh, is that the gallows?" said he. "Well, you might have spared your pains, for you will not persuade me to use them;" for he knew that nothing could be proved against him.

They spent about three weeks' time among the West India Islands, refreshing themselves upon shore and trading with the natives, for Captain Newport had brought a large cargo of bright gaudy European goods for this purpose. At Guadaloupe they found hot-water springs, so they all had warm baths, and they boiled pork quite as well as over a fire. At Monica they found the ground strewn thick with eggs, and the trees so full of birds that they caught them with their hands—about two hogsheads full in three hours. In the Virgin Isles they saw loathsome beasts like crocodiles, called iguanas; they also caught tortoises, pelicans, parrots, and fishes, on which they feasted daily.

Leaving the West Indies, they sailed along the

coast of North America. But Captains Newport and Gosnold, owing to a violent storm, were somewhat out of their reckoning, and for three days they sounded and sounded and could find no ground.

The passengers grew very disheartened, and Ratcliffe, captain of the pinnace, was of opinion that they should return to England without further search. But the weather decided the matter for them, for on the night of the 25th of April the storm compelled them to lie at hull, and at four o'clock the next morning they descried the land of Virginia. The storm, without their knowing it, had driven them in the right direction. The same day they entered Chesapeake Bay, and disembarked on a point of land which they called, in honour of their young Prince, Cape Henry.

About thirty of them landed; among them was Gabriel Archer and young George Percy, a brother of the Earl of Northumberland, who afterwards described it as being a land of fair meadows and goodly tall trees, and such fresh waters running through the woods "that I was almost ravished at the sight." Here they stayed all day, but as they were going on board at night they saw a file of savages creeping down the hill on all-fours like bears, and carrying their bows and arrows in their mouths. The English turned to face them with their muskets, when a shower of arrows came flying through the air, wounding a sailor very dangerously in the body and Archer in one of his



HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, ELDEST SON OF KING JAMES I.

From a Portrait attributed to PAUL VAN SOMER, in the National Portrait Gallery.

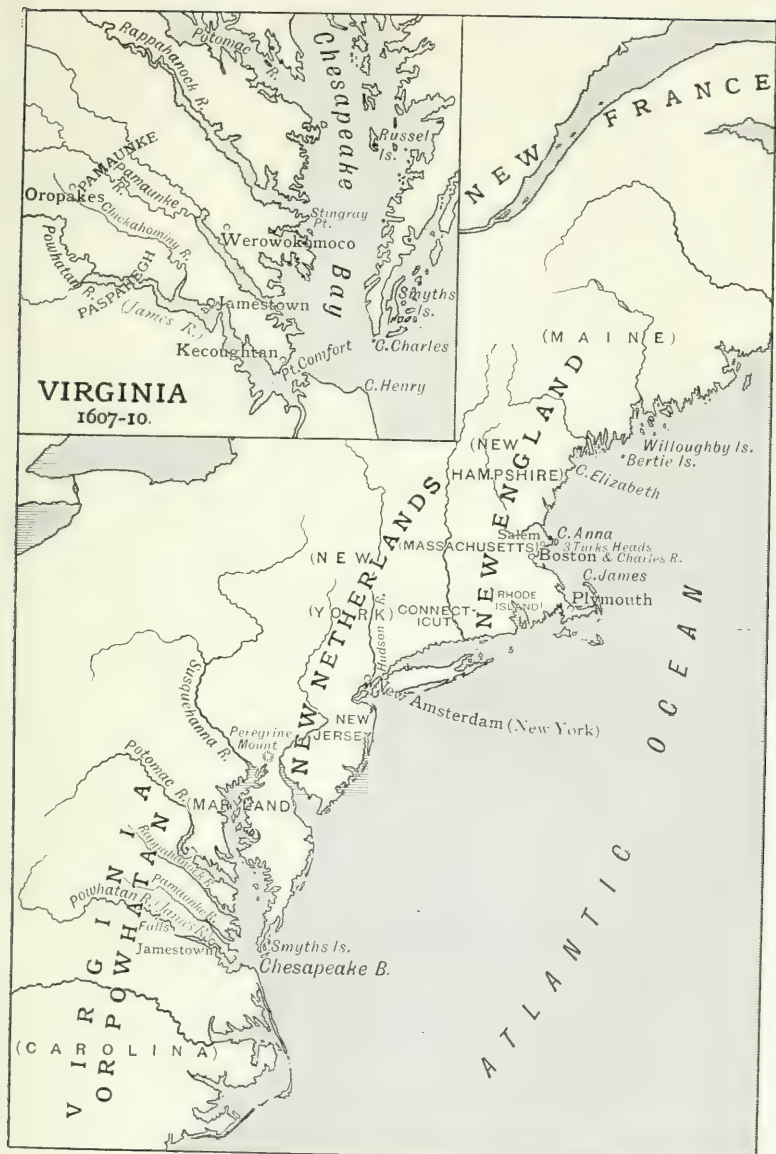
hands. The English returned this greeting with a volley of powder and shot, which so frightened the savages that, uttering fearful shrieks, they fled back into the woods.

The explorers carried the wounded man back to the ships, and that night they all assembled in the great cabin of the *Susan Constant*, and the sealed box was opened.

It was found that a council was appointed, to consist of Bartholomew Gosnold, John Smith, Edward Wingfield, Ratcliffe, captain of the pinnace, John Martin, George Kendall, and Captain Newport, whenever he was in Virginia; it was also ordered that they should elect a president from among their number, who should govern for a year. I do not think that John Smith was present at this reading; he was still a prisoner in irons, and we can imagine his feeling of rage when all this exploring of the new land was going on during the day and he was out of it. The next day the colonists landed again, further up; but this time the savages, who were sitting round a fire roasting oysters, fled away at the approach of the strange new men who carried such fearful weapons. So the English, seeing the place deserted, sat down and ate the oysters instead, which they found very large and delicate. At another spot on which they landed, they found the oysters and mussels lying on the ground as thick as pebbles. They marched some miles inland, and found the air "full of good and

sweet smells." The ground was covered with flowers of all kinds and colours; goodly trees, such as cedar and cypress, raised their stately height; and, going on a little further, they came upon a plot of ground covered with fine and beautiful strawberries, four times as big as any in England. When it was getting dark they went back to the ships. Captain Newport sounded, and found it shallow water. They were at the mouth of a wide river. It would be impossible to go any higher with the *Susan Constant* or the *God-speed*. Their captains, therefore, looked out for a convenient harbour in which to anchor. They found one formed by a point of land just at the entrance to the river on the left bank. Cheered and consoled after all the hardships they had endured, they gave to this headland the name of Point Comfort.

The question was now, on what spot should they plant their colony? If you look at this map of Virginia, you will see that it is watered by four noble rivers and their tributaries, the Potomac, the Rappahanock, the Pamaunke, and the Powhatan, all falling into Chesapeake Bay. Point Comfort is at the mouth of the Powhatan, which George Percy speaks of as the "famousest river ever discovered." Newport caused their barge to be built up, and with a few chosen men set out to sail up these rivers and explore. Percy describes the shores by which they passed as a perfect paradise, abounding with deer, turkeys, and all kinds of wild animals and fruits, but he noticed also



that the banks were low and marshy. They found many of the savages quite friendly and ready to supply them with food, partly out of fear and partly out of curiosity to see the strange new-comers.

The appearance of American Indians is well known. Those of Virginia were a tall, straight, well-proportioned people. Their copper-coloured skins were tattooed and painted red and blue. The men had always the right side of their head shaved, and the rest gathered into a knot, except one piece about a yard in length, called the long lock, which hung down behind. As it was warm weather, they wore very little clothing beyond a girdle of skins and ornaments of pearl beads and feathers. Claws of birds and live snakes were often stuck through their ears, or a dead rat tied by the tail. When it was cold, however, they wore handsome long mantles made of fur or turkey feathers.

The native name for the country of Virginia was Powhatan, and the English found that it was governed by a number of "kings," or Werowances, all under one over-king.

These "kingdoms" were generally called after the rivers on which they were situated, such as Potomac, Rappahannoc, and Pamaunke. It is easy to understand the fear and suspicion of these poor savages on beholding this new race of light-coloured men, who had dropped down, as it seemed, out of nowhere.

At last Captain Newport decided upon a site for

the new plantation. It was on the river Powhatan, a little below its junction with the Chickahominy, and in the "kingdom" of Paspahegh. Captain Newport obtained permission to take possession from the king himself in return for a hatchet, which delighted him very much. When the savages grumbled at their chief for parting with his territory so easily, he replied, "Why should you be offended with them, as long as they hurt you not, nor take anything away by force; they take but a little waste ground, which doth you nor any of us any good."

It was the 13th of May when Captain Newport landed with his men, and the next day the rest of the colonists, leaving the ships tied up to the trees at a point of land they had called Archer's Hope, sailed up in the pinnace, disembarked, and took possession of their new dominion. They all agreed that it should be called James Town, after the King of England. All the council were called except John Smith, and they elected Mr. Wingfield as their president. This gentleman made a long speech, proving how inadvisable it was that such a masterful young man should be admitted as a member.

He was no longer kept in irons, however, for all hands were wanted. Every one now fell to work, some to pitch the tents, measure out and prepare the ground for corn; others to cut down timber to load the ships for the return voyage; and the rest, under the direction of Mr. Kendall, drove in stakes

to fortify the place against the savages. A rude fort was constructed in the form of a triangle, consisting of palisades, interlaced with boughs of trees, with three bulwarks, one at each corner, on which they mounted four or five guns. While all this was going on, Captain Newport determined to explore further up the Powhatan River, so he took with him John Smith, George Percy, Archer, and twenty others in the barge.

They sailed for six days, until they came to some high rocks and waterfalls. Here the river was navigable no further, except for the canoes of the Indians. They found a little town on the bank, consisting of twelve houses surrounded by fertile cornfields, and it was such a delightful spot that John Smith determined, when the colony should have sufficiently increased, to build another fort there. This place was called Little Powhatan, but was afterwards generally spoken of as The Falls. There were several islets in the stream, and on one of these Captain Newport placed a brass cross inscribed with the words "Jacobus Rex," and declared that henceforward the river should be known among the English by the name of the James River.

When Newport and his men returned to James Town, they found that the Indians had attacked the colonists unawares while they were at work, and had killed a boy and wounded seventeen men. President Wingfield himself had had a narrow escape, for an

arrow had shot right through his beard. In fact, it would have been all over with the colony had not some sailors in the pinnace seen the fight, and sent a crossbar shot among the savages, which so terrified them that they fled away.

On the 15th of June the fort was completed. The colonists had been so busy with this and with loading the ships that they had not yet had time to build any houses or a church. They hung up an old sail under three or four trees as a shade from the sun, with some wooden railings for walls. This was to serve as a place of worship. Instead of seats they laid trunks of trees in rows, and for a pulpit they nailed a plank of wood across two of the trees that were growing near together. Here they had the Church prayers every morning and evening, and good Master Hunt, the minister, preached two sermons every Sunday.

This kind and truly Christian man was much grieved at the undeserved disgrace that had befallen Captain Smith, and did his best to make peace between him and the rest of his flock. It was now time for Captain Newport to return to England with the ships. He thought the colony seemed likely to prosper, and that he could give a good report of it in London. Unfortunately, a great part of the provisions had been consumed during the voyage, which had been so much longer than they expected. Still he thought they ought to manage on the fish, game, and fruits of the

country, especially as the Indians had sent a friendly message desiring peace ; they would, therefore, be able to buy food from them. For this purpose he left the remainder of his cargo of bright European goods and toys ; also the pinnace and the barge for sailing up the rivers.

In the mean time, gentle Master Hunt had prevailed upon Newport, Wingfield, and the council to lay aside their unkind feelings, and to be friends with John Smith. He was admitted into the council, and on the 21st of June they all took the Sacrament together as a sign of reconciliation. The next day Captain Newport sailed away with the *Susan Constant* and the *Godspeed*.

But Newport had been too sanguine ; he did not take into account the climate of Virginia, and a time of terrible misery now ensued. The summer grew hotter and hotter ; the river at low tide became very dirty and slimy, and at high tide its waters were very salt. Most of the settlers, unused in England to outdoor labour, felt the heat far more than they would otherwise have done. Those who had no tents were obliged to sleep on the ground or up in the trees ("Castles in the air," they called their lodgings in grim joke), and this was very unhealthy owing to the exhalations from the neighbouring marshes. Worse still, the store of corn unloaded from the ships was found to be nearly all mouldy through having lain so long in the hold. They managed to catch a good

deal of fish, chiefly sturgeon and crabs, but the Indians showed themselves so unfriendly again that they were afraid to hunt for deer and game.

The heat, toil, and bad food soon took effect, and dysentery and fever ravaged the settlement. It is very painful to have to relate that, as if these miseries were not enough, the council and other leading men quarrelled bitterly with President Wingfield, accusing him of eating the best of the stores himself, and not distributing them fairly. This was quite a false accusation, for there were very few stores left to distribute; he really fared very little better than the rest, who were soon reduced to such a degree of famine that the ration for five men per day was a small can of barley or wheat boiled in water. Martin and Archer were by far the most mischievous of these malcontents, and they persuaded the colonists to depose Wingfield. He was imprisoned in the pinnace, and Captain Ratcliffe was elected president in his stead. Kendall also was accused of conspiracy, and, as though men were not dying fast enough, promptly hanged. But I will not dwell on these disgraceful quarrels; they are too sad and wearisome.

The sickness increased. Men lay about groaning in all corners of the fort; sometimes three or four died in one night, and their bodies were dragged out and buried like dogs. In six weeks forty-six men had perished, besides five who were slain by the arrows of the Indians. John Smith, the new

president, and Martin were stricken with the rest, and in August Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, "that worthy and religious gentleman," died; he was buried as became a member of the council, and volleys of pistol-shots were fired over his grave. But as autumn came on matters improved. John Smith recovered, and tenderly nursed Ratcliffe and Martin till they were out of danger. How they repaid this kindness will afterwards be seen.

With his returning strength, Captain Smith grew more and more resolute to keep the colony together. Food they must have, and at all costs, and "never did the Spaniard more greedily desire gold than Smith victual."

The colonists had sown their corn too late to reap any harvest, but he knew that the Indians had gathered in a plentiful one, so, taking his life in his hand, he went boldly among them, exchanging beads, needles, pins, and hatchets for corn, venison, pumpkins, and other vegetables. President Ratcliffe, a weak and indolent man, left everything to his management. Now that the survivors were stronger, Smith set them all to work, and led the way himself, encouraging them with helpful words, half joking, half scolding. They must cease grumbling, he said; try and help themselves, and not expect the Company to provide them with pillows and feather-beds. He set them to hew down trees, build houses and thatch them, and clear spaces for gardens, "but always bearing the

greatest task for his own share." They erected a little church, "a homely thing like a barn, set upon cratchets;" and no doubt their houses were just as rude structures, built round an open space or square.

Luckily, as winter came on great flocks of swans, geese, ducks, and cranes appeared on the rivers, and now they had not only enough to eat, but feasting. Still Captain Smith went on buying corn and provisions from the Indians, and storing them up, for he knew these good things would soon come to an end.

One day he and six or seven men in the barge went down the James River to a place called Kecoughtan, where he heard there was corn. He saw great heaps of grain on the bank, so he ran the boat into the shore. No Indians were to be seen, but presently they heard the most hideous noises, and sixty or seventy savages came running out of the wood, painted in various colours—black, white, red, and piebald. On they came in a square formation, singing and dancing, and flourishing their clubs. In front of them a grotesque image was carried. It was their idol, or Okee, and was nothing more than a great doll made of skins, painted and stuffed with moss. They rushed at the English, who, having loaded their pistols in the mean time, fired. Down fell the idol, and four savages laying sprawling on the ground, while the others ran away with all their might. After some little time had elapsed, they sent back a messenger to beg for the return of their beloved Okee.

“Very well,” said Smith, who had by this time learnt a few words of their language, and making signs for the rest; “let six of your numbers come here unarmed, and load up this boat with corn and any provisions that you may have. After this I will give you your Okee, and some beads and hatchets besides.” So the messengers went back, and in about an hour’s time six men came in sight carrying venison, turkeys, and bread. The barge was loaded as full as it could hold, and that done, the English made signs of friendship. The Okee was restored to the Indians, who entertained the English with songs and dances, expressive of delight and good-will. After that they returned with their precious Okee, and Smith and his men went back rejoicing to the fort.

CHAPTER III

THE VOYAGE UP THE CHICKAHOMINY

"The wars in Europe and Africa taught me how to subdue the wild savages of Virginia."—JOHN SMITH.

1607. ONE of the tributaries of the James River was called the Chickahominy, and Smith thought it would be a good plan to sail up its course, and explore further into the country. He caused the barge to be well stocked with food, also with beads, bells, and hatchets for trading purposes, and chose seven suitable men for sailors and one, Thomas Emry, for a carpenter. He also invited Mr. Robinson, a gentleman, to accompany him.

They set out in the month of December, and sailed past great marshes, the haunt of wildfowl, fertile plains, and high red and white cliffs. When they had gone some fifty miles, however, the river became narrower and very rapid, great trees lay across it, which they tried at first to hew asunder with their hatchets; but after toiling for some time in this way, Smith decided not to endanger the barge any further, so they turned back and anchored by some islands,

which formed a safe little bay. Here he saw two Indians with a canoe, and by holding out some brass and copper trinkets, he induced them to let him hire it, and also to come themselves with him as guides. He took Mr. Robinson and Thomas Emry with him in this canoe, and, bidding the sailors on no account to go on shore, set out to sound and explore further. He had good reason for this command, for he saw that the coasts were thickly inhabited with Indians.

The canoe had not long disappeared when the foolish sailors, ridiculing so much caution, determined to land and shoot wild birds. They soon regretted their disobedience, for they had not been long on shore when the Indians swooped down on them, and seized one of them named George Cassen, while the rest scrambled back into the barge. The savages demanded of their prey which way the captain had gone, and then the unhappy Cassen, hoping to save his life, pointed out the direction. This treachery was of no avail, and his fate is too horrible to relate in detail. It is enough to say that they first scalped and skinned him, then tied him to a tree and burned him alive.

Unconscious of this dreadful event, Smith went twenty miles further on with his two companions and guides. Here they paused to rest and cook some food, and while the meat was boiling, Smith, as the place seemed very desolate and uninhabited, proposed to take one guide with him a little way inland to

examine the nature of the soil, though not out of the sound of gun-shot. Mr. Robinson and Emry both had their muskets, and agreed if they caught even the glimpse of a savage, to fire a warning shot. Smith took a French pistol with him, and he had not been on land more than a quarter of an hour when he heard a loud cry, but no warning shot.

"The savages have attacked Robinson and Emry," he thought; "the guides must have betrayed us." Quick as thought, he whipped off his garters and bound the guide's arm fast to his own left wrist. Then he rushed back in the direction of the canoe. Arrows whizzed through the air on all sides, and suddenly he saw four or five Indians charging down upon him. Holding the guide before him as a shield, and with the pistol in his right hand, he defended himself as best he could. He killed two of his assailants, but it was a hopeless struggle, for he soon found himself surrounded by two hundred savages, howling and brandishing their tomahawks. They were a hunting party, to whom the murderers of Cassen had sent a message up the river as to the whereabouts of the other white men. To Smith's surprise, the guide, who had made no resistance to being used as a target, now began to speak to his fellow-Indians, and managed to make himself heard amid the din. The white man, he said, was the captain, and why not come to terms instead of killing him?

The chief, whose name was Opechancanough, ordered

his braves to lie down without shooting. He then demanded Smith's pistol. The white men in the canoe were slain, he said, and if their captain wished to save his life, he must give up his weapons. The guide, turning towards Smith, implored him to do this; but as they were talking, Smith stepped back. He had not noticed where he was going, and that the ground was very marshy. To his dismay, he found himself in a quagmire and fast sinking. The guide tried to drag him out, and begged him to throw away his pistol, as his only chance of safety. The crowd of Indians stood round watching, but not daring to approach while he was still armed. The mud was now up to his waist, and the cold was intense; death was certain if he remained where he was, but there was just a chance of life if he took the guide's advice. So he flung away his pistol, and allowed himself to be taken prisoner. He was numbed with cold and could scarcely walk, so they led him to the fire where he had left Mr. Robinson and Emry. To his grief, he beheld the dead body of Mr. Robinson lying on the ground stuck full of arrows. For some time he lay exhausted, but they chafed and rubbed his limbs so diligently that at last he recovered consciousness. They then led him before their chief, who gazed at him curiously. This man had an intelligent face, so our hero thought it would be well to awaken his interest in some new thing. He therefore drew from his jerkin his ivory double-compass dial. Opechancanough

took it, turned it over, and shook his head. The other savages stood round, "wondering at the playing of the fly and the needle;" they tried to touch it, but could not because of the glass. Then Smith took it in his hand and explained to them how it was used as well as he could by signs and the few words with which he was acquainted. He went on to tell them how the earth was really round and not flat, about the sun, moon, and stars, and the tides of the sea, of the great masses of land, and the different kinds of people who inhabited them. Smith's knowledge of astronomy and geography was incorrect, but he spoke according to the science of his time. People then believed America to be the antipodes of Britain. The Indians listened in admiration, but after a while they began to grow suspicious, as though they were saying, "Oh come, this is a little too much; you can't expect us to believe all that." So they tied him up to a tree and took up positions round him ready to shoot; but Opechancanough, who had been thoughtfully turning over matters, suddenly held up the compass and commanded his men to stop. They laid down their bows and led him in triumphal procession to their village, which he afterwards found was called Orapakes. The chief went ahead, preceded by twenty bowmen; then came the prisoner, held fast by three great savages. On each side marched a file of Indians, with their bows and arrows all ready to shoot in case he tried to run away. When they

arrived at Orapakes, a village of thirty or forty wigwams, all the women and children came out to stare at the stranger. The warriors, having arrayed themselves in what they considered full dress, by painting their heads and shoulders a bright scarlet, and decking themselves with feathers, white shells, and snake-skins, now began to execute their martial exercises, finishing up with a dance of triumph. Brandishing their bows, they danced round in a ring, yelling out "the most hellish notes and screeches." These dances appeared to consist of several different figures and rhythmic movements, and were accentuated by terrific stamping of the feet. When the demonstration was concluded, Smith was led away to a wigwam, where bread and venison enough for twenty men were set before him, while a guard of forty of the biggest Indians stood around. As may be supposed, he had not much appetite; but every few hours they kept bringing more food and insisting upon his eating, till at last he began to fear they were cannibals, and wished to fatten him up before killing him. Some days followed, during which time Opechancanough and his men were making preparations for an attack on James Town, for they hated and dreaded these strange new settlers in their country. They often begged Smith to give them his advice, promising in return land, liberty, and wives. But he always shook his head, saying:

"It is no use trying to assault James Town, for they

have there all kinds of engines and guns that you have never seen before, and will blow you up before you can even get near the wall."

One morning an old man came running up violently excited, and, swinging his tomahawk, wanted to dash out Smith's brains, but the guard prevented him.

"My son is dying," cried he; "he has been wounded by the weapon of the white man"—meaning the pistol.

Instantly Smith had an idea. "Lead me to your son," said he.

So they brought him to where the young man lay in his hut, breathing his last. Smith looked at him very learnedly, and said—

"This wound is not mortal, and could be cured if I had but the physic. I have a marvellous water at James Town which will do it if you will let me go and fetch it with a guard."

But to this they would not consent. So he begged them to send two or three men with a message instead. He tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, and wrote a short note to the President, warning him that an attack was intended, and bidding him frighten the messengers by a display of cannon-shot. He asked also for a bottle of the "marvellous water" and some necessaries. Snow was falling fast, and it was a bitterly cold day; but the messengers went off gaily with the letter, and in three days they returned. They were terribly cowed and frightened. It was

quite true, they said, about the engines and guns round about James Town. They had fled away at the awful fire and the roaring noise; but when they went back again to the same place, they found the medicine and the other things there, just as the prisoner had said they would. Either he was a very skilful conjuror or the paper could speak.

Meantime the old man's son had died, and the bereaved father, thirsting for revenge, again threatened Smith's life; but Opechancanough, who had no wish to lose his prisoner in this way, determined to move onward. They led him about among the various tribes, and their priests practised all manner of fearful incantations. One morning John was sitting in one of these houses, not a wigwam this time, but a long, large room like a barn. A great fire was burning in the centre, and Smith's guards had placed him on a mat one side of the wall. Suddenly the door opened, and in pranced an enormous savage, painted black all over with oil and charcoal, and adorned with stuffed weasels and snakes, with a rattle in his hand. After the most horrible contortions, he began howling an incantation, and strewed a circle of meal round the fire. Then in came six more priests, three and three, also painted black, but with red and white splotches. They danced and shook their rattles, and then sat down on each side of the high priest. Amid awful groans they made another circle round the fire with grains of corn, and at every

fifth grain they placed a little stick. Smith watched them with interest, and then asked the meaning of the ceremony. They answered it was to find out whether he were really a friend or an enemy, and if the latter, whether he should be put to death. The meal signified their country, the corn the bounds of the sea, and the sticks Smith's country. Smith was relieved to find that though they had been through this performance every morning for three days, they had obtained no conclusive answer.

Opechancanough, however, often sent for his prisoner to talk with him, and to ask him about guns and the sailing of a ship; he was also very wishful to know about the Englishman's God.

"I have seen men clothed like you before," he remarked, "four or five days' journey from the Falls: but they are all slain." By which, perhaps, he meant the settlers of Raleigh's Virginia Company, who were afterwards known to have perished.

John found himself treated as a sort of demi-god, and the Indians came to consult him on all kinds of questions. Once a man, who had stolen a bag of gunpowder, came to ask him if he should sow it in the ground like corn, so that more would spring up. On the other hand, the Englishman learned many things from the Indians; he was particularly interested in their method of hunting deer, which they did by lighting a circle of fires and driving them in. He also admired their warlike exercises, and

learned to speak and understand something of their language.

After wandering two or three weeks over rivers and through forests, Opechancanough (whose "kingdom," so Smith learnt, was called Pamaunke) decided to bring his prisoner before the over-king.

CHAPTER IV

AN OFT-TOLD TALE.

“ Who shall shield the fearless heart?
Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng with sudden dart
See there starts an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight.
Loose the chain, unbind the ring:
I am daughter of a king,
And I claim the Indian right.”

The Virginians.

1608. THE over-king who ruled over all the other chiefs of the country is always spoken of as the Emperor Powhatan, though “Emperor” seems rather a grand title to give to an ignorant savage, and Powhatan was not his real name, but that of his territory. This Emperor was then holding his “Court” at a place called Werowocomoco, which was on the Pamaunke, but only twelve miles from James Town by land. The “palace” was a long, barn-like building, made of the branches of trees interwoven and covered with bark. Here Powhatan consented to receive the strange white man. He appeared to be anxious to make a good impression, and ordered that the prisoner should be

received in full state. All the courtiers put on a fresh coat of red paint, and ornamented their heads with new white feathers. They hoped that this grandeur would over-awe the Englishman.

Smith was led in between two hundred warriors, who stood drawn up in two rows, and gazed at him with grim stolid faces as if he had been a monster, while his entrance was greeted with a loud shriek. In the middle of the hall a large fire was burning, and at the upper end was a bedstead, covered with ten or twelve mats or carpets. Here the King sat on a pillow of embroidered leather with a favourite wife on either hand, while his other queens and attendants were ranged against the wall; all were in their full dress of otter skin and long chains of white beads. Drawn up in rows on either side of the fire the chief officers were seated on mats. The Emperor himself wore a long robe of raccoon skins with many rows of big pearls round his neck. He appeared to be a man of about sixty years of age, tall and well-proportioned, with grey hair, and hardly any beard. His cast of countenance was grave and severe, but what struck a stranger the most was the extreme dignity, even majesty, of his bearing. Smith had, during his life, seen several kings and princes, but none who possessed greater distinction than this untaught savage. Standing not far from the chair of state was a young girl of about thirteen or fourteen years of age, who in features and the proud carriage

of her head very much resembled the Emperor. She was, in fact, Powhatan's dearest child and plaything, the Princess Pocahontas. She was not pretty, according to our European ideas of beauty, for her skin was of a light copper colour, and her cheek-bones rather high, but her figure was slender and graceful, and her dark eyes flashing with intelligence.

As the young Englishman stood before her father, she gazed at him with looks of wonder and pity, though he did not notice her, observant as he generally was of his surroundings. Powhatan addressed a few words to the prisoner with much condescension and graciousness. Then three or four dishes of meat were brought in and set before the captive, and when he had finished eating, a queen came forward with a bowl of water and a bunch of feathers for him to wash and dry his hands. During this time the Emperor was questioning Opechancanough, his brother and under-king. The latter related how they had taken the white man prisoner, and what knowledge and curious new weapons these English seemed to possess. The Emperor then turned to Smith, and asked him why his people had come so far from over the sea, to which Smith replied that they were sailing in a ship, and that the bad weather had forced them to put in at Chesapeake Bay, as it afforded such a good harbour. The Emperor then began to describe the greatness of his dominions—how they stretched far beyond the Falls, where the water dashed like a storm among rocks

and stones, and what mighty nations he ruled over; how some were great giants and others cannibals; how there were many kingdoms at the head of the bay, where only a year ago he had slain a hundred white strangers, and hung up their scalps to dry in the sun; and how some of these strangers had lived in houses with walls like the English, and had abundance of brass. He said all this in a boasting way, hoping to terrify the prisoner by his power. The latter, however, remained quite calm, and, not to be outdone, described in his turn the glory of the European nations, the innumerable ships that sailed over the seas, and their terrible manner of fighting with cannon. He dwelt especially upon the greatness of Captain Newport, the leader who had brought them over the ocean, and who, in truth, was "Merowames," or "king of all the waters," and that he would very shortly come again—in fact, in a few days. These remarks were very unfortunate, for the Emperor began to grow uneasy. In a very altered manner he bade the prisoner stand aside, and held a long consultation with his chief officer. At the end of it two large stones were brought in and placed before the throne, while several men with clubs came in and stood round. Smith then perceived that he had been condemned to death, but by the most merciful form of execution, *i.e.* by dashing out the victim's brains.

But the Princess Pocahontas, who had been watching these preparations with dismay, gave a cry. She fell

on her knees, seized her father's robe, and with tears and outstretched hands seemed to be imploring mercy on the stranger. Powhatan angrily shook her off, and three or four savages seized Smith roughly, dragged him into the midst of the spectators, and laid his head on the stones. At this juncture the young Indian girl darted forward, pushed away the executioners, and, taking the Englishman's head in her arms, held him so tightly that they could not pull her away. She laid her own head upon the stones so that they dared not strike.

"He shall not die! Spare him!" she cried.

Powhatan seemed to relent. She was his favourite daughter, spoilt and indulged from her babyhood, and seldom had she to beg for anything in vain.

"Let the stranger go," said he at last. "Besides, he may be useful. He shall make beads and bells for her and the other children, and hatchets for me. Lead him away."

So again John Smith's life was saved. The Emperor was not, however, very satisfied with himself for yielding so easily to his child's entreaties. He hated all strangers with a hatred born of fear; whenever he and his people had seen any, they had always slain them, and this man only had he spared to please his little daughter. He kept planning, therefore, how he could turn this foolish indulgence to some practical advantage. He particularly longed to have two of those great guns that his warriors had reported

as mounted on the platform of James Town, and for these he determined to strike a bargain with the Englishman. Two days passed away, and Smith had been removed to a lonely house in the middle of a wood. It was divided into two rooms by means of a curtain or mat, and from behind this curtain there suddenly issued the most doleful shrieks and groans he had ever heard in his life.

"This must be some fresh form of incantation or conjuring," thought he. The sound grew more and more ear-piercing, when suddenly in bounded a tall figure disguised, "in the most fearfullest manner," and stood before him, coal-black from head to foot, glaring and mouthing more like a fiend than a human being, and followed by a howling crowd of diabolical shapes.

But the Englishman was not to be dismayed, and kept perfectly cool. He recognized them at once as Powhatan and his warriors, and quietly watched their wild antics without showing any outward sign of fear. Seeing they were hardly producing the impression they intended, the Emperor at last spoke.

"We are all your friends. I look upon you as my son and will furnish you with guides, and they and my trusty servant Rawhunt will take you back to James Town, if you will send me back by them two of those terrible engines of war that you call culverins and a large stone for grinding knives."

Smith thought for a moment before he replied—

they were not his own guns to give—but at length he said—

“Be it so. I will give the culverins to Rawhunt.”

So it was agreed, and that day, to his great joy and relief, he found himself on the homeward journey, accompanied by his twelve guides.

CHAPTER V

THE NONPAREIL OF VIRGINIA

“The Blessed Pocahontas, as the historian calls her,
And great king’s daughter of Virginia.”

BEN JONSON.

It was the 8th of January when Smith reached James Town, having been away for nearly five weeks, every hour of which he had expected to be put to death by the Indians, for he had never once trusted them for all their feasting and friendship. 1608.

He found the colonists reduced to a dreadful plight during his absence. They had consumed all their provisions, and were dying of cold and starvation. Only thirty-eight were left, and these were quarrelling and blaming each other in their misery.

“Oh, why did we ever come to this dreadful place? It has been our ruin, our death—a hell upon earth.” About twenty-seven of them had taken possession of the pinnacle, and were about to abandon the colony as soon as the weather should be a little warmer. Imagine their joy when they saw Captain Smith walk into the town early one morning, followed by twelve

men loaded with bread and venison. They rushed round him with shouting and weeping.

"We thought you were dead," they cried; "we gave you up. We had your letter, but were too weak to come to your rescue. How did you prevail upon those barbarians to spare your life?"

"Nay," said John, with emotion, "it was Almighty God by His Divine Providence who softened the hearts of the stern barbarians with compassion."

He listened in gloomy surprise to their account of their own sufferings, but he perceived the reason only too well. Many had been too idle to work and help themselves, and all had been too frightened of the savages to trade with them for food. He distributed the bread and venison, and then took Rawhunt and his guides to the platform where the two demi-culverins were mounted. "Here," said he, "are the guns which I promised Powhatan; you can take them if you like."

When the Indians tried to lift them, they found them far too heavy, for the weight of a demi-culverin was about 4500 lbs. They looked at each other in dismay. How was it possible to carry two of them, and the grindstone into the bargain, back to Werowocomoco?

"They are loaded," said Smith, jauntily; "they have got heavy stones inside; but I will shoot these balls out, and that will make them lighter for you to carry."

So he got a match and fired them, at a tall tree a little way off. Down crashed the boughs covered with icicles, and the poor savages ran away half dead with fear. But after awhile they timidly returned, though quite cured of any wish for culverins. The English gave them instead some glass toys, with some pretty presents for Powhatan and his wives and children, and away they went quite satisfied.

Captain Smith promptly resolved there must be no running away with the pinnace, and that any man who attempted it should do so at the hazard of his life.

“For with sakre, falcon, and musket-shot I will make him sink or stay,” he cried.

There was one man, Gabriel Archer, who had been the most mischief-making and quarrelsome of all the colonists, but during Smith’s absence, owing to the death of so many others, he had been made one of the council. He had always hated Smith, and was much disappointed to find he was not dead after all; it further enraged him to see the young man calmly taking over command in this way.

“Who hath made him a ruler and judge over us?” he complained to the council, composed of President Ratcliffe and some of the intending deserters. “Moreover, according to the Levitical law, he should be put to death to answer for the lives of Master Robinson and Thomas Emry, for the fault was his that led them to their ends,”

Here was a good excuse for getting rid of the masterful young captain who thwarted their projects. So Smith was called up for trial, pronounced guilty, and, as there was no time to be lost, condemned to be hanged the next day. It seemed as though he had only escaped from the savages to be murdered by his own people. But he had no fear. He merely defied them, and pointed out to the rest of the colonists that they would all starve to death when he was gone. This they had the sense to perceive, and, backed up by them, he quickly turned the tables on his judges by putting some of the would-be deserters in irons. As for the others, he revived their drooping spirits by his cheering words and example.

“Courage, men! We shall prosper yet. There is plenty of food among the savages, for I have seen great stores of grain at Werowocomoco.” And as if in proof of this assertion, there arrived the next morning another procession of Indians carrying each a load of bread and deer’s flesh, and at their head was the bright-eyed, slender girl Pocahontas. She had brought these things as a present to the great captain, and this sweet, gentle child was delighted to behold the joy with which she was received. She looked around in fearless admiration at the strange Englishmen and their little village of wooden houses guarded by the terrible engines of war. But she was most pleased to see that her gifts found favour in the eyes of Captain Smith, who thanked and praised her in his

kindly, courteous manner, and gave her some pretty beads.

Every four or five days this woodland princess would appear with her followers at the gate of the little town, bringing heaped baskets of food; whether by permission of Powhatan is not known, but probably because she was glad to get this opportunity of seeing the English people. They, on their side, looked upon her as a creature sent from Heaven to succour them, and no wonder they spoke of her as the Blessed Pocahontas. In this way the little colony was saved from starvation, and John was able to bring order again into the community. Shortly after this the joyful sight of Captain Newport's ship gladdened their eyes. It arrived in the harbour one January day loaded with stores, arms, and ammunition from England, and bringing a hundred more emigrants. All was now rejoicing and feasting, especially as Newport brought news that another ship, the *Phœnix*, was also on its way. Newport listened with astonishment to John's account of his five weeks' captivity; but he and the new arrivals were still more astonished when the next day the usual file of Indians appeared before the fort, with Pocahontas at their head, carrying an ample provision of venison, corn, and vegetables.

Captain Smith took Pocahontas by the hand and led her before Captain Newport.

"This," said he, "is the great Merowames, the king of all the waters, of whom I spoke. He hath sailed

many thousand miles, and hath arrived, even as I foresaw, bringing many rare commodities from our great king."

He then informed the other Indians that Captain Newport was ready to trade with them, and to barter with Powhatan for corn and supplies.

The Indians in their turn were much surprised at seeing the great Merowames, who had arrived just as Captain Smith prophesied, and they hurried back to tell the news to their master Powhatan. In the course of a few days they reappeared, bringing presents from the Emperor, and a message to the effect that he desired greatly to see the great Merowames. So Newport and Smith resolved to make a trading expedition by water to Werowocomoco. But it took two or three weeks to get the pinnace ready for this voyage, and in the mean time the savages, only too anxious to buy the new commodities from England, came eagerly to barter their food stuffs.

President Ratcliffe and others of the council were much annoyed to see that these ignorant savages looked upon Smith as quite the chief man of the town. They brought all their merchandise to him, and he established a sort of market, fixing the rate of exchange himself. They also came to him for advice on all subjects, and were particularly anxious to know about his God, whom they called the God of Captain Smith. One day an old man came to him and said—

"I have prayed to my Okee for rain, and he will not send it; but if Captain Smith will pray to his Okee, then it will come."

This made Ratcliffe more jealous than ever, so he said to his friends—

"They do not understand that I am really the President and Chief of the colony. Let us show these Indians and their Emperor that we are all quite as great men as this upstart."

So to do this they paid four times as much for the produce as the fixed prices, and this, of course, greatly pleased the native dealers; but the result was, that in a few days the colonists could not get for a pound of copper what in the first instance had been sold to them for an ounce.

Captain Newport was almost as injudicious as Ratcliffe in this wish to show off his greatness. He was delighted at the idea of being a great Merowames, and set off in state in the pinnace, taking Smith with him as an interpreter, and one Master Scrivener, a new arrival and gentleman of good education, with forty men besides. They sailed down and up the rivers, trading as they went with the various tribes. When they reached Werowocomoco, the Emperor received them with much hospitality, and with the same display of paint and feathers as on the first occasion. Captain Newport presented him with a red-cloth suit of clothes, a hat, and a white dog, as a present from the great King of England. Powhatan

was much gratified, and caused one of his nobles to make a long oration, vowing perpetual peace and friendship—protestations which did not make much impression on Smith, who knew how far such friendship was to be trusted. The ceremonial part of the business being over, the next day they came to business. Newport displayed his treasures, but the wily Powhatan had learned how to bargain from the accounts his men gave him of the markets of James Town. So he put on a scornful air and said to Captain Newport—

“Great Merowames, it is not agreeable to my greatness to trade in this peddling manner as my subjects do. Lay down all the commodities you wish to sell, and I will give you what I think is their value.”

Smith interpreted this speech, and then added on his own account in lower tones—

“Do no such thing. He only wishes to cheat you.”

But Newport was vexed that an Indian savage should think him a pedlar, when he wished to pass for a very proud noble and to make Powhatan admire his generosity. So he heaped up his copper kettles, hatchets, and bells ostentatiously, and said, much to Smith’s vexation—

“Take these, and give me in return as much corn as you think fitting.”

He expected to have at least twenty hogsheads, but, to his surprise, Powhatan caused his servants to measure out four bushels.

“Said I not so?” exclaimed Smith, in a rage. But restraining his anger, he assumed a careless air and put his hand in his pocket, whence he drew out in a casual way a handful of bright blue beads, in such a way that they flashed in the sun. They caught Powhatan’s eye at once.

“What are those?” asked he, eagerly.

“Ah!” said Smith, hastily putting them back. “I did not intend them to be seen, as they are not for sale.”

“But what are they?” asked the Emperor again.

“Very precious jewels, composed of a most rare substance, and of the colour of the skies. Of a sort, indeed, only to be worn by the greatest kings of the world.”

“Then I will have them!” cried Powhatan.

“Nay, but I cannot sell them, except it may be for many bushels of corn, for more than you are able to give. They are for mightier ones than you.”

“I will give you a hundred bushels!” cried the Indian monarch, stung by this remark.

Smith still shook his head, and Powhatan, now half mad to possess them, bid two hundred, then three hundred bushels; upon which, with a great show of reluctance, Smith handed them to him. So with a few beads he bought more corn than Captain Newport had done with all his stock. Powhatan was delighted with his bargain, and they parted excellent friends. The fame of these beads spread over the country, and it was

lucky that Smith had several pounds of them, for all the under-kings were anxious to buy them for themselves and for their wives, though a law was made that none below the rank of a Werowance (chief) should presume to wear them.

When the trading party returned to James Town, they found that the savages, emboldened by their absence, had been stealing pistols and other English weapons. President Ratcliffe had never dared to punish them when caught, for he was so anxious not to offend them; nor did he ever try to prevent the colonists selling hatchets to them, though Smith had expressly forbidden it. Worse still, Captain Newport, who had promised Powhatan twenty swords on his return to James Town, insisted on sending these to him, thinking this would entirely cement their friendship.

"Alas!" cried Smith, "these swords will be used to cut our own throats! You do not understand the savages. When they cease to fear us there will be an end of friendship."

These were not the only trials, for the Council in London, thinking that, as the Spaniards had discovered such enormous treasure in South America, there must be gold in North America also, had sent out mineralists and refiners, with the order that they were to search for gold and silver mines. There was a perfect craze among the colonists, who, instead of getting on with the necessary work of cutting down

cedar trees to load the ship for her return voyage, had been doing nothing but hammering rocks, and sifting and washing the soil. It was true some sparkling grains had been found here and there, which the experts from England declared was a sure sign of a large auriferous deposit somewhere. This made the settlers more infatuated than ever, but Smith only laughed contemptuously, and refused to join in the search.

"I am no mineralist," said he. "But till they can show me something more substantial than that gilded dirt, I am not enamoured of their golden inventions, and never did anything more torment me than to see necessary business thus neglected."

It made him sad that the colonists could not see there was more wealth in the soil itself of Virginia than in all the treasure the Spaniards ever digged from the mines of Potosi.

At last Captain Newport and his ship departed. In the mean time Powhatan's men had grown so bold and insolent that they pilfered in broad daylight, and even dared to attack the colonists. President Ratcliffe made no attempt to stop them, because the Council in London had sent out strict orders that on no account were the poor savages to be ill treated.

At last one day, luckily for the colony, they meddled with Captain Smith. He was working in the fields with his friend Master Scrivener, when he became aware of the approach of four savages. They

were newly painted, a sure sign of being on the war-path, and they had their shooting-gloves on. They circled round the two Englishmen, waving their clubs and uttering their accustomed cry of "Whoo! whoo! poo!"

"Ah!" cried Smith. "I knew their feigning love towards me was not without deadly hatred."

Council or no council, he resolved to stand no nonsense, so he and Scrivener promptly gave their assailants such a reception that they very much regretted having come. Other Indians having come up, Smith and Scrivener called half a score or so of colonists to their assistance, and chased the savages up and down the settlement, thrashing and beating them so unmercifully that they were thoroughly terrified. Seven were caught, and were immediately led into the little house that served as a gaol.

When Powhatan heard that his warriors had been taken prisoners he was greatly angered, and sent another company, also in full war-paint, who appeared before the fort commanding their instant release, and threatening, if refused, to assault the town.

President Ratcliffe, who had now become alive to the dangers of the position, followed Smith's advice in everything. So, without further parley, the English sallied forth with their guns and muskets, and soon sent this mighty force flying, terrified at the mere sight of the fire-arms. Smith was afterwards reproved by the Council for his cruelty, but he knew that

savages, like strong and unbridled animals, can only be managed by not being afraid of them.

The effect of this vigorous action was remarkable. Powhatan's men, reduced to a state of abject fear, brought back the stolen weapons, with a humble request from their master that the prisoners might be released. But no notice was taken of this petition. The next day two other messengers arrived. These were his trusty deformed servant Rawhunt and his beloved daughter Pocahontas. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when they appeared before the fort, bringing with them a present of venison to propitiate the terrible captain. It was the hour of evening prayer, and the colonists, according to their custom, were assembled in the little wooden church, whither also the prisoners were being marshalled in procession. News, however, of Powhatan's embassy being brought to the President, he gave orders that they should be admitted and led into the public square, where the congregation now resorted. Rawhunt, the wily savage, stepped forward and desired to speak with the Werowance Smith, while Pocahontas stood silently gazing with large eyes full of reverence at the Englishman, who seemed to her almost as a god. As she stood there, wrapped in her long deer-skin cloak, her head decked with the famous blue beads, as a king's daughter, her slender feet encased in leather embroidered shoes, the colonists were struck with admiration. Many of them, recently arrived by

the *Phoenix*, had never seen her before, though all had heard of her. Young as she was, she stood with simple dignity, well formed and straight, like most of the maidens of her race, but, unlike them, there was nothing grotesque in her appearance. Her dark skin was not tattooed, and her long hair hung neatly plaited to her waist.

"This little maid," they all exclaimed, "exceeds all the other daughters of the country! She is indeed the very Nonpareil of Virginia!"

The diplomatic Rawhunt, in the mean time, was making a long oration, saying how much his master loved and respected Captain Smith, and how it had all been a misunderstanding; that his men had only stolen the weapons, fearing that the English had the intention of destroying them all with the same.

"As to that," replied Smith, "your master Powhatan well knows that we intended no such thing. Yet will I release the prisoners for the sake of his daughter Pocahontas, whom he hath sent, and for her sake only, because she hath saved my life, and I will deliver them into her hands."

So he ordered the evening service to proceed, and when it was over, the captives, who had been well treated, were restored to liberty, and their bows and arrows were returned to them. Smith then called for some pretty trinkets, which he presented to Pocahontas, and which filled her with childish delight.

So she returned with the faithful Rawhunt and the released captives, back to her father at Werowocomoco, and henceforward was more devoted to the cause of the English than ever.

CHAPTER VI

THE EXPLORATION OF CHESAPEAKE BAY

“For my part, I cannot choose, but grieve, that the actions of Englishmen should be inferior to any, and that the command of England should not be as great as any Monarchy that ever was since the world began.”—JOHN SMITH.

1608. DURING this year, Smith, with a crew of twelve men and a doctor named Russel, made two voyages in the barge to explore the Bay of Chesapeake. At first they encountered horrible storms of wind and rain, their food was spoilt, and fresh water ran low; the men were desperate to return, but Smith, by his cheering speeches, encouraged them to go on.

“Remember, gentlemen, the memorable history of Sir Ralph Lane; how his company importuned him to proceed in the discovery of Guiana, alleging that they had yet a dog, which, being boiled with saxafras leaves, would richly feed them. Abandon your childish fears; the worst is past, and not likely to happen again, and there is as much danger to return as to proceed. Regain, therefore, your old spirits, for return I will not till, if God please, I have found the head of this water.”

When the weather grew calmer they were able to fish. Unfortunately they had no nets, and the fishes lay so thick that they tried catching them with a frying-pan, but, as one of them remarked after several trials, "They are not to be caught with frying-pans." So they tried sticking them with swords, and in this way caught more than they could eat. One day their captain went on shore and amused himself by nailing them to the ground with his falchion. One stuck on the point. It looked something like a thornback, with a "long tail like a riding-rod." It was a sting-ray, and as he took hold of it to pull it off, its long tail twisted round his wrist. It contained a poisoned sting, which stuck into his flesh an inch and a half deep. The torment was extreme, and the whole of his arm swelled up. It went on growing worse and worse, till Smith concluded that his time had really come to die at last, and gave directions for his funeral.

"Bury me," said he to his sorrowing crew, "on that little island over yonder."

By this time it was Dr. Russel's turn to cheer the crew.

"Nay," he said, "our captain will live yet."

He probed the wound and poured in some "precious oil." Gradually the pain began to abate, and the sufferer's spirits rose accordingly. By night-time it had nearly disappeared, so he called for the fish, had it cooked, and ate it in triumph for his supper. To

commemorate their joy the crew called the little island Stingray Island, and so it is called to this day. Other names, also, they gave in honour of various events in their captain's history, such as Ployer Point, Willoughby Isles, and Peregrine Mount. Others they named after themselves, such as Russel Isles, Ward, Cantrell, and Sicklemore Point, and so on. I will not describe their discoveries during these two voyages, as the land is now so well known, except to say that at the extreme end of the bay they found a tribe of people called the Susquehannahs. These were a race of remarkably tall men, who looked like giants in comparison with the English. One especially the explorers described as being the goodliest man they ever beheld. The calf of his leg was three-quarters of a yard round, and the rest of his limbs were in proportion. His voice was like the deep echo from a cave, and his arrows a yard and a quarter long. The Susquehannahs were clothed in wolves' and bears' skins, but, for all their fierce appearance, they were by far the mildest and friendliest natives the explorers met, and regarded the English with such admiration that they were ready to adore them as gods had they been permitted to do so. It was the custom of Smith and his crew to go on shore and begin the day with prayer and a psalm. The Susquehannahs watched this ceremony with great interest, and afterwards begged the English to be their protectors, and their captain to be their governor.

For this purpose he was invested in a great painted bearskin, and a chain of white beads weighing about seven pounds.

These attentions, though gratifying, were somewhat embarrassing, and the English, to the great grief of their would-be worshippers, soon found it was time to go. They took their leave, promising to come again the next year.

Wherever they went on shore they placed a letter in a hole in a tree, with a brass cross near to indicate its whereabouts, so that any Englishman, afterwards wandering through the land, might know his countrymen had already trodden that soil.

During these two voyages Smith made a chart of Chesapeake Bay, which he got ready to send home to his friend Henry Hudson, the navigator, when Newport and his ship should be returning to England after the next supply.

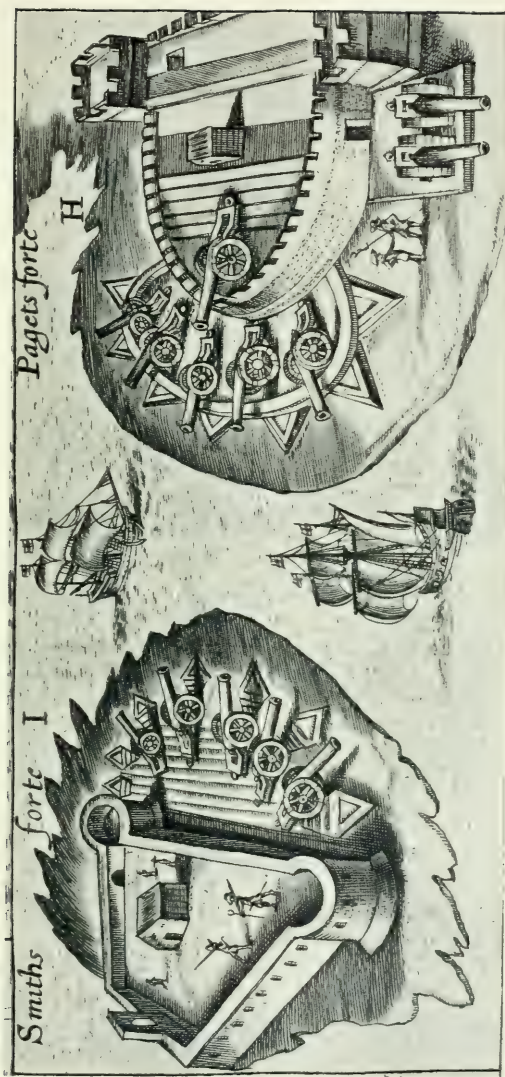
Smith hoped that the publication of this chart might encourage Englishmen to explore further up the coast of North America and to take possession of the unoccupied territory. He firmly believed in England's capacity for empire, if only her rulers were not afraid of greatness.

CHAPTER VII

THE TREACHERY OF THE DUTCHMEN

“If the little Ant and the silly Bee seek by their diligence the good of their commonwealth, much more ought Man. If they punish the Drones, and sting them that steal their labour, then blame not Man. Little honey hath that hive where there are more Drones than Bees, and miserable is that land where more are idle than well employed.”—JOHN SMITH.

1608. WHEN the exploring party returned to James Town in September they found the harvest gathered in, thanks to the diligence of Master Scrivener, whom Smith had left in charge. The foolish President Ratcliffe had been deposed; but, owing to his wastefulness and want of forethought in the earlier part of the year, the supply of corn was not nearly enough to last the winter through. Smith was now chosen President, and he hoped to supply this shortage by trading with the savages, whom he and Scrivener had got into excellent order. He was also determined that every man should work, and started by setting the example himself. The church was repaired, new storehouses built, and the fort strengthened. It had never been properly built before, and was now reduced to a regulation form, probably like one of the



SMITH'S FORT.

From the "History of Bermuda," being Part II. of the "True Travels and Adventures of Captain John Smith."

accompanying illustrations. Every Sunday the whole company was drilled on the plain by the west bulwark, which was called, after the captain, "Smithfield."¹ There sometimes more than a hundred savages would stand watching the Europeans exercise and shoot at a mark. In the month of October, Captain Newport arrived again with his ship and a second supply of stores and emigrants. The new President had hoped they would be husbandmen, carpenters, builders, and blacksmiths, such men as he had counselled Newport to bring; but to his dismay he found that they were soap-boilers and glass-makers, besides useless gentlemen.

"What folly!" exclaimed he. "We want men to till the ground and build houses and barns. Soap and glass we can buy already made from Holland."

Newport explained that the Company in London were very vexed at having no return for their great expenditure, and disappointed that no gold-mines had been discovered. Concluding that the colonists had not enough to do, the Council thought it advisable for them to be taught the manufacture of soap and glass, and these commodities could afterwards be sent home. They had therefore procured men from Holland to instruct them in those arts.

Smith was out of all patience, especially with Newport, who knew so well what was really wanted, and

¹ The captain himself named it "Alicc Smithfield," probably after his mother.

ought to have advised the Council accordingly. If the number of idle, useless drones in the settlement would not work to keep themselves from starving, it was not likely that they would work to make soap and glass for the Company ; and, in the mean time, the Dutchmen were so many extra mouths to be fed. More annoying still, King James, having heard from Newport about the Emperor Powhatan, and deceived by his title, insisted upon regarding him as a brother monarch. Our British Solomon, as we know, had a tremendous idea of the grandeur of kingship, and was shocked to hear that this divinely appointed ruler had never been anointed or crowned. To supply this deficiency, and to impress Powhatan with the value of his alliance, he had sent out all things necessary for his coronation—a crown made of copper-gilt, a crimson velvet robe, a basin, ewer, and chair of state.

“Are the Council mad to allow such things?” exclaimed Smith. “This poor naked savage, what knows he of coronations? This stately kind of soliciting will make him so much overvalue himself that he will respect us at nothing at all !”

However, it was King James’s wish, and crowned Powhatan had to be.

“And a foul trouble there was to do it,” as one of the colonists records. To save hands—for few could be spared from the unlading and relading of the ship—Smith went himself with four men to invite Powhatan to come to James Town for the ceremony,

for Newport would not have dared to go with less than a hundred and twenty.

Powhatan was very suspicious of this brotherly attention on the part of King James, and flatly refused to go to James Town.

"If your King has sent me presents," said he, loftily, "I will remain here at Werowocomoco for eight days longer to receive them. Captain Newport ought to come to me, and not I to him, for I also am a King."

This answer was very much what Smith had expected; so, as Powhatan would not go to James Town, Captain Newport reluctantly had to go to Werowocomoco. He set out with a guard of the newly drilled soldiers, and a day was appointed for the grand ceremony. Everything was to be done strictly according to European etiquette, as King James desired. So a crimson carpet was laid down in the hall of the Emperor's "palace," and on it the chair of state was placed; all the presents were set out, including the basin, ewer, and flask of anointing oil. All the nobles and "court" were assembled to witness this novel ceremony. But Powhatan spoiled it all. He first made a tremendous fuss about putting on the crimson robe, and was only persuaded by his son Nantaquaus that it would not hurt him. Then he would not kneel down to receive the crown from Captain Newport. He knew nothing about crowns and anointing with oil, and thought some trick was intended. At last,

by leaning hard on his shoulders, they made him stoop a little, but it took three men to place the crown on his head. When this was done, a salute of pistols was fired outside. The noise made him spring up in horrible fear; but, seeing no harm was intended, he calmed down again. When the coronation was all over, it struck Powhatan that some little return on his part was expected for all this attention, so he presented Captain Newport with a pair of his old shoes and his cast-off cloak!

While Newport's ship was in the harbour, the chief business to be done was to hew down cedar trees for her homeward-bound cargo. The President took with him about twenty gentlemen, including a young Master Russell, lately arrived, into the forest, and there set them their tasks. At first the hard labour was very irksome to them. The axes blistered their fingers, and many an oath resounded through the woods; but gradually they began to enjoy it, and to take a delight in hearing the axes ring and the trees thunder as they fell. It was like a picnic, lodging, eating, and drinking in the open air. The President, too, was so kind and encouraging, that everything went off as pleasantly as possible. There was one thing, however, that he disapproved of very much, and that was the swearing. To a deeply religious man it was very painful to hear God's Name taken in vain; so to cure this bad habit he had every man's oaths counted, and at the end of the day, if they exceeded

a certain number, he caused a can of water to be poured down the offender's sleeve. After a week there was scarcely an oath to be heard, and the work proceeded merrily.

"Thirty willing young gentlemen," remarked the President, thoughtfully, "can do more in a day than a hundred idle tapsters and loiterers, yet twenty good workmen would have been better than them all."

At last the ship was loaded with the fragrant Virginian cedar-wood, soap and glass works were established according to orders, and Captain Newport, with Ratcliffe and Archer, returned to England in a very bad humour with the new President. He was annoyed at the result of Powhatan's coronation, and vexed that Smith, a man so much younger than himself, had foreseen it.

Yet more serious consequences were to follow. Powhatan had perceived by all this toadying and flattering how necessary his good-will was to the new settlement, since its existence depended largely upon the supplies of corn from his own territories and those of his under-kings. He was clever enough to turn this knowledge to his own advantage. The harvests had been very plentiful that autumn, but when the President sent out an expedition to buy corn, all the chiefs of the surrounding districts refused to sell, alleging that the crops had been very poor, and that they had barely enough for their own needs. Powhatan, now that he was a crowned king, considered himself far

too grand to dwell in a wattle house of native make, so he sent a messenger to the President, saying that if he would build him a wooden house for a palace, with glass windows, doors, and chimneys, like the English dwelt in, he would freight his ship with corn, but not unless.

The winter was setting in, and the President, who foresaw a famine if further supplies were not obtained, consented to build this "palace." He despatched two English workmen, and as he had not enough employment in the fort for all the Dutchmen, he sent three of their number also. Their names, according to English pronunciation, were Francis, Adam, and Samuel. They were clever and industrious, and to Smith they seemed honest and friendly men. On arriving at Werowocomoco, these workmen set about building the English house, of which a chimney still exists, or did so till quite recently.

On the 29th of December the President set out on a trading expedition up the Pamaunke River to buy corn, relying on Powhatan's promise to freight his ship. He chose fifteen young men after his own heart, armed with swords and muskets. Smith set sail in the barge, followed by the pinnace, for the grain, leaving his friend, Master Scrivener, and a Captain Winne in charge of the settlement. The expedition was delayed seven days owing to a storm of wind, frost, and snow, so they kept the Christmas¹ festivities on

¹ Old Christmas Day, *i.e.* January 5th.

shore among the Kecoughtan tribes; "and never," says Michael Phittiplace, one of the gentlemen, "were we more merry, nor fed on more plenty of good oysters, fish, flesh, wildfowl, and good bread, nor never had better fires in England, than in the smoky houses of Kecoughtan."

They arrived at Werowocomoco on the 12th of 1609. January, but found the river there so frozen that both the pinnacle and the barge stuck fast, and they had to wade waist-deep in the ice-cold ooze. Poor young Russell, who was not used to the severe climate, and who would persist in following wherever Smith led, became so numbed with the cold that he was dragged to the shore unconscious. Two or three wattle houses stood along the bank, and these they were allowed to take possession of. Roaring fires were lighted, and they soon restored the young fellow to life again. Having sent a messenger to Powhatan for provisions, they were delighted to see some men approaching, loaded with turkeys, bread, and venison. The next day they proceeded to Powhatan's residence armed with their swords and muskets, and taking their European goods which they had for sale. The newly crowned "brother" of King James received them graciously enough, but professed to be quite surprised at seeing them, and asked them how long they intended to stay.

"I have come for the corn that you promised; are not these the very messengers that you sent to me?"

returned Smith, pointing out two or three braves standing near. Powhatan tried to laugh the matter off, and asked to see their goods. But he looked them over discontentedly, saying he cared only to buy guns and swords.

"As for that," said Smith, "I told you long ago I had none to spare, and would not sell them." By which remark Powhatan was greatly enraged, and still more so when the English refused to send away their weapons and to talk with him unarmed.

"Captain Newport," he said, "gave me swords and whatever I desired, taking whatever I offered him, and would send away his guns when I entreated him. None doth refuse to do what I command but only Captain Smith."

He pretended to be very frightened, and declared that Smith and his men had only brought their muskets to destroy him and his people. He secretly gave orders for his women and children to be ready for flight, and after a long oration to pass away the time, he abruptly ended the interview and fled away with his family into the woods.

This was vexatious for the trading party, as they had not yet bought half enough corn; but there seemed no help for it, so, having hired some Indians to break the ice, they loaded the pinnace with what grain they had. The tide was very low, so they decided to wait till high water the next day, and spent that evening in their wattle quarters on shore.

It was a dark, cold winter night, and they had nothing for supper but the remains of their last meal. After finishing this scanty repast, they lay down to sleep round the fire, each man with his musket ready to hand.

But Smith did not sleep; he lay listening to every sound. Presently he heard a crackling of branches, and a footstep outside. A dark form wrapped in a long mantle entered. "Captain Smith," whispered a voice. He started up and recognized Pocahontas.

"I have run through the woods," she said hurriedly, panting for breath. "Powhatan hath assembled his warriors, and means to attack you during the night. They have swords and muskets, obtained I know not how. He will presently send you great platters of venison and other good cheer to assure you of his friendship. Then while you sit at supper, he will surround this house, and fall upon you and kill you all. Be gone at once if you wish to live;" and as she spoke the tears rolled down her dark cheeks.

"Pocahontas," replied Smith, baring his head, "how can we requite you?" Then added solemnly, "The Eternal, All-seeing God hath made you a means to preserve us. It is impossible for us to be gone till the high water, but till then we shall watch vigilantly."

Others of the party now crowded round, and offered her their thanks. Smith sorted out from among his merchandise some bracelets and necklaces, such as

before had always delighted her, and begged her to accept them as a token of their gratitude, but she pushed them away.

“I durst not be seen with them. If Powhatan should know that I have been here, he will kill me.” And so, without a further word of farewell, she ran away by herself as she had come.

About half an hour after, eight tall fellows appeared carrying smoking dishes of cooked food as a present from Powhatan. The President made them first taste every dish, for fear it should be poisoned; then bade his men sit down and eat, as they were still very hungry. Turning to the Indians, he said—

“Go, bid your Emperor make haste. Tell him that we are prepared for his coming, and do not fear him.”

The men went away, and all through that night Smith and his men watched, but no enemy appeared.

CHAPTER VIII

THE KINGS OF PAMAUNKE AND PASPAHEGH

“Pamaunke’s King we saw thee captive make
Among seven hundred of his stoutest men,
To murder thee and us resolvèd; when
Fast by the hand thou ledst this savage grim,
Thy pistol at his breast to govern him.”

M. PHITTIPLACE.

POWHATAN, after all, did not send to attack the 1609.
Englishmen that night; his courage failed him on
hearing the report of their resolute behaviour.

What was the reason of this altered and unfriendly
conduct on his part? It was the result partly of his
coronation, and partly it was caused by the Dutchmen.
They had long secretly hated the English, and,
actuated perhaps by national jealousy, resolved that
their colony should not prosper. Finding themselves
alone among the Indians, they seized this splendid
opportunity of carrying out their designs. They
worked upon the naturally suspicious nature of Pow-
hatan. In his alternate alarm and admiration of the
new-comers, he had been undecided what course to
pursue towards them. But the Dutchmen, perceiving

his uneasy state, helped him to come to a decision. They persuaded him that if they only got enough European firearms, it would be an easy matter to assault James Town and kill the English inside. For this purpose they had been slowly accumulating, by skilful thefts, a store of swords and muskets, and with these they armed Powhatan's warriors. They drilled them, and taught them something of European methods of fighting. Emboldened by the possession of this little army, Powhatan had resolved to rid his country of the dreaded strangers. It was the Dutchmen who had urged him to take advantage of this excellent opportunity to massacre Captain Smith and his picked band of men, pointing out how much easier it would be to assault James Town when its terrible President was disposed of. But this plan, as we have seen, had fallen through.

No sooner had the trading party departed from Werowocomoco, than Powhatan returned to his "palace," and with him the Dutchmen. Taking advantage of Smith's absence from James Town, he sent Adam and Francis on an errand to Captain Winne, pretending to have come from the President, and demanding some extra tools that they required for their work. Captain Winne, believing all was well, gave out the things from the store. Adam and Francis stayed overnight, and during this time they persuaded the other Dutchmen in the fort to be their confederates. By their aid they stole a further supply

of firearms, and loaded the Indians, who were waiting in hiding, with them.

The Emperor was delighted with this haul, and, encouraged by his Dutch advisers, now resolved to declare open warfare. He sent messengers round in haste to all his chiefs, saying that if they did not lend him their aid in capturing the President, he would hang them all. (Hanging, being the European mode of punishment, was a much more effective threat than the native one of dashing out their brains.)

Meanwhile, the pinnace and the barge, with their unconscious crews, pursued their way up the stream. Their next trading-place was Oropakes, in Pamaunke, the country of Opechancanough. This village was on the Chickahominy, so Smith and his men disembarked and continued their journey on foot. Opechancanough received them in his house, and pretended to be delighted at seeing his former prisoner, Captain Smith. But his manner was strained, and as he spoke his eyes wandered uneasily towards the door. He tried to hold Smith in conversation, talking very fast, protesting his friendship, and declaring what a large quantity of corn he had stored up ready for him.

Suddenly the President felt himself pulled by the sleeve. It was young Master Russell, who had just made his way in.

"Captain," he whispered, "the house is beset by

seven hundred men. They are even now without, and have surrounded us."

His companions standing near started in dismay on overhearing these dreadful tidings. Captain Smith glanced around him, and then looked Opechancanough fixedly in the face. The eyes of the savage fell, and his voice stammered.

"Countrymen," said their captain in English, turning to his followers, "we are sixteen men, and they are but seven hundred. Assure yourselves that God will so assist us that if you make a stand and discharge your muskets, the very smoke will be sufficient to affright them. However, let us fight like men, and not die like sheep."

He saw it was best to bluff it out and betray no fear, so he commanded Percy, Francis West, and others to keep the doors, and, turning to the King, said in the Indian dialect—

"I see, Opechancanough, your plot to murder us, but I fear it not."

Then stepping boldly up to the chief, he seized him by the long lock of his hair, and placed his pistol against his breast. The trembling Opechancanough, ready to die with fright at the sight of firearms, dared make no resistance, nor did any of his men, by whom he was surrounded, spring forward to his aid. He was a tall, powerful man, but Smith dragged him forward and led him outside, followed by Percy, Russell, West, and the rest. Sure enough, as Master

Russell had said, seven hundred warriors were assembled.

"Deliver up your arrows and vambrace," commanded Smith, sternly; and Opechancanough gave them meekly in the sight of all his braves. The seven hundred warriors looked on aghast, astounded that any one should dare to treat their Werowance in this fashion. Fear fell upon them all. Surely this man was a god.

"Lay down your weapons, all of you!" shouted Smith in a voice of thunder, while his fifteen men ranged themselves up in a line. They pointed their muskets, awaiting the order to fire.

Overawed at the sight of that grim row of muzzles, the warriors let their bows fall to the ground.

"Men of Pamaunke!" cried the President. "If you shoot but one arrow, or shed but one drop of blood of any of my men, I will not cease to avenge, if once I begin, so long as I can find one of your nation. I am not now half drowned in a bog mire, where you took me prisoner a year ago, and I now say to you, Shoot me if you dare! You promised to fraught my ship with corn, and so you shall, or else I mean to load her with your dead carcasses. But if you will come and trade as friends, I promise to let your King go free, for we are not come to hurt him, nor any of you."

This had the desired effect on the terrified Pamaunkes. They never reflected how easily they

might overpower the little band of Englishmen, but set about obeying his commands. They had plenty of corn, and presently a crowd of women and children appeared carrying large painted baskets heaped up with grain and deer suet.

After trading with them for two or three days, during which time Smith and his men were ever on the alert, knowing that the Pamaunkes were not for a moment to be trusted, they returned to the river, and the pinnace and the barge continued their voyage as far as they could go. On their return journey they stopped at Werowocomoco once more, and found to their surprise that Powhatan and all his "court" had again fled, leaving his fine new house with the glass windows deserted. The Dutchmen had gone with him, and he had also taken his store of corn. This was provoking, but there was now no time for further trading, as the President was anxious to return with all speed to James Town. News had been brought to him by Master Wiffen, who had travelled overland, that Master Scrivener and another of the council had been drowned in the river with nine others while crossing during a storm. This was heavy news to John Smith, who "ever regarded Master Scrivener as himself;" still he did not give way to grief, as he knew so much depended on him.

It was February before they reached James Town. The colonists had all relapsed into their idle ways, and Smith found that hardly any work had been done;

most of the stores had been consumed, and a great quantity of weapons and tools had disappeared.

The President set to work at once to put matters straight. He carefully stored his ship-load of corn and deer suet, and gave orders that only a certain quantity was to be doled out every day. He divided the colonists into tens and fifteens, and ordered that every man should work six hours a day at whatever tasks he appointed.

"Countrymen," said he, addressing them in the public square, "do not think that the purses of the adventurers in London will maintain you in idleness, or that the labours of thirty or forty honest and industrious men are to be consumed to keep a hundred and fifty idle loiterers. You see that the power rests almost entirely with myself, for the councillors are dead. And I give you this for a law: That he who will not work shall not eat, unless he be disabled by sickness."

There was a great deal of murmuring about this, but the President took no notice. He was determined to make the idle ones work, and set about it at once, for there was a great deal to be done. Soap, glass, pitch and tar had to be made to satisfy the Company at home; the ground had to be dug and prepared for sowing, and another fort to be built. Six hours is not a long day's work, but during that time the President kept them hard at it. A notice-board was erected, on which were posted the names of all who failed to do

their appointed task, and they were punished accordingly. After work was over, the rest of the day was often spent in games, and all kinds of outdoor amusements. In the mean time the disappearance of gunpowder, tools, and weapons still went on. The President was convinced that there were traitors in the fort who managed to communicate with Powhatan's men. He set spies to watch, and after some days one of them informed him that the Dutchman Francis, disguised as an Indian, was hiding in the little glass-house. This was a summerhouse built by President Ratcliffe in the woods a mile away. The President instantly set out to catch the traitor, but found he had disappeared. He sent twenty armed men after him, and walked back alone to the fort, along the river-side. He was met by an Indian chief, a tall strong fellow in full war-paint, whom he recognized as the Werowance of Paspahugh. This man stopped as if he wished to speak to him, and the President, though armed only with his falchion, stood still to listen. The chief began a long oration about nothing in particular, but kept edging away towards the bank of the river, with a sly look in his eyes towards a clump of trees. The President, who was not to be drawn on, stayed where he was, and when the Indian paused for want of breath, he made a move to proceed on his way. Upon this the Indian drew his bow, and as the arrow flew Smith ducked under and rushed on his assailant. But the latter, in his turn, was too quick. He caught Smith round the

middle to prevent him from drawing his falchion; they closed with one another, and grappled in a deadly embrace. The savage was the bigger man, and Smith began to think it really was all up with him this time. The river ran close by, and as they strove the Indian dragged him to the bank. With a splash they fell into the stream, but here Smith had now the advantage, for he was an expert swimmer. He seized the Wero-wance by the throat, and dragged him with himself back to land. On reaching the shore, Smith drew his falchion to cut off the head of the savage; but the latter begged so pitifully for his life that Smith granted it on condition that he gave himself up quietly as a prisoner. This he did, and the President led him in triumph to James Town.

In the mean time the twenty armed men had caught the Dutchman Francis, and had brought him before Captain Winne, who was looking very puzzled at his tale, particularly as he did not understand the prisoner's broken English.

"Powhatan forced us to stay with him," whined Francis, "though we tried many times to escape. At last I have got away disguised, and was only walking in the woods to gather walnuts."

Here the President, coming in, made him repeat his tale in Dutch, for he understood a little of that language, having learned it in the Low Countries, while the Indian chief, who was full of gratitude that his life had been spared, stood by. The President

translated Francis's story into English, and then into Indian dialect.

"It is false!" cried the chief; "he was sent by Powhatan, and was waiting for his confederates in the fort."

He then went on to confess that forty armed men had been hidden in the clump of trees, waiting for Captain Smith to pass by, for they had been commanded by Powhatan not to return without his head.

"Humph!" said Captain Smith; "and where dwells Powhatan now?"

"A great way hence, and the Dutchmen still stay with him. It is they who have furnished his men with weapons."

The President looked exceedingly thoughtful. It was a great blow to him to find the treachery of the Dutchmen now proved beyond doubt, for he had had a high opinion of their honesty and skill as artisans. His men advised him to put Francis instantly to death, but this he had no wish to do. A stout young fellow and a skilled workman was too valuable a life to the young colony to be thrown thus lightly away; so he ordered him and the Werowance of Paspahugh to be led away to prison.

After reflection, the President decided that his best course of action would be to catch the other two Dutchmen, Samuel and Adam, and to strike terror into the hearts of the Indians. So he sent Captain Winne with fifty men to range the woods, but they

soon returned. Far from striking terror, they appeared to have been themselves much terrified by the volleys of arrows that greeted them.

"I see," said the President, "that it is time to try some of my conclusions."

So with a chosen band, including Russell, Percy, West, Wiffen, the Phittiplace brothers, Raleigh Crashaw and John Coderinton, he set out and ranged the country round, burning down the houses, firing off musket-shots, and making as much noise and destruction as possible. He had no wish to ill-treat the inhabitants, but he knew it was a question of who was to be killed, English or Indians, and he preferred that, if necessary, it should be Indians. So Captain Smith and his men ranged fearlessly along with as much swagger as they could possibly assume. The terror of his name spread through all the country round; at the bare mention of it the Indians would flee away. If they heard the leaves rustling, they would cry, "Here cometh Captain Smith!" and rush away to a fresh place of concealment.

Thoroughly cowed and frightened, the savages soon laid down their arms, and their werowances came to him and desired to make peace. The President was quite willing to come to terms with the Indians. He saw that there was room enough and to spare without dispossessing the Indians of their land; so he gladly made peace all round. After all, only six or seven Indians had been actually slain, though a good many

had been taken prisoners. These he set free, and returned to James Town loaded with presents. From that time forth, so long as Captain Smith remained in Virginia, the English and the Indians lived at peace with one another.

CHAPTER IX

HOW CAPTAIN SMITH RETURNED TO ENGLAND

“What shall I say, but thus we lost him, that in all his proceedings made justice his first guide and experience his second, ever hating baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity more than any dangers; that never allowed more for himself than his soldiers with him; that would send them upon no danger where he could not lead them himself; that would never see us want what he either had, or could by any means get us; that would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay; that loved action more than words, and hated falsehood and covetousness worse than death; whose adventures were our lives, and whose loss our deaths.”—HON. G. PERCY.

AND so for some months all went well, and the colony ^{1609.} was really beginning to prosper. Twenty more houses were built at James Town, and the President planned out and fixed the sites for several more towns on the other rivers. When food ran short—as it did in April—the President made every one live on the produce of the country, such as roots, sturgeon, fruits, and oysters. Only the sick were allowed to have English stores. Many were billeted on the Indians, who were now in such good order that they would not wrong the English of the value of a pin. The health of the community had so greatly improved that, in spite of

the short commons, only seven of the colonists died during this Presidency.

Smith, however, had never been able to catch the Dutchmen Samuel and Adam. They were still with Powhatan, though the Emperor was quite willing to give them up. Seeing that there was no further prospect of stirring up the savages, they now turned their hopes towards the Spaniards. They constantly watched on the seashore, hoping to hail some passing Spanish man-of-war. The Spaniards, they knew only too well, would soon put an end to English colonizing in America if they were once given the chance. News of this perfidy reached James Town, and great was the indignation.

“Oh, let us go and cut their throats!” cried Master George Percy and John Coderinton, a most brave and resolute young gentleman. But the President could not spare them, as he had other work for them to do.

Fortunately, no Spaniards happened to be sailing that way; but in the month of August seven ships arrived from England. They were part of a great fleet that had been sent out by the Company in London. Captain Newport, as you remember, and with him President Ratcliffe and Archer, had returned to England in a very bad humour. They were so jealous of Captain Smith that they complained loudly of his high-handed ways to the Council. They dwelt especially on his cruelty to the poor harmless savages. The Company were greatly shocked, and were, besides,

much displeased with the colony altogether. They had expected gold-mines and ship-loads of shining treasure, such as the Spaniards brought home every year, and it was a sad disappointment to them that there was so little return for all the money they had spent.

So they resolved to make a change altogether. They asked King James for a new charter, and a new plan of government was drawn up. They determined to do things on a grander and more liberal scale. The Lord Delaware, a great nobleman, agreed to go out as Governor, with many other knights and gentlemen. Five hundred colonists also went, including Ratcliffe, Archer, and Martin, and a large supply of stores.

Nine ships in all set sail in the month of May, but as they were nearing the American coast a hurricane arose, and one ship was lost. The flagship, called the *Sea Venture*, carrying Lord Delaware and his officials, was driven to take refuge at Bermuda; the other seven reached James Town in safety, but in a woeful plight, some having lost their sails, others their masts, and many on board were sick and dying.

But Captain Ratcliffe, Archer, and Martin were in high spirits. Now they would be revenged upon Captain Smith, and show him that with such grand noblemen as my Lord Delaware, Sir Thomas Gates, and Sir George Summers, he could not hope to rule the colony at his pleasure.

"Ah, Master Smith," said they on arriving, "my

Lord Delaware is even now on his way. He brings letters from the Company, blaming you for your hard dealing with the savages, and for sending back the ships so poorly freighted."

The President received them quite calmly. He had been warned of their coming by a private trading vessel under Captain Argall, who had put in at James Town and had brought news from home. But inwardly he was filled with grief and dismay, and so were all his followers. Just as the colony was beginning at last to flourish, just as the Indians were so peaceful and friendly, lo and behold, everything was to be turned upside down. Their hearts were filled with despair when they saw what kind of men the new colonists were—nearly all broken-down gentlemen, whose friends had shipped them off to get rid of them.

"Happy had we been if they had never arrived," said Master George Percy, "and that we had been left to our fortunes."

It was now the month of August, and the year of Captain Smith's Presidency had nearly expired. In the bitterness of his heart he at first wished to resign straightaway, and return to England with Captain Argall, whose ship was on the point of sailing. But neither Martin nor Ratcliffe were fit to be President, for no one would obey them. So, for the sake of his beloved colony, for which he had striven and dared so much, Smith still continued in office, and promised to

do so until the Governor, Lord Delaware, should arrive.

He went on with his work of planting new settlements on the rivers. One of these, called Nonsuch, was on the Falls of Powhatan, which, as you see on the map, are in the James River. But it was destined, after all, that he should leave the colony to its fate.

One day in the middle of September the President and his men were returning down the river to James Town. The President lay asleep in the boat against a bag of gunpowder, and one of the soldiers, probably in lighting his pipe, accidentally set it on fire. Instantly the powder exploded, and the President was wrapped in flames. In his agony he jumped overboard "to prevent the tormenting fire frying him in his clothes." The river was very deep, and he sank immediately. His men sprang in after him, but it was a long time before they could recover his body. At last he rose to the surface, and they dragged him into the boat nearly drowned. Then they discovered what terrible injuries he had received: about nine or ten inches of flesh had been torn from his body. Though they restored him to consciousness, he fainted again and again with the pain, and in this pitiable condition they bore him back to James Town, and laid him in bed in his house. There was no doctor who was able to attend to his wounds, for Dr. Russel had left the colony, and his grief-stricken friends hardly thought it possible that he would recover.

Martin, Archer, and Ratcliffe secretly rejoiced; they hoped he would die, for they were afraid that even when the new Governor arrived Smith would still be practically the head of the colony.

But God had still more work for Captain Smith to do, and again preserved his life.

For many days he lay almost senseless with torment, but his constitution was so sound and so inured to hardship that he did not succumb even to this fearful shock. His enemies, in their rage that he was not going to die after all, sent one of their creatures secretly to his house with orders to shoot him in his bed. The would-be assassin found him sleeping; his heart failed him, and he turned and fled.

As soon as Smith was able to think or form any plans at all, he resolved to return to England, as the Company's ships were still in the harbour. So, very sadly and unwillingly, he had himself conveyed on board, and Master George Percy was made President in his stead.

Smith had a sorrowful foreboding that he was leaving the colony to perish, yet what could he do? Had he remained he would have died, and in England he would be able to get skilful surgery, and perhaps be cured of his dreadful injuries.

Early in October the ships set sail, and Smith said good-bye for ever to his beloved Virginia.

"Alas!" said his friends, as they turned back sadly to the shore, "we have lost our father and our guide."

CHAPTER X

THE STARVING TIME

"It were too vile to say, and scarce to be believed, what we endured : but the occasion was our own for want of providence, industry, and government."—"General History of Virginia."

MASTER George Percy was now President of Virginia, 1609. and Francis West, brother of Lord Delaware, was of the Council ; but, unfortunately, Martin and Ratcliffe were elected members also.

Percy, as we know, was a brave and experienced soldier, one of Smith's own men ; but he was in very bad health, and would himself have gone to England had it not been for the terrible accident to his captain.

When he took over command the colony was in excellent working order. James Town consisted of sixty good houses, strongly palisadoed and defended by the new fort, though, as Ratcliffe scornfully remarked, it was a sinful waste of time and labour to have built it, as an eggshell would have been quite strong enough, so friendly and such good fellows were the savages.

There were also five or six forts and plantations

on the Falls and other rivers. Smith had had three good ships built, and seven boats, for trading purposes. There were also nets for fishing, an ample supply of powder and shot, all sorts of tools, weapons, small arms and great guns. As before mentioned, Smith had trained all the able-bodied men to bear arms by drilling them on Smithfield Plain and making them shoot at a mark, and had left a little army of a hundred soldiers, all excellent shots, well acquainted with the country, language, and ways of the natives.

The harvest was newly gathered in, and there were, besides, provisions, to last ten weeks, in the storehouse. The live stock consisted of seven horses, five or six hundred pigs, sheep and goats, and as many hens and chickens, which "brought themselves up."

But in a few short weeks all was changed. The health of the new President grew worse and worse. At last he was utterly unable to control the riotous new-comers and their quarrelsome leaders Archer, Martin, and Ratcliffe. These three were very exultant, and they and their followers feasted without restraint upon the stores, and slaughtered the live stock for their tables.

One day Pocahontas came to the fort, having journeyed from Oropakes, fifty miles distant, in hope of seeing Captain Smith, for she had heard news of his desperate condition. They informed her with glee that he was dead, and some of them, of a more realistic turn than the others, described the manner of his

death, and took her to a mound outside the fort, which they declared was the grave of Captain Smith.

Stricken with grief, though hardly knowing what to believe, she turned away, and they saw her no more. Never again "with her wild train" did she appear at the gate of the town, bearing baskets of game and bread as presents to the White Men.

Hearing that Captain Smith, the Terror, was gone, Powhatan and his chiefs plucked up courage again, and resolved to make another attempt to rid their country of the English. They fell upon them whenever they could catch them. They surrounded and attacked the outlying settlements, and slaughtered the inhabitants without mercy: one poor man is mentioned as having his body stuck with seventeen arrows, one of which pierced right through him. He lived for a week, and then died for want of surgery. The Indians did not dare to attack James Town, as the fort was too strong; but the artful Powhatan, hearing that food was running very short there, quickly turned this condition of things to his own advantage. He sent a messenger as a decoy, asking Ratcliffe to come and deal with him at Oropakes, in Pamaunke, as he was in great need of English commodities, and promising in return to load his ship with corn.

Ratcliffe and thirty of his followers, now in great distress for provisions after their greedy extravagance, set out in a ship and sailed up the Chickahominy accordingly. Leaving their ship and proceeding in

a barge, as far as the river was navigable, they arrived at the court of Powhatan. Here they were received with a pretence of hospitality, and, after much bargaining and cheating on the part of Powhatan and his servants, the English succeeded in procuring some bushels of corn. They made haste to carry this back to the barge, but as they passed by a wood, a band of Indians, who had been lurking in concealment, sprang out upon them with howls and war-whoops, and shot them down with their arrows. Two men only escaped to tell the tale, and a boy named Henry Spelman, whom Pocahontas managed to save alive. He lived for many years among the Indians, but Ratcliffe and his twenty-eight men were never heard of again.

All the stores, the fowls, pigs, cattle, and horses were now eaten up at James Town, and the Indians living near refused to trade or sell their produce by the order of Powhatan. He hoped by this means, since he dared not make an assault, to starve out the English. He also gave orders to intercept their boats. Any English who ventured up the rivers in search of supplies were shot down.

All this time Lord Delaware and his officers, in their ship the *Sea Venture*, were still detained by stress of weather at Bermuda. Day after day the colonists strained their eyes watching for the ship that should bring them relief, but in vain.

This was the condition of affairs when the winter of

1609-10 came on, and the horrors of cold were added to that of starvation.

This terrible winter is always spoken of as the Starving Time. Out of four hundred and ninety settlers (men and some women and children), four hundred and thirty perished. They were first reduced to feeding on herbs and roots—never very plentiful in winter-time—and afterwards to such fearful straits of famine that they even ate the bodies of the dead.

At last, in May of this year, Lord Delaware prepared to set sail from Bermuda to take up his Governorship of Virginia. He sent a ship on ahead, containing Sir Thomas Gates, his lieutenant or deputy, and Sir George Summers, the Admiral, to carry the news of his coming. The two knights found only sixty gaunt, haggard wretches to receive them. George Percy appears to have been among these survivors, but Martin and Archer had both perished. 1610.

They all clamoured round Sir Thomas Gates and begged him to take them away from the accursed spot, and to abandon the country for ever. This, out of pity, he consented to do; so they all embarked on board his ship, and had got past Mulberry Point, when they descried in the distance the long-boat of Lord Delaware.

The colony was saved. The new Governor brought with him three ships filled with all kinds of stores, and a hundred and twenty new colonists.

Sir Thomas Gates, hearing this, turned back, and

on the 8th of June they all landed together and occupied once more the deserted houses of James Town.

And here I must not omit to tell the fate of the Dutchmen, Samuel, Adam, and Francis. They had been with Powhatan at Oropakes all the winter and spring, safe from starvation, rejoicing over the misery of the English and the inevitable ruin of the colony.

They were somewhat out of their reckoning, however, when they heard of the arrival of Lord Delaware, and how the colony had taken a new lease of life. But, nothing daunted, they concocted a new plan.

They proposed to Powhatan that they should go to James Town and ingratiate themselves with the new Governor and his staff. Afterwards they would either lead them into an ambush, or let Powhatan's warriors secretly into the fort at night for a general slaughter.

The cynical old savage listened grimly to their proposal. He was sorely vexed and disappointed by this new arrival of English. The Dutchmen had assured him that he was rid of them for ever, and their predictions had been falsified. He began to suspect some treachery, and answered sternly—

“You would have betrayed Captain Smith, who was your friend, into my hands. How do I know that you will not betray me also into the hands of this great lord, to serve your own purpose?” So he ordered his men to bind them and to dash out their brains with clubs.

So perished miserably these three traitors.

PART III

*SEA-CAPTAIN AND ADMIRAL OF NEW
ENGLAND*



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, AS ADMIRAL OF NEW ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I

AN INTERIM

“What so truly suits with honour and honesty as discovering things unknown, erecting towns, peopling countries, and to gain for our native mother-country a kingdom to attend her?”—JOHN SMITH.

ALTHOUGH late autumn, the weather was favourable, 1610. and Captain Smith had a swift voyage back to England. Terrible as were his sufferings, he was, by the aid of skilful doctors, restored to health, though he was a long time in recovering his strength. So he remained quietly in London among his friends. Although his enemies (and he had many among the Virginia Company) tried to prejudice the public mind against him, he found himself on the whole regarded as a hero; and, much to his annoyance, many of his adventures, grossly exaggerated, were acted on the stage. His own family, consisting of his brother Francis and his cousins, were extremely proud of their relative, and any one of the name of Smith who could claim the slightest connection with him, took care to do so.

As soon as he had sufficiently recovered to go about

again, a dinner at Drapers' Hall, in the City, was given in his honour by all the Smiths of any degree of kinship with himself. The tables were loaded with good cheer, worthy of the best traditions of the City, and the function was attended by lords, knights, and adventurers of the Virginia Company. The stewards, of which Francis was one, carried white rods, and wore John's crest of three 'Turks' heads for their badge. And this blazon was also lavishly displayed on the flags and other decorations. There were seven bands of music, whose performances were varied by recitations that related in glowing terms the exploits of the many heroes of the Smith family, but specially extolling the achievements of the guest of the evening. Whether John enjoyed this entertainment, I cannot say; he makes no mention of it, but Francis caused a ballad on the subject to be written and printed.

It was probably during this stay in London that John saw his friend Master Henry Hudson, lately returned from his third voyage, which he had undertaken on behalf of the Dutch. This voyage had been suggested by the map of Chesapeake Bay that Smith had sent him. On reaching Virginia, he had sailed up the coast of North America as far as New York harbour, which he took possession of in the name of the Dutch, and had discovered the river which he called after himself, the Hudson. This coast was often spoken of as North Virginia, and sometimes

Norumbega. At the time Captain Smith was in London, Hudson was fitting out for a fourth voyage, still further north. These two remarkable men had a great deal to consult about and to tell each other, but Smith was not so anxious to relate his own adventures as to hear what Master Hudson had to say about the discoveries of his recent voyage. We can imagine the great navigator with a chart spread out on a table before him, tracing with his finger along the outline; here is this bay, there that promontory, there and there dwelt such a tribe of Indians. He describes the air and scenery, the birds and rich fur-bearing animals; how here they fished for cod, and there they met a school of whales. His hearer listened with kindling eyes. It seemed indeed a fertile and pleasant land, more suitable for a colony even than Virginia.

"Some may urge," he observed thoughtfully, "that Heaven hath bestowed these countries on the Indians, and that therefore it is sheer robbery to dispossess them. I am far from wronging any. There is enough and to spare for the savages and for us too in those vast regions."

In the month of April, Master Hudson sailed away and discovered the great inland sea of Hudson's Bay; but he never returned from that voyage. Only his cowardly crew came back, who had mutinied and left him to die in that unknown land.

Smith had quite given up all thought of returning

to Virginia, though he always loved her as his eldest child. But he was too deeply hurt by the conduct of the Council in London in believing the slanders of his enemies, and again, now that Lord Delaware and such high-placed ones had taken up the business, he felt that there was no need for him, a simple captain.

It was in this year that news came of the awful sufferings of the Virginians during the past winter, and how Ratcliffe and others had been slain by the Indians. Many of Captain Smith's friends were almost ready to rejoice, so clearly was the wisdom of his conduct justified. But when they told the tidings to Smith himself, he was far from rejoicing. Though he had expected it, yet he was overcome with sorrow.

"Pardon me," said he at last, "though it passionate me beyond all modesty to have been able to foresee these miseries, and yet to have had neither power nor means to prevent them."

"Yet," said one of his friends, "Ratcliffe and Martin, who would have murdered you, have themselves suffered death. It is surely a judgment from Heaven."

"I know not," returned Smith; "they have suffered for their own folly. The Company have reprov'd me for my cruelty to the innocent, harmless natives, and for not converting them, making religion their colour when all their aim was nothing but present profit. They can see now whether they are so innocent or so easy to convert."

So from that time his thoughts turned towards Norumbega. Master Hudson had left him a rough chart, a most valuable gift. He was sad to think that the French and Dutch had sailed that coast before, and taken possession of it for their own nation. Why could not England, instead of Holland, have employed Henry Hudson? There was still a tract of land, however, lying between New York Harbour and French Canada. This coast he resolved to explore, and, if possible, plant a colony, so as to gain for his native mother-land a kingdom to attend her.

CHAPTER II

PRINCE CHARLES

“What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England my own?”

W. E. HENLEY.

“The sea is better than the richest gold mine known.” —JOHN SMITH.

1612. JOHN SMITH had now been at home two years, and was again strong and well. He was weary of doing nothing, and longed to set out on his adventures once more. He had never given up his dream of founding another colony in Norumbega. He closely questioned all the seamen, English, French, and Dutch, who had sailed that coast, and the more he heard the more he felt convinced that this was the land for his “attendant kingdom.” It is true they knew very little more than the coast; all the men who had formed Sir Francis Popham’s North Virginia Company in 1607 had come back the next year, declaring that they found the cold in winter far too severe. According to their accounts, it was a hard, rocky, and barren country, and not worth colonizing. Yet Smith did not quite believe them; he suspected that it was not the climate,

but the bad management that was the cause of failure, and determined to go himself and explore the country.

Another two years passed away, spent in these 1614. inquiries and preparations, and at last, in the month of April of this year, two ships set out from London, which had been equipped by Smith and four gentlemen of that city.

Smith was appointed to command this little expedition. Had he been rich enough, he would have fitted out a fleet at his own expense for the sole purpose of exploring the coast; but as he could not afford to do this, he undertook to make the voyage profitable to his fellow-adventurers. They would have liked him to seek for copper and gold mines (they never could give up the idea of gold); but as commander he held out no hope of this, and advised whaling, fishing, and trading for furs with the Indians. For this purpose he took out with him an expert whale-fisher, Samuel Cramton, a good stock of showy trifles, such as Indians love, and some experienced deep-sea fishermen.

They had a very prosperous voyage, and arrived at the island of Monahigan. This was the first time Smith had commanded during an ocean voyage, yet he undertook it with the utmost confidence, for it came natural to him to sail a ship. He had had no regular teaching; all he had learnt was from Captain La Roche and Captain Merham, yet he was as skilful as the most experienced navigators of the day. It

is true he had explored the Chesapeake, but that was different from the Atlantic, and he had, besides, been in an open boat. In his voyages to and from Virginia he had had very little opportunity of gaining experience, for in the first instance he had been in irons nearly all the time, and in the second almost senseless with pain. But he had loved the sea from his earliest boyhood, and though fortune had trained him for a soldier, he was by instinct a sailor, just as Sir Francis Drake had been.

On reaching Monahigan, which he called Bertie Isles in honour of his friend Peregrine, they sailed slowly along the coast. Smith set his men to work at once to catch whales. This was not very successful, as they found they were not the right kind of whales, and so they took to fishing instead—cod, halibut, and core fish, of which they caught splendid hauls, even though the best of the season was over. In the mean time, the Admiral himself (for so he was sometimes called as commander of the chief ship) chose eight men that could be spared, and with them ranged along the coast in a little boat.

It was quite an unknown path, for Hudson's chart hardly extended so far north, and the others were found to be so incorrect as to be of no use whatever. This little boat sailed round all the islands and promontories, into the bays and inlets, and the mouths of the rivers. Sometimes they went on shore to trade with the natives and explore the land, and the further he went

the more the Admiral was delighted with this beautiful new country. It was lovely summer weather, and they passed pleasant groves, gardens, and forests of splendid trees. The Indians, too, strong, well-proportioned men, all seemed very friendly and ready to traffic, for which purpose they brought corn, furs, fruits, and wild birds. The air was so pure and clear that, far from feeling fatigued by their exertions, the explorers were stimulated and invigorated.

"Of all the four parts of the world that I have ever been in," said Smith to his men, "could I but have means to transport a colony, I would rather live here."

He made a map of the coast, writing in the names by which the Indians called the various places, except to one bold headland faced by three little islands. He had been thinking one day of the adventures of his past life, and of that joyous feat of arms in his gallant youth on the plains of Regall. So he called the three islands by the name of the 'Three Turks' Heads, since they recalled to him the scowling countenances of Turbashaw, Gualgo, and Bonni Mulgro. But the promontory he named Cape Tragabigzanda, after that fair Turkish lady, whose dark eyes he had never forgotten.

The extent of the country which he explored stretched seventy-five miles along the coast, from the forty-first to the forty-fifth parallel of latitude, and now includes the states of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine. What should

he call it? It was the ideal land for his attendant kingdom. Here he felt sure the English race would thrive. Already he fancied he saw it inhabited by a prosperous, happy people, and imagined himself building his house and planting his orchard and garden. It seemed a second home, so he gave it the name of New England—his own England, who should by-and-by grow into a new nation, and, as he fondly hoped, a daughter to his beloved mother-country, and whose vast forests should furnish ships to defend her.

The Admiral and his two ships returned to England laden with otter and beaver skins, that afterwards sold for £15,000 of our present money, besides train-oil, and salt fish that brought in ever so much more.

He touched at Plymouth, and went on to London. The merchants at both places were extremely surprised and gratified at the result of the voyage, as they had regarded it as a forlorn enterprise.

Smith wrote and spoke glowing descriptions of his new country as far as he had explored it, for he was anxious to set out again with a colonizing company. Smith's own sailors, however, were much annoyed about this. They wished to keep the fishing, which promised such a golden harvest, strictly secret to themselves; they cared nothing for a plantation, and the good of their mother-land, so they contradicted his reports as much as possible. Others, again, survivors of the North Virginia Company, were vexed that the country of which they had given such doleful accounts



PRINCE CHARLES, AFTERWARDS KING CHARLES I.

From an Engraving by ELSTRACK. In the British Museum.

should prove such a delightful and profitable clime. So they pretended that Smith had not been there at all, but had been trading in New France, as the French settlement in Canada was called, and whenever "New England" was spoken of, they said—

"Pooh, there is no such place! You mean Canada, of course."

All this was very disadvantageous to Smith's scheme of planting the colony, and made it very much harder for him to convince the merchants and adventurers of the reality of his discoveries.

Prince Charles, the King's second son, was now a youth of fifteen. Like his elder brother Henry, he was very intelligent, and took a great interest in all the colonizing and exploring movements of the day. 1615.

Prince Henry had been the patron of Virginia, and young as he was, his encouragement had had a wonderful influence in starting the Virginia Company.

Smith thought that if he could interest Prince Charles in his project, it would go a long way towards silencing his enemies. So he obtained an audience of the young Prince, who, on the death of his brother, had become the sole hope of England. Smith presented himself, with his map which he had made from rough sketches drawn during his voyage. The royal boy listened intently as the brave Admiral related the story of his expedition, which he illustrated by pointing to the various places marked on his map.

"If your Highness," he said, "would be pleased to

change the barbarous names of these harbours and habitations on this draught for such English ones as may seem fit, posterity may say that Prince Charles was their godfather. And also if your Highness will confirm the name I have already bestowed of New England, it will silence my detractors."

Prince Charles looked at the chart spread out before him.

"Truly," said he, "the name of New England suits as well as any. I declare that it shall be called New England."

Then, taking a pen, he proceeded to write down some alterations. Such names as Plymouth, Cambridge, Boston, and other large English towns, seemed to him very suitable, with the prefix of "New;" but as he was a Stuart, he naturally brought his own family into prominence by Cape James, Stuart Bay, and Charles River. The islands that Captain Smith had named Bertie Isles and Willoughby Isles he did not alter, since they belonged to a noble English family; but when he came to Cape Tragabigzanda, he exclaimed—

"This is a heathenish word indeed! What great swelling words these barbarous people use!"

"Nay," said John Smith, smiling; "it is not an Indian word, but signifies a Turkish lady."

"A Turkish woman!" exclaimed the Prince, who was too young to understand this little piece of sentiment. "Nay, it were a shame that the devouring

Turk should have a share in this fair new territory. If it must bear the name of a lady, what lady more suitable than the Queen herself. I therefore write down the headland as Cape Anne."

Captain Smith sighed, but he made no reply. Since he had asked Prince Charles to be the godfather, he must abide by the boy's choice.¹ So Cape Anne the headland was called, and Cape Anne it remained.

Many of the Prince's names have been forgotten, for time has proved the Indian ones to be more convenient; but the name of New England was, by the publication of this map, firmly established, and there was no more talk of its being only Canada.

¹ It was customary at a christening for the godparents to select the names of the infant.

CHAPTER III

THE FRENCH PIRATES

“’Fore God, I am no coward!

We are six ships of the line: can we fight with fifty-three?”

TENNYSON, *The Ballad of the Revenge*.

1615. JOHN SMITH now set to work vigorously to prepare for his second voyage. With the help of Sir Ferdinando Gorges and several other gentlemen, he fitted out two ships—one of two hundred tons, with provisions for seventy men, and a smaller one of fifty. They set sail early in the spring, but had not gone a hundred and twenty leagues when rough weather came on, and the larger ship or admiral broke her masts. Only her spritsail remained to spoon before the wind, and the sailors had to pump with all their might. They rigged up a jury mast, but were obliged to put back to Plymouth, though the smaller vessel went on her way.

It would take a long time to repair the admiral, so Smith did not wait for this, but, as he was anxious not to lose the season, he hired another barque of sixty

tons, and transhipped provisions enough for thirty men. These consisted of sixteen colonists and fourteen of the crew. As Captain Smith intended to remain in New England, he took a sailing-master with him to return with the barque after the fishing season was over. This man's name was Chambers, and that of his mate was John Miller.

Again they started on their voyage on the 15th of June, but had not been at sea two days when they were chased by an English pirate ship. This was an excellent vessel of a hundred and forty tons, and thirty-six great ordnance called "murderers." Edward Fry, her pirate captain, had stolen her from Tunis and manned her with his own followers, eighty in all.

When Chambers and Miller saw the pirate ship bristling all over with guns, they wanted to surrender at once. It was perfectly impossible, they considered, for a barque of sixty tons to fight a vessel more than twice her size. Captain Smith would have engaged the pirates there and then and run the risk, but Chambers and Miller refused, and by their swaggering and defiance encouraged the sailors to mutiny. So in this dilemma, Smith consented that the master and his mate should take the boat and row over to the pirate and see what terms they had to offer. If these were fairly moderate, he would agree to them, but if not, "I swear," cried he, "I will fight and sink the ship." When Edward Fry heard this message he burst out laughing.

"Much I marvel," said he, "that a barque of three-score tons should stand upon such terms."

"Humph! You do not know our captain," growled Chambers.

"And who is he?"

"He is Captain John Smith."

"The famous Captain Smith?" echoed the pirate crew.

"Why," cried one, "I was his soldier in Transylvania."

"And I," cried another, "served under him in Virginia."

"And I," said a third, who had but newly joined the pirates, "was his sailor only last year in the voyage to Norumbega, and a right good captain he was. If there were many such as he, there would be no pirates. It is the bad pay and the bad food that make honest seamen take to piracy."

"Ay, I remember," said another, "when we were so overstrained and bruised with extreme labour and cold and wet, he gave us always *aqua vitæ*, and instead of your ordinary ship's allowance of biscuit, he would send us a dish of buttered rice, with sugar and cinnamon or some such dainty, from his own table."

"Nay, I would go all round the world and back again with Captain Smith," remarked others. "There would be no mutineers if we had men like him to command us."

The pirate captain, Edward Fry, meanwhile was

turning matters over in his mind. His men had been on the verge of mutiny ever since he left Tunis. They were a disorderly and rebellious crew, and he daily feared an outburst, yet they seemed ready enough to obey this Captain Smith. At last, addressing Chambers and Miller, he said—

“Your captain has nothing to fear from us. Nay, our guns will protect him during his voyage, and if he will come on board us, we will waft him wherever he wishes to go, and he himself shall take command.”

Chambers and Miller went back to their barque, accompanied by some of the pirates, to lay Fry’s proposal before Captain Smith; but, to their surprise, he refused to come out of his cabin, or even to speak with them.

“I reject all such offers, coming from pirates,” said he, sternly. “Any wise man would rather live among wild beasts than with them.”

Yet when he heard that so many of his old sailors and soldiers were among them, he could not help feeling sad.

“I wish,” said he, as he saw the boat rowing away, “that merchants and setters-forth of ships would not be so sparing of a competent pay, for neither soldiers nor seamen can live without means. It is necessity that forces men to steal.”

The barque sailed along the coast of France, but when they came to Fayall they were overtaken by two French pirate ships, one of two hundred tons, who

commanded them amain, that is, bade them yield. Of course, Chambers and Miller wanted to do so immediately, for in their opinion it was even worse madness to fight in this case than with Fry's crew.

"They are Turks," said they, sulkily, "and will take us all for slaves if we but shoot a single piece."

"Turks, forsooth," said Smith; "see you not that they are Frenchmen?"

"Ay, then they will throw us overboard. Nay, let us lower the boat at once, and seek a composition."¹

"Cowards!" cried their captain, in a voice ringing with scorn; "stand to your defence."

"You entertained us to sail the vessel, and for the fishing, but not to fight," they replied doggedly.

"Then I will fire the powder and split the ship," cried Smith, desperate at the thought of being robbed of all his stores and weapons, and perhaps of losing his voyage altogether. Frightened at this threat, the master and mate prepared to obey orders. Smith saw that they had a fair chance of escape, as the wind and weather were in their favour, and he knew his own skill.

"A steady man to the helm," he cried, in a resolute voice. "Out with all your sails;" and he prepared, if needs be, for action.

The pirates fired a broadside, to which the barque replied; but there was not much of a fight after all, for the little craft got clear and managed to out-distance

¹ *I.e.* come to an agreement.

her pursuers. Away she fled towards the Azores, and the pirates gave up the chase.

But it was a voyage of misfortune, for at Flores a worse disaster awaited them. This was not less than a fleet of French men-of-war, all of good size, armed with great guns, and each manned, as they heard afterwards, with two hundred and fifty men. The Admiral overtook the barque, and commanded her to yield in the name of the King of France. In spite of fearful odds Smith would have prepared for defence, had not Chambers and the others represented to him that it was rushing on to certain death. Smith himself would rather have died than surrender to a Frenchman. He remembered how Merham and he had defied two Spanish men-of-war; he thought also of that memorable fight when the little *Revenge* had stood at bay in these very waters amid fifty-three galleons all one August night. What Sir Richard Grenville had done John Smith was ready to do also, but he remembered that the lives of thirty men were not his own to dispose of as he would. He realized that this time Chambers had reason on his side. So, instead of replying to the Admiral by a broadside, he inquired, "Whence are you?"

"We are of Rochelle," was the answer, "and have a commission from the King of France to take all pirates, Spaniards, and Portugales, for our King hath a quarrel with them because of the trade with the Indies. But all true men we let go free."

"We are true men," answered Smith, "and no

pirates. I have my commission under the broad seal."

"How can we know that? If you are not pirates, come on board and show your commission."

"Nay, Captain, go on board him. You can speak the French tongue and show them the broad seal, and in very courtesy they cannot refuse to let us go clear," cried his officers.

Being the only one who could speak French, Captain Smith rowed over to the Admiral,¹ but no sooner had he climbed up the side than he found out his mistake. He was immediately taken prisoner and conveyed, bound, to the gun-room, while the treacherous Frenchmen rifled the barque, seized all the provisions, arms, and fishing-tackle, and manned her with some of their own crew, after distributing the Englishmen among their own ships. In this way they sailed on for five or six days, when the Frenchmen began to think better of their dishonourable conduct. Their commission from the French King only allowed them to take pirates, Spaniards and Portuguese. This English barque was clearly no pirate, and, as Captain Smith grimly pointed out, the Courts of Admiralty might have something to say on the subject. The French commander perceived the truth of this, so he agreed to restore the barque and all her stores. The colonists and crew were all put on board, and Smith immediately set to work to count

¹ See note, p. 128.

over his stores; he found that many things were missing, such as gunpowder, match, *aqua vitæ*, and his commission. Hastily he went back in his shirt-sleeves to demand these most important things, and while he was going about the fleet, from one ship to another, collecting them, the treacherous Chambers and Miller got an opportunity of speaking with Monsieur Poyrune, the French commander.

“You have made an enemy of Captain Smith,” said they. “He is a terrible man, and would sooner have sunk his ship than let you have the value of a biscuit. He will never rest now till he has revenged himself for this insult you have put upon him. We are bound, as you know, to the coasts of Newfoundland and the Bank for the fishing. He will be sure to attack all the French he can find there, and burn their settlements. You would do far better to retain him, for if once he goes free he will get you into trouble if he can.”

This wicked advice succeeded. Poyrune, already uneasy for the consequences of his unlawful action, agreed to detain Smith, and to let all the others go free. So, suddenly pretending that he espied a Spanish sail, he ordered his fleet to give chase, taking Captain Smith with them. Night fell, and in the morning, when John went up on deck to look out for the barque, she was nowhere to be seen. Chambers, Miller, and the other mutineers, taking advantage of the darkness, had sailed away with her back to

Plymouth. They were too cowardly to run the risk of fresh dangers by continuing their voyage to New England. The sixteen colonists, being passengers and landsmen, could do nothing in the matter; they would gladly have gone on, but were forced to return with the crew. Chambers took possession of his late captain's belongings, his clothes, weapons, books, and instruments, and divided them among the other mutineers. When they reached Plymouth, they gave out that Smith had been shot by pirates and buried at sea. As the passengers had only a very confused notion of what had really happened, they were not able to contradict this statement, and the merchants of London and Plymouth, in great grief, gave him up for lost.

CHAPTER IV

A SWIFT RETRIBUTION

“ Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash ;
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky ;
Diff’rent deaths at once surround us.
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ? ”

The Storm.

WE left our hero standing on the deck of a French 1615.
man-of-war, straining his eyes after the barque that
was nowhere to be seen. He was dressed in his
doublet, waistcoat, and cap, for, in his hurry to re-
cover the stores, he had left his coat and cloak behind
him. With rage and despair, he realized how the
false Chambers had betrayed him and left him
defenceless among his enemies, destitute of clothes
and money. But the bitterest thought of all was
that he had lost his voyage to New England. How
he wished now that he had accepted the offer of
Edward Fry ! Overwhelmed by the disaster that had
befallen him, he remained plunged in a sort of stupor,

from which he was aroused by some French sailors, who had been sent to bring him before their commander. That officer received him in the great cabin (or saloon), and addressed him—

“Well, Captain Smith, I hear your ship hath run away from you. Consequently, you are still my prisoner.”

“The false cowards have abandoned me, else you had not kept me so easily,” replied his victim.

“Ay! I have heard of your desperate character, and also of your skill in gunnery. We cruise here lying in wait for the Spanish fleet from the West Indies, which should return about this season, loaded with treasure. I will entertain you to manage my sea fights, for I am greatly in need of a master gunner.”

Now, John Smith had no objection to fighting Spaniards—they were the hereditary enemies of England; but to fight them for Frenchmen was quite another matter. He hesitated a long time, and then answered—

“Content; I will manage your guns for you, but on one condition—that you after put me on shore at the Isles of the Azores, or else on board some vessel bound for England.”

Monsieur Poyrune, anxious to secure his services, solemnly promised to set him free as soon as they had captured the Spanish prize.

“And, furthermore,” continued our hero, “I will

not help you to take any English ships, be they King's ships, pirates, or merchantmen, but only Spaniards and Portugales."

"Nay, we can hardly demand of you to fight your own countrymen. Your part shall be to be a prisoner in the gun-room or in this cabin when we would take any of your nation (who, to my thinking, are all pirates and robbers). Yet I charge you, on peril of your life, to speak to none of them, nor to let them know by signs that you are my prisoner."

And so for three months John Smith remained a captive in the hands of this unscrupulous man, who, although an officer of the French navy, was in reality as dangerous a pirate as any that infested the sea. In spite of their King's commission to take only Spaniards and Portuguese, he and his officers chased and plundered *any* craft that they could catch, no matter of what nation. Such dealings were hateful to their English prisoner, and his fate was made doubly bitter by having to carry out the orders of such villains. His proud spirit chafed at the idea of being a slave to Frenchmen; yet he consoled himself by thinking that, under the circumstances, not even Hercules, Samson, or Alexander could have avoided the same fate. His duties as a gunner gave him some employment, and he soon became much respected by the crews on account of his superior skill. In intervals of leisure, he wrote an account of his first voyage to New England, and a description of the country. "To keep,"

as he said, "my perplexed thoughts from too much meditation on my miserable estate."

During the months of August and September the French fleet cruised about the Atlantic, lying in wait for the treasure-ships, and in the mean time they made several captures. An English pirate was the first. Admiral Poyrune, being of a cowardly disposition, practised his usual methods, which were to entice the chief officers on board by fair promises, and then to keep them prisoners, as we have just seen. In this way he took possession of the pirate's lieutenant with four or five men. But the captain, though a pirate, was still a gallant English seaman, and John Smith, hidden away in the gun-room, heard afterwards, with pride, how this bold sea-rover, with his one little ship and twelve guns, had calmly defied the French fleet and prepared for action. Upon this, Poyrune had been so frightened that he set the prisoners free and let the ship go in return for a very small ransom. The next victim was a poor English fishing-smack returning from Newfoundland and bound for Poole. This time Smith was imprisoned in the great cabin, and from there, like a caged lion, he could see distinctly all that took place. Fuming with rage, he watched the heartless Poyrune and his men pillaging these poor sailors of half their fish and everything else they had, even to their clothes. These were sold by auction at the mainmast, after turning the smack adrift, but the proceeds of the sale, together

with the prize, amounted to sevenpence for each man ! Not a very handsome sum. The next capture was a Scotch vessel laden with sugar and “ marmellet ; ” and shortly after, they descried four English men-of-war. Of these the French commander prudently kept clear, although he had double their number of sail.

At last the Spanish treasure-ships came in sight—a small fleet of four. Smith was now called upon to work the guns, and for five hours the battle raged, during which time he tore down most of the Spanish sail.

“ Now,” cried he, “ I have done my part, Monsieur Poyrune. Do you board them. Quick ! throw your grappling-irons, stow the men, rifle, and cry a prize ! ”

But the commander’s courage failed him, and while he hesitated the Spaniards escaped.

“ Coward ! ” cried all the French officers and sailors, exasperated almost to mutiny. “ He is a professed coward ! ” For they were furious at losing the rich prize, and despised him from that time forth. However, another ship soon hove in sight. This time a caravel from Brazil, and that being only a small vessel, Poyrune was not afraid to board her. He took a prize of three hundred and seventy chests of sugar, a hundred hides, and thirty thousand Spanish reals. As more than half her men were slain, Poyrune took the caravel and the rest of the crew prisoners, except the wounded, whom he set on shore at the Azores. Shortly after he made another prize of a Dutch vessel ; and now came the greatest haul of the

whole season—a Spanish galleon from the West Indies, most likely one of the treasure fleet that had lagged behind. She fought all the forenoon, and then surrendered. Her cargo consisted of hides and cochineal, but she carried also fourteen chests filled with wedges of silver from the mines of South America, eight thousand reals, six coffers of gold, and other treasure for the King of Spain, besides the luggage of many rich passengers, whom they pillaged without mercy. Great were the rejoicings on board the French fleet.

It was now the month of October, and Smith often reminded Admiral Poyrune of his promise to set him on shore. But the latter kept putting him off with excuses till another month had passed away. The weather was cold and stormy, and as there seemed no further chance of spoil, the Admiral and all the fleet prepared to return to France. Smith found himself kept a closer prisoner than ever. He was removed from the flag-ship and placed in the caravel. When they were nearing the port of La Rochelle, Poyrune sent for him.

“Ah, Master Smith,” said he, “you thought I should set you free. Not so simple! Had I let you go, you would have denounced me before a judge of the Court of Admiralty immediately on landing.”

This was precisely what Smith had intended to do; he therefore made no reply beyond a look of scorn.

"And now," continued the false-hearted gaoler, "I shall take you with me to La Rochelle, and accuse *you* there of being a pirate whom we took in the act of setting fire to a French colony in Canada. You will plead guilty of this accusation, and by doing this you will discharge me of all wrong-dealing towards yourself."

Smith was staggered at the calm effrontery of this scheme. It was all the more plausible because an English crew really had burned a town in Canada, but their captain was Argall, who had thereby much exasperated French feeling. It would be easy for them to confuse Smith with Argall.

"And this is the return for my faithful service to you for these past three months, coward and thief!" broke in the other.

"Be not so hasty, Master Smith. If you deny the charge you may be found guilty notwithstanding, and condemned to lie in prison, or very like a worse mischief may befall you. But if you acknowledge it, I can obtain your release as an act of courtesy, for I have friends about the court."

It will be wondered how a French officer of the King's navy should dare to act in this way. But France was again in a disturbed state; a civil war had broken out, and the Prince of Condé had led an army into the field. Law and order would, therefore, as Poyrune well knew, be somewhat upset, so that he and his influential friends on land would have no

difficulty in arranging matters to suit themselves. So he laughed in disdain at his prisoner's reproaches, and ordered him to be led back into the caravel. There Smith remained all day, torn with doubt and perplexity. Which of these two evils should he choose? On the one hand was perjury and dishonour, and on the other the horrors of a long imprisonment.

At last the dark November night came on, and with it a violent storm. And then a third way out of the difficulty presented itself. What if he could escape? It seemed almost certain death to brave the wind and waves on such a night. But he had gone through too many hairbreadth escapes to pause at that; he would risk it, at all events. The sea ran so high that nearly all the crew were under hatches. Very softly and cautiously John made his way over the deserted deck, and, under cover of the darkness, lowered the boat; taking a half-pike, that he saw lying near, in his hand, he climbed overboard and abandoned himself in that frail craft to the mercy of the sea. He knew that land was not far distant, and from what he remembered of that part of the French coast, Rat Island would be the nearest. So he rigged up his sail and tried to steer in that direction; but the wind was contrary, and he was soon obliged to let the boat drift. It was a fearful night of gusts and rain, and for twelve hours he was tossed about, sculling and bailing out the water, and expecting every moment to be his last; then he remembered no more, for,

exhausted by toil, he sank unconscious, and lay along the bottom of the boat.

Day dawned, and with it the wind changed. The boat was driven towards the coast of France, and later in the day some fowlers, who were snaring birds in the marshy island at the mouth of the Charente, saw her coming towards them. They pulled her ashore, and lifted out the lifeless form. Being kind-hearted fellows, they at once set to work to restore the apparently drowned man. One of the fowlers took him to his cottage, and in a day or two, with warmth and food, he had completely recovered, and thanked his preservers with heart-felt gratitude. It seemed to them all that he had been saved by a special miracle, for the storm had been one of the worst of the season, and John humbly thanked God for His great mercy in changing the wind.

He was almost destitute, for he possessed nothing but his worn-out clothes and the boat he had run away with. The fowlers scraped together a little money, and offered to lend him enough to take him as far as La Rochelle; so John agreed to leave the boat with them as a pledge of repayment, and set off to lay his complaint against the French officers before the Admiralty Court there.

But God had called these wicked men to a higher tribunal.

On reaching La Rochelle, Smith heard that during that awful night the Admiral and half his company

had gone down. Many ships of the French fleet had split, and all the rich prize was lost. The rest of the fleet had been driven on shore on the island of Rhé. Smith received this news with a feeling of intense awe. It was a wonderful thing that he in his little boat should have got safe to land, when within seven leagues of him so many well-built men-of-war had perished miserably.

"All praise and thanks be to God for my deliverance," said he, with simple piety.

He afterwards met some of the crews who had escaped drowning, in the town of Rochelle. They stared at him as though he had been a ghost, for they all thought he had been washed overboard. They were, however, glad to see him safe, for they had sympathized with him about Poyrune's perfidious treatment. Some of them who had their homes in La Rochelle were able to render him a good deal of help by giving evidence in his behalf during the official inquiry, for although Poyrune was drowned, Smith pleaded for compensation from the French Government for the loss he had sustained. With the help of the seamen as witnesses he proved his case, and the Admiralty Court awarded him damages. During this time a kind French lady of La Rochelle, Madame Chanoyes, hearing of the Englishman's misfortunes, invited him to stay at her house.

"It is my comfort," said he, in writing of her goodness, "that now, as heretofore, honourable and

virtuous ladies, and comparable but amongst themselves, have offered me rescue and protection in my greatest dangers."

As soon as the case was over, seeing that he was not likely to receive the money for a long time, owing to wearisome delays, he returned at once to Plymouth, where he arrived at the end of December, much to the joy and astonishment of his friends, and to the dismay of the miscreants who had run away with the barque. Chambers and Miller were shortly afterwards arrested, and brought to trial before the "Vice-Admiral of Devonshire," Sir Lewis Stukely, a worthy knight, who condemned them to a term of imprisonment.

CHAPTER V

HOW POCAHONTAS BECAME AN ENGLISHWOMAN

“He himself
Calls her the Nonpareil.”
Tempest.

1611. WE will now go back to Virginia. That colony, with the help of fresh supplies and the men, women, and children brought out by Lord Delaware, recovered from the effects of the massacre and the Starving Time, and slowly began to prosper. The new-comers had learned two lessons from the severe experiences of the older settlers—not to trust the natives, and to work hard and cultivate the land. They planted farms, built houses, cultivated tobacco, and fortified a new town, which they called Henrico, after Prince Henry.

For a year nothing had been seen or heard of the Emperor Powhatan. That wily monarch never came back to Werowocomoco, but lived at Oropakes and other distant houses, to be as far off as possible from the dreaded English. But, though not seen, his influence was constantly making itself felt in a

most unpleasant manner, for he stirred up his underlings to seize every opportunity of secretly robbing the Pale-faces, and as these natives were very clever thieves, they were able to amass a great deal of booty, which they conveyed to their Emperor at Oropakes. It was a source of constant worry to the English to find their newest guns and swords thus mysteriously disappearing. They could never find, far less catch, the robbers. It was not so much the loss of the weapons, though that was bad enough, as the knowledge that their treacherous neighbours would, at this rate, shortly be as well equipped with arms as themselves. It was highly dangerous for any Englishmen to stray into the forest alone; they were constantly surrounded by Indians, who sometimes tortured them to death, but more often kept them prisoners. Neither Sir Thomas Dale, Governor of Henrico, nor Sir Thomas Gates, Governor of James Town,¹ were able to put a stop to these depredations. They could only strengthen their forts, and order the people to keep safely inside. They ought to have got together a band of armed men to harry and terrify the enemy, as Captain Smith had done, but the good knights were afraid of being rebuked by the Council at home for cruel treatment of the savages.

During this year Captain Argall came from England 1612. with a supply-ship, intending to remain a twelvemonth in the country, and to trade up the rivers. This was

¹ Lord Delaware, owing to ill-health, had returned to England.

the same Captain Argall mentioned in the last chapter as burning the French fort in Canada, and who had been to Virginia in Captain Smith's time.

He had had some experience with savages, and when the Governors asked his advice, he counselled them to catch some of the Indians and keep them as hostages. The difficulty, however, was to catch the Indians.

"But where," said he, "is that young princess, Powhatan's favourite daughter—the one whom Captain Smith speaks of as the Nonpareil of Virginia? If we could get her into our hands, we would keep *her* as a hostage. Her father would surely release our men rather than leave her as our prisoner."

But neither Sir Thomas Gates nor Sir Thomas Dale had ever seen her, and most of the colonists, who were new-comers, had only heard of her by name.

"She has not been to James Town since Captain Smith's departure," said one of the older settlers.

Captain Argall caused inquiries to be set on foot, and found out that Pocahontas was still alive, but that she no longer dwelt in her father's house. Powhatan had been angry with her ever since the massacre, probably because she had saved the life of the English boy Henry Spelman. Pocahontas, instead of marrying, according to the custom of her tribe, had gone to live on the banks of the Potomac River with an old Werowance and his wife. This man, Japazaws, and his people had been very friendly to Captain

Smith, and it was perhaps for this reason that she put herself under his care.

Having obtained this information, Captain Argall ^{1613.} set sail up the Potomac in the month of April, and when he came to the district where Japazaws lived, he cast anchor and sent for that chief.

"I have here," said he, displaying his goods, "a store of divers toys and commodities which I have come to truck."

The old chief's features remained immovable, but his eyes lighted up at the glittering array of glass and metal. Argall noticed that his glance fell upon a large bright copper kettle.

Selecting this from among the other wares, Argall continued, holding the kettle toward Japazaws.

"This shall be yours if you will bring on board this ship Pocahontas, daughter of your Emperor, who is now dwelling, as I am told, in your house."

At first the old chief refused; he was afraid of incurring the wrath of Powhatan. But his eyes rested lovingly on the kettle.

"Nay," Argall went on, following up his advantage; "I promise you in no way to hurt her. I mean but to detain the damsel till I can conclude a peace with her father;" and he flashed the kettle carelessly in the sunshine.

This was more than old Japazaws could bear. "You will not let it appear that it is I who have betrayed her?" he asked anxiously.

Argall promised ; and after a little more persuasion, the chief agreed to bring the princess on board. The old man hurried back to his house, and told his chief wife about Captain Argall's offer. The woman was fond of Pocahontas, or Matoaka, as her name was among her own people. (Here I may mention that "Pocahontas" had only been assumed among the English, according to the custom of the Indians, who always had a second name for use among strangers, fearing that if the real one were pronounced by them it would bring disaster.) Yet a bright new copper-kettle was a priceless treasure ; so the squaw soon worked out a plan in her simple savage mind. She bade her husband beat her, and as he laid on with a will, she began to scream loudly. The sound attracted Pocahontas, who came to see what was the matter. This young girl was now about eighteen years of age, and though not so tall as most of the women of her race, she had much more pleasing features and a singularly refined manner for one of her wild origin.

"Why is Japazaws angry with you ? Why does he beat you ?" she inquired.

"Boo-hoo," sobbed the squaw, "there is a great white man's canoe in the river. I wish to go and see the white man's ship, and he will not take me with him."

"What can I do ?" said Japazaws, with an air of great virtue. "She is so bold ; there are only white

men in the English ship, and it is not good that one woman should go alone among white men."

"Why not?" said Pocahontas, smiling. "There is nothing to be afraid of. I have often been alone among the English, and they have never harmed me."

"If thou wilt come also, Matoaka, I will take her; thou knowest the ways of the English," said Japazaws.

"Oh no!" said Pocahontas, hastily. "My father hath forbidden me to see any of the English again. I would not that he should hear of it."

"Who shall know thee, Matoaka?" said the squaw, eagerly. "All Captain Smith's white men are dead, or have sailed back to their own land."

This seemed very likely; so, because she had no fear of being recognized, and kind heartedly wished to please the chief's wife, the poor simple girl consented to go with her.

Captain Argall received them with great politeness, and caused a feast to be spread for them in the great cabin. I cannot say how these poor savages behaved when seated at an English table; but there was one thing that Captain Argall found very embarrassing. It was that all through the meal Japazaws, with a look of sly significance, kept treading on his foot, as much as to say, "She is your own. I have done my part of the bargain, now you must do yours." After the meal was over, Captain Argall courteously inquired of Pocahontas if she would like to see the gun-room,

and led her away. He did this in order that Japazaws might not be suspected of any share in her capture.

But when he informed the poor girl that she was his prisoner, and that he meant to take her back to James Town, she burst into tears. Captain Argall tried to console her by assuring her that she would be treated with every respect, and that the English only intended to keep her till Powhatan had returned the weapons and prisoners. She was allowed to say good-bye to her friends, and the hypocritical Japazaws and his wife howled and wept in their make-believe grief at parting from her. Whereupon Captain Argall brought out the handsome copper kettle, and pretended to comfort them by making them a present of it and a few other showy trifles. They could hardly conceal their joy at these additional gifts; and, saying farewell to their king's daughter, whom they had so basely betrayed, they went on shore, and the ship set sail on her return journey.

Pocahontas, on her side, soon dried her eyes, for Captain Argall treated her very kindly; and when she had got over her first terror, she was not sorry to be amongst the English once more, though there were very few white faces that she remembered. On reaching James Town, Argall placed her under the care of some English gentlewomen, for there were several now living there, and sent a message to Powhatan informing him of his daughter's capture, and the

terms of her ransom, which were : all the men, pistols, swords, and tools that he had treacherously stolen.

The old Emperor was fearfully enraged and perplexed. He loved his daughter dearly, but he loved the white man's guns even better. He knew she would be perfectly safe in English hands ; besides, since she had displeased him, she was no longer his favourite child : her younger sister was now the pet. So for three months he gave no answer to Captain Argall's message ; but at last he sent back seven of the prisoners, armed with very old flint-locks. To part with the bright new swords and pistols was more than he could endure, though he promised solemnly to restore these when the princess was escorted in safety to his house.

"Not so," was Captain Argall's answer. "We keep the princess till you send us back the guns."

So Pocahontas stayed at James Town, and was very contented. She had no wish to go back to her father, who, as she scornfully remarked, valued his old swords and muskets more than herself. She soon learned to speak English, and to dress and behave like an English lady. Above all, she loved to be told about the Englishman's religion, and her earnest desire was to be received into the Christian Church. She was baptized in the presence of the whole community, and received the Christian name of Rebecca. It was then that the people learned, to their surprise, that her real name was Matoaka and not Pocahontas.

Her sweet, serious disposition gained her the affection of all around her. There was living near James Town a young Englishman of good family named John Rolfe. He had been married before, but his wife had died on the voyage, and he had come on to Virginia alone to join his brother and sister-in-law. He was a very honourable and upright gentleman, and the owner of a tobacco plantation. The graceful Indian maiden with her gentle ways soon won his heart, but at first he hesitated to ask her to become his wife, for she belonged to a savage race, and, though she appeared civilized, might perhaps relapse into the barbarism and idolatry of her tribe. Would it be for the good of the colony that he should ally himself to a daughter of Heth? He was sorely perplexed, but he was a sincere Christian, and prayed that the right course might be shown him. At last it seemed that an answer was vouchsafed to his prayers. He knew that Pocahontas loved him, and when he asked her to marry him she joyfully consented. There was great satisfaction in the little settlement when the marriage was announced, for every one regarded Rebecca as more like an English than an Indian girl. The Governor of James Town, now Sir Thomas Dale, gave his consent, for Pocahontas was the Emperor's daughter, and he hoped that the defiant old savage would now be reconciled to his neighbours and make a treaty of peace. Pocahontas herself was very happy, for not only was she marrying the man she loved, but,

she reflected proudly, she would henceforth be for ever an Englishwoman, and need not go back and live among her father's people again. She sent for her beloved brother Nantaquaus and her little sister, to tell them of her happiness, while Sir Thomas Dale despatched messengers to inform Powhatan of the event, and to invite him to the wedding. Powhatan was extremely gratified that a white man should want to marry his daughter; but he still distrusted the English far too much to accept the invitation, so he sent Nantaquaus and his brother and an old uncle to represent him at the ceremony, and gave them particular instructions to notice every detail, for he was anxious to know what an English wedding was like.

So John Rolfe and Rebecca were married in the ^{1614.} spring of the year, in the little church of James Town. This was the second building, and a great improvement on the first one. The pews were of cedar wood, and the pulpit of walnut, and it was lighted by glass fan-shaped windows. It was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion, and a fair white cloth was spread over the communion table.

This was a great event for James Town, for, though not the first marriage, it was by far the most important one. Sir Thomas Dale, Mr. George Percy, and all the leading citizens were present, including the few ladies then living at James Town, and Mrs. Rolfe, sister-in-law of the bridegroom. Nor must we forget Henry Spelman, the boy whose life the bride had

saved. The bridegroom wore a fine court suit, with a short sword, and the bride an under dress of rich stuff, the present of the Governor, with a tunic of Dacca muslin. (How that word throws a side light on the growing trade of England!) Her hair was adorned with jewels and the plumage of birds, and in the opinion of an eye-witness, this attire was most becoming. Her bridesmaid was a young Indian girl, for there were no unmarried English ladies to undertake that office. The wedding ceremony and the feast afterwards passed off with great success, and Pocahontas, loaded with presents and the good wishes of her friends, departed to live with her husband on his plantation.

They were very happy, for the young wife was always trying to improve herself, and delighted to study her husband's wishes. She loved for him to tell her of the ways of his people at home in Norfolk, and they often spoke about Captain Smith, whom she still revered as an almost divine being. Her greatest wish was to go to England some day—that strange and wonderful country—in the hope that if he were still alive she might see him once more, and John Rolfe promised to take her as soon as his affairs were sufficiently prosperous. A little son was born, who was called Thomas, after the Governor, Sir Thomas Dale. His parents loved him very dearly, and when he was about a year old, John Rolfe found that he was able to afford a six months' visit to the old country.

Sir Thomas Dale was sailing in the month of June 1616. of this year, in Captain Argall's ship *George*, so John Rolfe, his wife, and son were able to go with him.

When the Emperor Powhatan heard how his daughter was about to cross the great ocean, he chose one of his most trusted counsellors, Uttamatomakkin, and commanded him to accompany her, together with some Indian girls and attendants.

"I send you," said he, "that you may be able to give me a true report as to what manner of land this country of the English really is. Above all, I wish you to find out Captain Smith. For report says first that he is dead, then that he is still alive, then again that he is dead. But the English will tell many lies."

Sir Thomas Dale and his party arrived at Plymouth, and were received with great honour by the gentlemen of that city. Many rich merchants, owners of ships, and adventurers of the Virginia Company lived there. When Sir Thomas Dale presented Pocahontas to them as the daughter of Powhatan the Emperor, they paid almost as much deference to her as if she had been a real princess, such were their absurd notions of royalty in those days; indeed, some of the gentlemen warned John Rolfe that he might have to encounter King James's displeasure, that he, a plain Mr., should have presumed to marry an Emperor's daughter, thus showing how very ignorant they were of the true state of affairs in Virginia.

Sir Lewis Stukely, who has been mentioned before as the Vice-Admiral of Devonshire, was especially hospitable to John Rolfe and his wife and their little boy. The good knight took a great fancy to the little fellow, perhaps because he was the first child born of English and Virginian parents, and as such, was a link between the Old and New World.

One of the first questions Pocahontas asked on landing was—

“Is Captain Smith still alive?”

“Alive? yes,” answered Sir Lewis. “It was true we buried all last year among the Frenchmen, but God by a miracle preserved his life. He was here but lately, and is now in London.”

“He is in London!” she cried, overjoyed. “Now I shall see his face once more before I die!”

CHAPTER VI

HOW POCAHONTAS SAW CAPTAIN SMITH ONCE MORE

“And her gentle mind was such,
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.”

TENNYSON.

No sooner had Captain Smith, with the help of Sir 1616.
Lewis Stukely, succeeded in bringing the treacherous
Chambers and Miller to justice, than he set about
organizing a fourth expedition to his beloved New
England. Many men, after all his sufferings, would
have had quite enough of the storms of the Atlantic,
and longed to stay quietly at home. But not so
John Smith. He was ready to set off again as soon
as the ships could be fitted out. Leaving Plymouth,
he travelled through all the cities of the West
country, distributing maps and tracts, containing the
description of New England, which he had written
during his captivity with the French pirates. The
merchants and other gentlemen of Plymouth and the
West of England were so much attracted by these
pamphlets, that they agreed to fit out a fleet of

twenty ships, of which fleet Captain Smith was to be the Admiral. From the west he went on to London to unfold his plans to Prince Charles and noblemen of the Court, also to many prosperous citizens, his friends.

One day as he was walking down Philpot Lane, he saw the passers-by turning round to gaze at some one in the street. It was the tall figure of an Indian, wrapped in a long cloak or blanket, and looking as grave and imperturbable as the men of his race are wont to be. Indians were not an uncommon sight in London, for several had already come over in the Virginia Company's ships, and even some few in the fishing-boats from New England. They were the cause of much surprise and admiration to English crowds. Sometimes they were led about the country and shown at fairs. People flocked to see them, and would often pay as much as sixpence (then a large sum) for admittance.

As soon as the tall Indian in question beheld Captain Smith coming down the street, he advanced towards him, trying hard to set his face in stern, grim lines, to avoid showing the delight he really felt.

"Great Werowance," he exclaimed, "it is you that I seek!"

Smith gazed at him in surprise for a moment, for Red Indians at first sight looked very much alike; then his face lighted up with a smile, for he recognized

one of Powhatan's warriors, and a member of his council.

"Uttamatomakkin!" he exclaimed, in the Indian language. "And what make you in England?"

"I come from the Emperor Powhatan with the Lady Pocahontas and her husband and son."

"Pocahontas!" cried he, and led the savage out of the crowded thoroughfare so that they might talk more at their ease.

Uttamatomakkin informed him that he had just come from the house of Sir Thomas Smith, where he was staying. This gentleman was the treasurer of the Virginia Company, and frequently took the natives under his protection when they came to England. Smith led his companion back to this house, for he was anxious to see Sir Thomas Smith himself, and question him about Pocahontas. He was aware of her approaching arrival, but he had been so occupied with business that he had not heard the latest news.

"There are a great many people in your country," remarked Uttamatomakkin, as they went along; "more than in all Virginia."

"Why, so I always told you," remarked Captain Smith.

The Indian showed him a long stick that he held in his hand, covered with notches, and said—

"Powhatan bade me count the number of the people, and when I arrived at Plymouth I got this

stick, as he directed me, and made a notch for every man I met."

"You would soon weary of that task," said Captain Smith, smiling.

"Ay," he answered. "It would need too great labour and too many sticks to count all the people of England. My master also bade me, when I had found you out, to ask you to show me the God of England and the King and Queen and Prince."

"I cannot show you our God. He is the God, not only of England, but of the whole world, and no man hath seen Him at any time, but I will tell you about Him the best I can."

"And the King and Queen and the Prince?"

"Them I will show you whenever an opportunity serves, and do you whatever service I can, so that you may inform Powhatan of our state and condition here in England."

They were now at the house of the treasurer, and John learned from him all about Pocahontas' arrival and reception at Plymouth, and that she would shortly be coming to London. He had previously heard all about her marriage and conversion to Christianity, and had been pleased with this alliance. It seemed strange, however, to think of little Pocahontas, whom he had always looked upon as a lovable and gentle child, yet wild as a fawn, as an English lady with a little child of her own.

"And you say she can speak English?" he inquired.

"Quite as well as may be understood," said Sir Thomas; "and I hear she is become a very civil, formal gentlewoman." By which he meant a polite, well-mannered lady, and he went on to say that he had made arrangements for her to be entertained by the Company, which was not unmindful of its debt to her, especially as Mr. Rolfe, her husband, being only a young planter, could not afford the expense.

"I must do her some service also!" exclaimed Captain Smith. "I am preparing to sail to New England, and have only a small time to stay in London. I will write a little book about her to the Queen."

"Ay, do," said Sir Thomas. "It would be well for the colony if her Majesty and the ladies of the Court would take some knowledge of her. I took Uttamatomakkin the other day to Whitehall, and showed him to the King and divers noblemen, who were very desirous to see his behaviour, and they all held him to be an understanding fellow."

"Why, Uttamatomakkin," turning to the Indian who stood by, and interpreting the conversation to him, "I hear you have already seen the King."

"I have not," answered that very stolid warrior.

"Surely you have," answered Sir Thomas, through his interpreter; and he went on to describe his Majesty's dress and appearance.

"Was *that* the King?" cried Uttamatomakkin, in a tone of great disappointment. "He is not half so

majestic as Powhatan!"—which was very likely true, for the royal James, with his slovenly habits and ungainly carriage, was far from being a kingly figure.

Then, addressing Captain Smith, the Indian went on sadly, "The King sent Powhatan a white dog, which Powhatan fed as himself; but the King gave me nothing;" for he had been expecting a present.

The Englishmen were, no doubt, too loyal to explain that King James was always much better pleased to receive than to give presents, and had most likely, on his part, been expecting some offering from Virginia, such as a flying squirrel or some such strange beast, "being much affected to such toys."

Busy as he was, Captain Smith set to work at once to write his book for the Queen. It was an account of all that Pocahontas had done for the colony, and thus indirectly for the King himself. Dear Pocahontas! How vividly he recalled those dreadful moments of suspense when she had taken his head in her arms and interposed her frail body between him and the uplifted Indian clubs; also that night when she ran through the woods to warn him and his companions of her father's treachery! All this he related to the Queen. He had no idea of her special veneration for himself; he attributed it to her extraordinary affection for all English people. He had always regarded her as an instrument in the hands of God for the preservation of the colony, so that, in his letter to the Queen, he dwelt particularly on the



QUEEN ANNE, WIFE OF JAMES I.

From a Portrait by P. VAN SOMER, in the National Portrait Gallery.

supplies of food that she constantly brought to the starving inhabitants of James Town. For this great service he begged the Queen to show some recognition, pointing out that it was no untaught savage that he asked her to befriend, but the Christian wife of an Englishman, who was well acquainted with the English language and manners, and innately superior to the other women of her race.

In this little book, or rather letter, John speaks of her always as Pocahontas, that being the name by which he had known her, but among her other English friends she was alluded to as the Lady Rebecca Rolfe as she much preferred her baptismal name to the heathenish Indian word, and the title "Lady"¹ was accorded her in recognition of her rank as a king's daughter.

Dr. King, the Bishop of London, invited the Virginian princess and her husband to stay at his house, and as soon as she was settled at Brentford, Captain Smith, putting aside other business, immediately rode out to see her. We can imagine him entering the spacious cedar-wainscoted parlour (cedar, no doubt, from the forests of Virginia), richly dressed, as he loved to be, and with his best velvet cloak in honour of the occasion, his pleasant sunburnt face half hidden by his short curling beard and straight brushed moustaches. The family circle and their Virginian guests

¹ Compare "The Lady Elizabeth," "The Lady Mary," the daughters of Henry VIII.

were assembled to welcome him ; all the ladies greeted him with smiles, except one, who only made him a deep and ceremonious curtsy. Could this be little Pocahontas ? This fine young lady in stiff satin petticoat and farthingale, with the elaborate ruff and the delicate lace cuffs setting off her slender hands. Yes, it was she ; but the fine lace and satin belonged only to the Lady Rebecca, the dark, soft eyes were the eyes of the Nonpareil of Virginia. As she raised them once more to gaze on the revered and beloved face of the white Werowance, so long mourned as dead, away went all her carefully cultivated English manners.

“Welcome to England,” said he, in his kindly, genial tone.

But she made no answer. With an abrupt gesture, she turned away and hid her face in her hands. Captain Smith looked at her with dismay and alarm, which were reflected in the faces of the ladies. But here John Rolfe, who guessed that the emotion of this long-looked-for meeting had been too much for her, came forward.

“Leave her alone,” he said. “It will pass.” Then addressing Captain Smith, “Shall we walk in the fields ? I desire greatly to talk with you concerning the affairs of the colony.”

To which Smith, glad to be relieved of this embarrassing situation, consented, and he and the other gentlemen all went out together. But though their conversation was one of great interest, Captain Smith

could not pay much attention, for he was much disturbed in his mind. Supposing she could not speak English, after all? For evidently she had not been able to answer his greeting. He regretted very much having written to the Queen that she could speak English. What if she were to behave in this way when presented at Whitehall? Certainly her Majesty would be exceedingly displeased. From which it will be seen that our hero was a plain, blunt man.

After a long walk of two or three hours they returned to the house, and found the Lady Rebecca sitting very calmly and sedately in the parlour. She rose on seeing Captain Smith, and came towards him shyly yet reverently.

"My Father!" said she, for among her own people that was a term of the highest respect. "They did tell me always you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plymouth."

They sat down and began to talk about old times, and though her accent was rather foreign, she expressed herself quite clearly.

"When you were a stranger in Powhatan's land you called him Father, so for the same reason must I call you, being a stranger in *your* land."

"Nay," said he, "I dare not allow that title, for you are a king's daughter."

He was well acquainted with the royal James's ideas on kingship. Powhatan had been crowned and

anointed, consequently he was a sacred being, and as such his daughter was far above a plain sea-captain.

"I am afraid of the King's displeasure," he added.

She looked at him steadily. "Captain Smith dare not! Captain Smith afraid! You were not afraid to come into my father's country and to strike terror into the hearts of all his people, and yet here you fear that I should call you Father!"

She knew nothing of King James and his peculiarities; Captain Smith was her king, and that he should for a moment consider himself beneath an Indian girl like herself seemed to her so wildly improbable that she could not think him in earnest.

"I tell you, then," she continued, "that I *will* call you 'Father,' and you shall call me 'Daughter,' and I shall be for ever and ever your child, for now I am an Englishwoman."

We are not told whether Captain Smith made any further objection after this. So long as he stayed in London he came over to Brentford as often as he could, bringing with him his friends, besides gentlemen and ladies from the court, for he was anxious for Pocahontas to see as much of English society as possible, so that she should have pleasant memories of England to take back with her to Virginia. And he had no need to fear for her language and behaviour, for the fine gentlefolks were delighted with her simple ease and grace. Indeed, as some of them remarked to Captain Smith, they had seen many English ladies



*Matoaka als Rebecca daughter to the mighty Prince
Powhatan Emperour of Attanoughkomouck als virginia
converted and baptizd in the Christian faith, and
S. Piss: sculp: wife to the wort^h M^r. John Rolfe. Comp^{an}. Holland exc.*

POCAHONTAS.

From an original Engraving by SIMON PASSE, in the British Museum.

far plainer and certainly with much worse manners. Others, more serious, thought that the hand of God was plainly discernible in her conversion.

Shortly after Smith's departure from London, the Queen sent for the Lady Rebecca to Whitehall, and many great ladies and people of high rank, especially Lord and Lady Delaware, took her with them to the masques and other entertainments, both public and private. So the gentle little Virginian lady was petted and made much of in the great world of fashion, and she was full of childish delight at this undreamt-of consideration and splendour.

Here is a picture of her taken from an old engraving, and I think you will agree that there are many English ladies "far plainer."

But alas for the Lady Rebecca! The summer was over, and the autumn came on wet and cold. The damp and fog of November, which had proved so fatal to many Indians in London, did not spare her. She caught a violent cold, which turned to rapid consumption. The only hope of saving her life was to take her back to the pure air of her native land as quickly as possible.

Captain Argall, with the good ship *George*, was anchored at Gravesend, preparing to sail for Virginia. John Rolfe and his friends hastened to take her on board with her little son, but too late. "It pleased God at Gravesend to take this young lady to His mercy," and she died professing the Christian faith,

surrounded by her weeping husband and friends who loved her.

As the *George* had not yet put out to sea, her body was carried to the church at Gravesend, where she was buried, and there her grave and epitaph are still to be seen.

John Rolfe went on his journey to Virginia, but he stayed at Plymouth to leave his little son, Thomas, in the care of Sir Lewis Stukeley, who begged to have the care of him.

Loving, great-hearted Pocahontas ! Every English boy and girl should think of her with gratitude.

During her short lifetime and for many years after her story appealed strongly to the popular imagination, and many plays and poems were written about her, but none of sufficient literary merit to have been preserved.

A rude tribute to the interest she inspired was paid by an innkeeper in the city of London, who had a copy of her portrait painted on his signboard, and for many a score of years the features of the Virginian princess gazed over the busy London street by the name of *La Belle Sauvage*.

NOTE.—The house in which Dr. King entertained Pocahontas was on the site of the one afterwards known as Syon House Academy. It was here the poet Shelley went to school.

CHAPTER VII

A CHAPTER OF DISAPPOINTMENTS

“ Had my designs been to have persuaded them to a mine of gold, as I knew many have done that knew no such matter, or some new invention to pass the South Sea, or some chargeable fleet to take some rich carracks, or letters of marque to rob poor merchants or honest fishermen, what multitudes both of men and money would have contended to be first employed ! ” — JOHN SMITH. “ Pathway to erect a Plantation.”

CAPTAIN SMITH, after all, never went out again to 1617.
New England. Notwithstanding their fine promises, the merchants of Plymouth and London only fitted out four ships. They were ready to sail by the spring of the following year, but remained becalmed in Plymouth harbour. For three months they waited for a favourable wind, till at last the season was too far advanced ; for, in order to start a colony, it was necessary to leave early in the spring so as to have the summer before them. So for that year the voyage had to be abandoned. But the ships, having been dispersed, were never got together again. The merchants and adventurers had lost interest in the New England scheme, and began to raise objections.

It was a superstitious age, and a general feeling arose that Captain Smith was unlucky. He had been put back by storm, detained three months by pirates, and now by three months' calm; surely this was a sign from heaven that God had rejected him as His instrument in this work.

There was another powerful reason—the Virginia Company was paying very badly. Though the colonists themselves managed to make a living, there was very little profit for the shareholders in England. Vast sums had been spent, and still no return was forthcoming. This example naturally discouraged capitalists from risking money further in American plantations. Besides, they found the fishing and trading with Indians in New England was very profitable, and much preferred to venture their money in that enterprise.

The merchants were also much disappointed that no gold-mines had been heard of, and made this a further excuse for withdrawing from the undertaking. The Admiral had amply proved his statement that "The sea is better than the richest gold-mine known," yet they only shook their heads doubtfully when he declared that the land of North America would produce far greater wealth than all the treasures of the South.

So for want of sufficient capital, and perhaps, also, because the right sort of colonists—farmers, and skilled workmen—could not be induced to risk their lives, Smith's ideal colony was never planted.

Of the fleet of twenty ships that had been promised with so much enthusiasm and bustling activity, some went off to the fishing and some were never fitted out, "and nothing was effected for all this air."

The title of Admiral of New England, which the Plymouth Company had conferred upon him, was all that remained to Smith of his dream. Yet he seems to have been rather pleased with this empty honour, judging by the portrait at the beginning of Part III. of this book. It is taken from an engraving of him by Simon de Passe, and round the border, as you will see, he is described as Admiral of New England.

PART IV

A WRITER OF BOOKS

THE SEA MARK

“Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history.”
As You Like It.

THE last thirteen years of Captain Smith's life were 1618.
spent in writing books. We have seen him as an
artilleryman, a cavalry officer, an explorer, surveyor,
agriculturalist, and sea-captain; and now, like Julius
Cæsar, Warren Hastings, and many another famous
man, he turned to literary pursuits. He wrote on
many subjects; on shipbuilding, pirates, and a history
of his travels and observations. Nor did he ever cease
to preach his crusade of colonization. Another project he
had much at heart was the improvement of the Royal
Navy, not only for fighting and defending our shores
against invaders, but for exploration, for protecting
merchant vessels from pirates, and for guarding the
fisheries on British and American coasts. It annoyed
him to see the Dutch, French, and other foreigners
fishing in English waters, because the English Navy
was not powerful enough to send them away.

“England allows them more courtesy,” wrote he,

“than any other country in the world affords to England.” A Royal Navy, he considered, was not so much for war, but to maintain peace, and by being a terror to pirates would thus “be a relief to the greater part of Christendom without hurt to any.” He reminded King James that he could never be secure in his estate until, like Pericles, he was captain and lord of the sea. Since Elizabeth’s time the Royal Navy had gradually dwindled, and King James, who was always short of money, never had any to spare for renewing his men-of-war, since timber was very expensive. When Captain Smith first saw the vast forests of New England, he thought, “Why not build a little Navy Royal here? It could be done five times cheaper than in England.” But neither King James nor King Charles after him took any notice of these suggestions; they were too much occupied with quarrelling with their Parliaments about Divine Right.

1620. Smith’s books and pamphlets were widely read, especially his description of New England, which he had constantly reprinted and distributed free of cost. His writings attracted the attention of a sect of persecuted Puritans, known as Brownists, who, weary of the intolerance of the Government, determined to leave England for ever, and to seek on the shores of this land, which seemed so fair, an asylum where they would be able to worship God in their own way. They hired a ship called the *Mayflower*, and Captain Smith offered to lead them out. They thanked him, but

said they had already his books and maps, and could do very well without any other guidance, which would only be an extra expense. In reality it was because they feared to trust a leader who was "a Catholic Protestant," as members of the Church of England were sometimes called. These Brownists paid dearly for their narrow-minded distrust, for their sufferings and privations during the first few years were terrible, and might all have been avoided under an experienced guide. They were excellent colonists, sober and industrious—very unlike the thriftless lot that first sailed to Virginia.

Captain Smith shook his head sadly on hearing of their misery. "Some people," said he, "will never believe until they are beaten with their own rod." No one, however, rejoiced more than he did when at last, by dint of sheer hard work, they began to thrive.

In the mean time, the fishing at Newfoundland and the coasting trade were flourishing. Fleets of ships went out every spring, and returned laden with fish, furs, and timber. The adventurers were in high glee, and although Smith was glad that useful industry should prosper, since this increase of food and commodities was for the general benefit, he could not help regretting that Englishmen, in their selfish love of immediate gain, should care to risk so little for the future welfare of their country and posterity.

Often his friends would wonder, and ask him why he was content to live on the modest remains of his

fortune, when he could obtain so much wealth by this new trade which he had initiated. He would shake his head and say, "Nay, it is England's *good* I desire, and not New England's *goods*." And until he could persuade honest, industrious men to go out with him and found a settlement, he preferred to stay at home and write his books. He felt that he could serve the cause better so.

He was very much respected by every one; even his detractors of the Virginia Company were silent when they saw how his warnings had come true. The Board of Directors often sent for him and asked his advice, especially when the news came of another horrible massacre by the "loving, simple savages."

1622. Opechancanough, now Emperor after the death of Powhatan, and his Indians had slain three hundred and forty-seven English, burnt their houses, and stolen their cattle. For a year the war raged between the English and the natives, and the Company was on the verge of ruin. In this emergency Captain Smith offered to go out again to Virginia, and to do what he could to pull the colony together; but after some preparation it was found that there was not enough capital to fit out an expedition, and shortly after the Company became bankrupt and wound up its affairs.

1624. So ended the famous London Virginian Company. Two thousand settlers still remained in Virginia. They were left to themselves; there was no more



FRANCES, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND AND LENNOX.

From an Engraving by W. DE PASSE, in the Bermuda volume of the "True Travels and Adventures of Captain John Smith."

Board of Directors to interfere with them, no more ships of supplies; but, on the other hand, there were no more shareholders clamouring for dividends. Each man worked for himself and his family, and from that time forth Virginia began to steadily prosper.

So, this first stage of the history of Virginia being ended, Smith set to work to compile a book, beginning with its early settlement in the reign of Elizabeth. This was an expensive undertaking; but a great lady, Frances Duchess of Richmond, helped him with money to procure maps, manuscripts, and illustrations. Here is her portrait, which will give my youthful readers some idea of the costume of ladies of the Court. It may perhaps interest them to know that she was afterwards godmother to Charles the Second.

Captain Smith lived chiefly in London, often staying at the house of his friend, Sir Samuel Saltonstall, in Holborn, and sometimes with Sir Humphrey Mildmay, in Essex. Though he had spent so much money in his various expeditions, he had a small, but sufficient income. He had still his land in Carleton Magna, which he had never sold, and some houses at Louth, which he had inherited from his brother Francis, who had died without children.

All his old friends loved him, especially those who had been his soldiers. Colonists from Virginia came to see him and ask for his advice. Sergeant Robinson

and Thomas Carlton, who had served under him in Hungary, and had survived that fearful fight in the pass of Rothenthurm, were now living in England. Then there were Raleigh Crashaw, John Russell, Richard Wiffen, John Coderinton, and the Phittiplace brothers, who had been his soldiers in Virginia. These friends came to talk over old times and the hairbreadth escapes they had had among the Indians, especially that time when their Captain had taken Opechancanough by the long lock of hair and led him out of the hut. Then Carlton and Robinson would tell over again the story of the Three Turks' Heads. We can imagine them sitting round the wide fireplace, smoking their pipes of Virginian tobacco; and now and then one of their number would bring out a copy of verses, which he had written in praise of their former Captain, and read it aloud, for in those days every gentleman of education wrote verses. They were not always very good verses, it must be confessed, but what they lacked in poetic merit they made up in admiration.

1625. And so the years passed away. King James died, and his son Charles reigned in his stead, and Captain Smith gradually gave up all idea of returning to America. His health began to fail, for the hardships he had undergone in his youth, and especially the shock of the gunpowder explosion, had undermined his strong constitution, and he grew prematurely old.

But though weak in body, his mind and pen were

still active. Thanks to his books and the reports of the Brownist settlers, or Pilgrim Fathers, the natural advantages and climate of New England became more and more widely known.

Under King Charles's tyrannous rule England was becoming less and less a land of liberty. People of all classes were growing angry and discontented, and some few turned their eyes with longing to that other England over the sea, and resolved to found a commonwealth on its shores, where at least they could be free. Among these were two country gentlemen, Mr. John Hampden, and his cousin, Mr. Oliver Cromwell, who, as we know, were afterwards prevented from carrying out their design. A site was chosen on the Charles River, called Massachusetts, and in March of this year six good ships went out, bearing three hundred and fifty colonists, with food, tools, weapons, clothes, building material, and live stock. They were colonists after Smith's own heart, being honest farmers, country gentlemen, workmen, and their families. Others like them followed, and they soon founded the towns of Salem and Boston. Had this expedition started a few years earlier, Captain Smith would have accompanied it; but now he felt that his days for enduring hardships were over, and though perhaps he might follow afterwards, he could not be one of the pioneers.

So he wrote instead a little book for their guidance, rejoicing that his former works had not been written

in vain. "Having lived near thirty-seven years in the midst of wars, pestilence, and famine, and yet to see the fruits of my labours thus begin to prosper, have I not reason," said he, "though I have only my labour for my pains, to give thanks to God, whose omnipotent power only hath delivered me?"

Yet there were other times when he felt sad and repined at his lot, which had been that of Moses rather than of Joshua, destined to lead the way, but never to enjoy the Promised Land.

Sometimes he likened himself to a sea mark, or wrecked hulk stranded on a shelf of rock, and left there to warn the passing ships of dangers beneath. It was in such a mood that he took his pen and wrote the following verses, for he too could write verses :—

“THE SEA MARK.

- “ Aloof, aloof, and come not near,
For dangers do appear,
Which if my ruin had not been
You had not seen.
I only lie upon this shelf
To be a mark to all
Which on the same might fall,
That none might perish but myself.
- “ If in- or outward you be bound,
Do not forget to sound ;
Neglect of that was cause of this
To steer amiss.
The seas were calm, the wind was fair,
That made me so secure,
That now I must endure
All weathers, be they foul or fair.

“The winter’s cold, the summer’s heat
Alternatively beat
Upon my bruised sides, that rue
Because too true
That no relief can ever come.
But why should I despair,
Being promised so fair
That there shall be a day of doom?”¹

After finishing his book for the planters of Massachusetts, he began another, called “The History of the Sea.”

He was staying at the house of Sir Samuel Saltonstall, when suddenly his health grew rapidly worse, and after a few days’ illness he died, June 21st, with words of Christian faith and hope upon his lips.

He was buried in St. Sepulchre’s Church, the parish church of Holborn, and his friends placed a tablet on the south side of the choir, with an epitaph to his memory, which has long been defaced.

“Here in streaming London’s central roar,
Where the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his grave for evermore.”

So he died, as he had lived, “to Christ and his country a faithful soldier and servant.” He left no wife and children to mourn his loss. His life was devoted to the service of a very thankless mistress, this beloved yet absent-minded England of ours who “never seems to think or care.”

¹ Judgment.

He often spoke of Virginia and New England as his children.

"I may call them *my children*, for they have been my wife, my hawks, my hounds, my cards, my dice, and in total my best content, as indifferent to my heart as my right hand to my left."

Very puny infants they were then, but what strong young giantesses they have grown! It is sad to think that the obstinate folly of George III. and his ministers estranged these "attendant kingdoms" and drove them to rebellion. Yet, though they are lost to us for ever, John Smith has not striven and agonized in vain. He secured the continent of North America for the Anglo-Saxon race, and the example of these states encouraged the work of colonization in other lands. Great Britain's loss has been compensated by her gains in Canada and Australia.

So John Smith must be considered as one of the earliest of our Empire-makers. He kept alight the torch of patriotism that had blazed so brightly among the Elizabethans, and handed it on to his successors. His memory is almost unknown to English boys. No street, no institution, no monument bears his name. He would not care nor be grieved at this neglect, for he did not wish for applause. He accepted the task gladly which "God, after His manner, assigns to His Englishmen," and asked for no other reward than the glory of accomplishing it.

He is forgotten, and his body lies mouldering in a long-unheeded grave, but in the glad young life of the New World and Greater Britain, "his soul goes marching on."

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